CHATTERBOX.

1887

BOSTON: ESTES & LAURIAT, 301 WASHINGTON STREET.

WHO ARE YOU?

Chatterbox

EDITED BY J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.

BOSTON: ESTES AND LAURIAT, 301 WASHINGTON STREET.

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Chatterbox.

Working with his Head.

WORKING WITH HIS HEAD.

A NEGRO boy was a great favourite with his master; but when he committed a fault his master gave him a note to carry to the overseer, directing that he should be whipped. The boy soon noticed that whenever he took the piece of paper he got punished. He spoke to his master about it.

His master said,—'Oh, the paper tells the overseer that you are idle and neglect your work.'

'Why, massa,' said the boy, 'I never see you work!'

'Not with my hands, certainly,' said his master; 'but I work with my head, which is much more difficult.'

The next time he was sent with a note to the overseer he threw it away. His master asked what the overseer said.

'Nothing at all,' said the boy. 'I did not go to him. *I* worked with my head this time.'

THE SCHOOLBOYS' ALPHABET.

FIRST, A must stand for Alphabet,
The first in all the row;
And B for our Beginners here,
The clever or the slow.

And C for all the Cramming hard,
With all its botheration;
And D for Drawing, Dancing, Dates,
And dreary dull Dictation.

And E for all our English tasks—
We hail with joy their turn;
And F for all the hard French words
We always hate to learn.

And G for all Geography,
And Master's old Greek Grammar;
And H for all the History
In our poor Heads He'd Hammer.

And I stands for the Ignorance
He always does deplore;
And J the Jigs we dance for Joy
When lesson-time is o'er.

And K the Kites we long to fly,
When once the bell will ring;
And L for all the Latin books
Our tutor bids us bring.

And M the Music that we strum,
And N the Notes we strike;
And O! we cry, when fingers feel
The raps we all dislike.

And P for Poetry and Prose,
And Q for puzzling Questions,
And R for Master's stinging Rod
And all its grim suggestions.

And S for Sums upon the Slate,
And eke the Solemn Scolding
Which Master gives, where everywhere
Wrong figures he's beholding.

And T the Times and Tempers lost,
The Tears we wept when crying;
And U the Use we might have made
Of school, by more applying.

And V the verses that we made,
And W the Writing,
And X the algebraic sign
So dry and uninviting.

And Y the Yawns we all did give,
And that without apology,
When Master said the letter Z
Stands for our task—Zoology.

But hark! the joyful bell's ding-dong
Proclaims the hour for playing,
And out the boys are rushing all
With shouts and hip-hurrahing!

EDITH C. RICKARDS.

THE MOOSE HUNTERS.

CHAPTER I.

MY chum took out three greasy, tattered ten-cent 'scrips.'

'My whole pile!' said he, smoothing them out on the bare table-leaf. 'All I've got in the world,—and this I owe you, old fellow.' And the writer of this narrative, dejectedly watching him from the other side of the table, was not in a condition to deny the debt.

'No matter about it this morning, Scott,' I said, with a sense of magnanimity. 'I've got twenty-five cents left yet. Besides, the Lexicon is mine, you know.'

'Yes,' said Scott, brightening a little; 'that's good for two dollars any day.'

Then we mused.

A glance at us there, in our forlorn little room, would have told the reader what we were; a couple of impoverished youngsters—students for the time being at the village academy—working every way to wrest an education from Poverty's grim hands.

Ah! those impecunious, starveling school-days of ours! Thanks to Providence, and the steady revolution of the earth, they are gone,—for ever, I hope. For one, I have no desire to get them back.

America, meaning the United States, is a great country for self-made men—so called. Our people rather adore that sort of man. It is a good topic to fire the juvenile mind with, this being a self-made man. When the average poor boy comes to try for it, he is apt to find it a stern task.

To fight his way against everything, even hunger itself, is doubtless a proof of pluck, yet is it anything but a pleasant pastime for the luckless youth who gives the proof.

That little upstairs room, with its one window, bare floor, and rusty stove; its two crippled chairs, and starved little cupboard, which rarely could show more than half a dry loaf of wheat bread and a pint jug of molasses; its unpainted, uncovered table, on which lay half-a-dozen second-hand text-books of Virgil, Cæsar, Xenophon,—all intimately associated with a certain void within the waistband,—well, it is not quite an enjoyable recollection, though a very vivid one. Those were times which tired not only our souls, but our stomachs as well. And with youngsters of fifteen or thereabouts the stomach pleads strongly.

As a set-off to these mortifications of the flesh, we had before us the grand design of fitting for college; beyond which lay the future, shining with professional honours and the bright aureole of fame.

How many young Americans does ambition thus spur to a long and sometimes fruitless struggle for higher and better things! Every college in the land is strongly represented by those who could have well understood our case that morning, though I honestly hope there are few who were ever quite so badly off.

Presently the Academy bell rang, and we hurried off to recite our sixty lines of Virgil.

But the grave and pressing questions of finance which had obtruded themselves upon our attention soon recurred; they were not to be put off. Rather, they had been put off till the last moment already.

'Something must be done,' said Scott. 'Right off, too. Here we are—only fifty-five cents—and that Lexicon.'

The Latin Lexicon I had bought at the opening of the term; five precious, hard-earned dollars had gone for it: five of the twenty-seven in my pocket on the last day of August, earned at hard toil, 'haying' by the day.

'I suppose I can get a school to teach, up in Newry, this winter?' Scott observed, at length. 'I have partly had the promise of it. But the pay is only seventeen dollars a-month, and it is only for seven weeks. That would not be worth waiting for.'

For my own part, I had not even this resource in view. School Committees would have deemed us too young for pedagogues; and so we were.

Nor was it of any use to go home—a few miles out of the village. Our folk were not able to assist us. Indeed, if any assisting were done it must come from us to them.

'We shall have to shoulder our axes and go into the logging-swamp,' I exclaimed, at last. 'No other way. Twenty-five dollars a-month and board! It's hard and it's *low*, but there's nothing else—for us.'

'And live in an old shanty all winter long, with a crew of profane, drunken, tobacco-chewing fellows!' groaned Scott. 'Such company degrades one. We should come out next spring as rough as files, ourselves. I don't like it!'

No more did I; yet we must do something. Scott admitted that there was no other way in which we could earn so much; but he shrank from the companionship of loggers.

All that day we were in perplexity, and studied little. The question of the morning pre-occupied our minds.

'Let's go over and talk with Fred,' Scott proposed that evening.

Fred Bartlett was a classmate and kindred spirit, in like circumstances; that is to say, he had nothing save what his own hands got for him. Fred was seventeen. This was his second term at our academy. He had worked at river-driving, in the logging swamps, and during the previous summer had been a guide to parties from the city, camping-out about the Umbagog Lakes. A downright good fellow was Fred, wiry and tough as a rat, and full of a rough, worldly wisdom, born of hard knocks.

We knew him to be nearly out of funds, and on the verge of some expedient for raising more.

So we went over to talk with Fred.

'What are you going into this fall?' Scott asked.

'Well,' said Fred, 'I have about settled to start up the Magalloway for Parmachenee Lake.'

'What doing?' we asked.

'Trapping; and I shall hunt some.'

'Ever up there?' Scott inquired.

'No, but I've heard all about it. Good place. I calculate I'm sure of a hundred dollars there.

'You do!' we exclaimed.

'I do,' said Fred, confidently.

'And then,' he added, after a pause, 'if I don't find minx and otter, why, I'll dig a big pack of spruce gum; that sells well now.'

'Going alone?' I asked.

'Well, I've nobody engaged for certain.'

'But what will you live on up there?' Scott asked. 'What will you do for something to eat?'

'Oh, I'll find enough to eat. I shall take along some flour and meat. Then there are plenty of deer and moose and trout up there. I'll live like a king, I tell you.'

Then we talked of other matters.

At last, as we were going out, Scott said, 'I suppose you wouldn't care to take us along with you, Fred?'

Fred reflected a moment; then he said that he should like to have us go well enough, if we would like to go.

Yet we guessed he did not care much for our company; in fact, Scott had asked him more in jest than in earnest.

The next morning, however, Fred asked us if we thought of going, and gave us a more cordial invitation.

Then we began to consider the matter more seriously, and, indeed, talked of little else between ourselves for the next two days. It seemed a wild project, yet for lack of anything else to do we were much disposed to try it; and at length we told Fred definitely that we should go.

On that, he fixed the day for us to meet him at Upton, at the foot of Lake Umbagog, and at once started for home to get ready.

Being now fairly in for the expedition, we began to make our own arrangements.

We settled the rent of our bare room for the week—forty cents.

We sold the Lexicon for two dollars and a half; also a Common School Arithmetic, a Smythe's Algebra, and a Cooper's Virgil, for three dollars more. It was no uncommon thing with us in those days to dispose of our books—at ruinous discounts—towards the end of a term.

"'My whole pile!' said he."

I swapped my best tweed coat at the store for two old army blankets. Scott made a similar exchange for two rubber blankets.

It got out that we were going *moose hunting!* Everybody laughed at us, and our friends croaked dismally,—but in vain.

We bought ammunition, sparingly. Scott had an old double-barrelled gun that had been his father's; and a young sporting man in the village lent us, by his own offer, a little breech-loading rifle. And with it he let us take two boxes of metallic cartridges. This was a windfall, indeed.

Another friend in need gave Scott a pair of rubber boots. Vainly I wished for a similar friend.

By Saturday night we had completed our slender outfit. We were to meet Fred at Upton on Monday night or Tuesday morning of the following week.

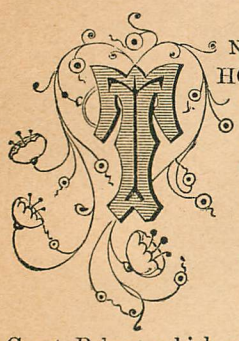
(To be continued.)

VIEWS IN MIDDLESEX. By W. H. J. Boot.

Hampton Court Palace.
Harrow-on-the-Hill.
St. Paul's, from the River.
Hogarth's Tomb, Chiswick.
Coronation Chair, Westminster Abbey.
Tower of London.
Houses of Parliament.

COUNTY CHATS.

No. XXII.—MIDDLESEX.



HOUGH Middlesex is a small county, the possession of the Metropolis raises it into the foremost rank. It is densely crowded with scenes and incidents that must ever deeply interest all English people.

Stepping over the Thames at Kingston, we reach Bushy Park, where Queen Adelaide resided during her widowhood. Close by is Hampton Court Palace, which contains many things worth seeing; it has a thousand pictures, a clock that goes for a year and a day, the famous cartoons of Raffaelle, done for the Pope Leo X. and bought for Charles I. by Rubens, &c. In the garden is a vine, which has produced, in one season, nearly 2500 bunches of grapes. Here Edward VI. was born, and here various kings and queens have lived, moved, feasted, done business, and died. William III. died here, after a fall from his horse.

Staines is from the Saxon word Stana, a stone. This is in allusion to the London mark stone, which was set up here, to show how far the city's jurisdiction extended westward over the river.

The peacemakers between King Charles and his Parliament tried to patch up an agreement at Uxbridge, but without success. The place where they met used to be called 'Treaty House,' but it is now the Crown Inn—so the Crown got the best of it after all.

Harrow-on-the-Hill derives its chief fame from its Grammar School, founded by John Lyon, a wealthy yeoman of the parish. The church tower and spire, being placed on a high hill, are a fine landmark. Charles II. used to say, when people were debating about the visible church, 'Harrow is the visible church.'

At Harmondsworth is the largest barn in the kingdom—at least, match it if you can. It is 191 feet long by 38 in breadth.

At Willesden, our old acquaintance, Jack Sheppard, the Robin Hood of the City, was confined. It belongs to the revenues of St. Paul's.

Kensall Green, opened in 1832, is the burial-place of many a noted character. It includes the Duke of Sussex and the Princess Sophia.

London is not the capital of Middlesex. That honour is claimed by Brentford, a long and straggling place. The bridge here was supported by a toll levied on Jews. Every son or daughter of Israel had to pay one penny, if on horseback; one halfpenny, if on foot. Other passengers were free. This was 'spoiling the sons of Israel.'

At Isleworth is Sion House, built by that Duke of Somerset who built Somerset House. It was forfeited by him when he lost his head. In this house Lady Jane Grey lived, and here it was she had the fatal offer of the crown made to her. In one of the rooms (where the Stuart pictures are) Charles I. had many tender meetings with his children. When a prisoner at Hampton, he was allowed to go and see them. One of them, the Princess Elizabeth, was found dead in Carisbrooke Castle, with her head laid upon her open Bible.

There are powder-mills at Hounslow, and when they blew up in 1850 the report was heard at Brighton. Here have often been camps of soldiers. It was a notorious place, too, for highwaymen.

Twickenham has derived a sort of immortality from the poet Pope, whose monument is in the church; together with those of other celebrities, with lines by Dryden and other great authors. Here was Strawberry Hill, the whimsical home of the chattering letter-writer, Horace Walpole. At Chiswick died the real Joe Miller. Here, too, lived and died Hogarth, and here he lies, with lines over his head by Garrick. And here is buried Mary, daughter of stout old Oliver Cromwell. The Emperor Alexander visited Chiswick House in 1815; and here Fox and Canning died. It is the Duke of Devonshire's, and is full of beautiful things.

At Hammersmith, Edward III. had a hunting-box. Foxes were hunted at Kensington and thereabouts as late as 1798. China roses were first reared at Hammersmith. The heart of Crisp, the royalist, is buried, or inurned, here. He it was who invented brick-making in the present way. Thomson wrote *Winter* at the Dove Coffee-house.

At Kensington is a royal palace. King William III. narrowly escaped being burned to death in it. The decoration of it was his Queen's favourite amusement. Here Queen Victoria was born, and here she held her first council. It was at two o'clock in the morning of the 20th June, 1837, when the king died. In a very short time the Archbishop and the Chamberlain set out to tell the Princess. They reached Kensington at five, and knocked and rang the bell many times before they could make any one hear. And when, at last they got into the house, they had to wait in a room ever so long. They sounded the bell, and said, in a very positive voice, 'We are come on business of great importance, and must see her Royal Highness at once. The servant said the Princess was in such a sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her. They then said, 'We are come on business of State, and she must be aroused.' In a few minutes afterwards the young Princess came down in a loose white night-gown and shawl, her hair falling on her shoulders, her feet in slippers, and tears in her eyes.

Holland House is in Kensington, the house in which Addison died. He sent for the wild Earl of Warwick just before the end came, and said to him, 'I have sent for you that you may see how a Christian can die.'

Fulham is just opposite to Putney, and has been the seat of the Bishops of London since the year 691.

Chelsea Hospital was at first a divinity college; but it did not flourish, and Sir C. Wren rebuilt it as a hospital for disabled soldiers. Here are many colours captured in battle, and some cannon from Waterloo. About 500 old warriors 'shoulder their crutch and show how fields were won,' in their dresses of scarlet and blue.

St. Luke's Church cost 40,000*l*. The old brick church, near the river, holds the sacred dust of many a famous man; among them lies Sir T. More. His

head, however, which was severed from his body, was buried at Canterbury. Smollett wrote *Humphrey Clinker* here, and Steele many numbers of the *Tatler*. Many great men have lived, and talked, and written, and died, at Chelsea; whose old original 'Bun House' was taken down in 1839. 'Queen's Elm' marks the spot where Queen Elizabeth sheltered her rich silken mantle from a passing shower.

We are now getting into the roar of 'smoky, dirty, grand old London,' and we are compelled to select a few things out of many to chat about.

Of course, we cannot pass over London Bridge. John Overs, they say, rented of the City a ferry, where London Bridge now is; and he grew so rich that his daughter was able to build St. Mary Overie's Church, on the Surrey side, and the first wooden bridge over the Thames hereabouts; but Stow says the first bridge (of wood) was built by the brethren of the Priory.

The first stone bridge was begun in 1176 by Peter, chaplain of St. Mary Colechurch. When he died it was finished by a man called Isenbert, a foreigner, recommended by King John. The body of Peter was buried in a pier of his stone bridge, and his bones were found when the last of the old bridge was removed in 1832. It was the custom of our forefathers to have chapels at the end of their bridges, and under one of these the architect was buried.

People who had done wrong used to do penance at London Bridge in a white sheet, and with a taper in their hand; and tournaments were held there; and both sides were lined with houses; one of which, called 'the Nonsuch,' was most splendid. It was made in Holland, entirely of wood, and put up without any iron nails.

The eighth arch of the bridge, counted from the south end, is still called the Nonsuch, so that it was here the glittering vanes of the Dutch house shone in the sunlight. On the gate-houses of this rare old bridge were set up the ghastly heads of Sir W. Wallace, Jack Cade, &c. A man counted thirty heads on the bridge in 1598.

(*Concluded on page* 14.)

AMERICAN NAMES OF PLACES.

WHERE new towns spring up as rapidly as they do in America, the founders are often at a loss for suitable names. This difficulty appears to have pressed so hardly in some cases that no attempt at propriety has been made, and names have been chosen in the most whimsical manner. According to the *New York Times* the following curious titles exist: North Carolina has a collection of towns called respectively South Toe, Why Not? Tar-Heel, Democrat, Mutual Love, and Dismal. Kentucky, not to be behind, contains Cut Shins; Virginia is represented by Nance's Shop; Tennessee by Difficult; and Georgia by Dirt Town. Finally, there are in various parts of the country no less than eight Alphas, and exactly the same number of places known as Omega. A. R. B.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANAGRAMS.

(*The letters transposed give two well-known Proverbs.*)

1. A wee dog will scrape.
2. The thin city boys sleep so.

SQUARE WORDS.

3. A tree; a tree; again; stitched.
4. A riddle; to call; a salt; a law; kinds.

CONUNDRUMS.

5. If a church is on fire, why does the organ have the least chance of escape?
6. Why are the fourteenth and fifteenth letters of the alphabet of more importance than the others?

A CHARADE.

7. My *first* is won and never lost;
Reversed 'tis now before ye:
My *next* reversed is red as blood
In veins of Whig or Tory.
My *whole* so wondrous strange, that I
Must candidly confess it,
Though you're ingenious, it will be
A wonder if you guess it.

BROWNSWOOD.

[*Answers at page* 39.]

A CLEVER IRISHMAN.

BANKERS are always looked upon as acute men, not easily over-reached, but the following story shows that they may sometimes be outwitted when least suspecting a defeat.

A poor Irishman one day went to the office of an Irish bank and asked for change, in gold, for fourteen *l.* Bank of Ireland notes. The cashier at once replied that the Cavan Bank only cashed its own notes.

'Then would ye gie me Cavan notes for these?' asked the countryman in his simple way.

'Certainly,' said the cashier, handing the fourteen notes as desired.

The Irishman took the Cavan notes, but immediately returned them to the official, saying, 'Would ye gie me goold for these, Sir?'

And the cashier, caught in his own trap, was obliged to part with the money. A. R. B.

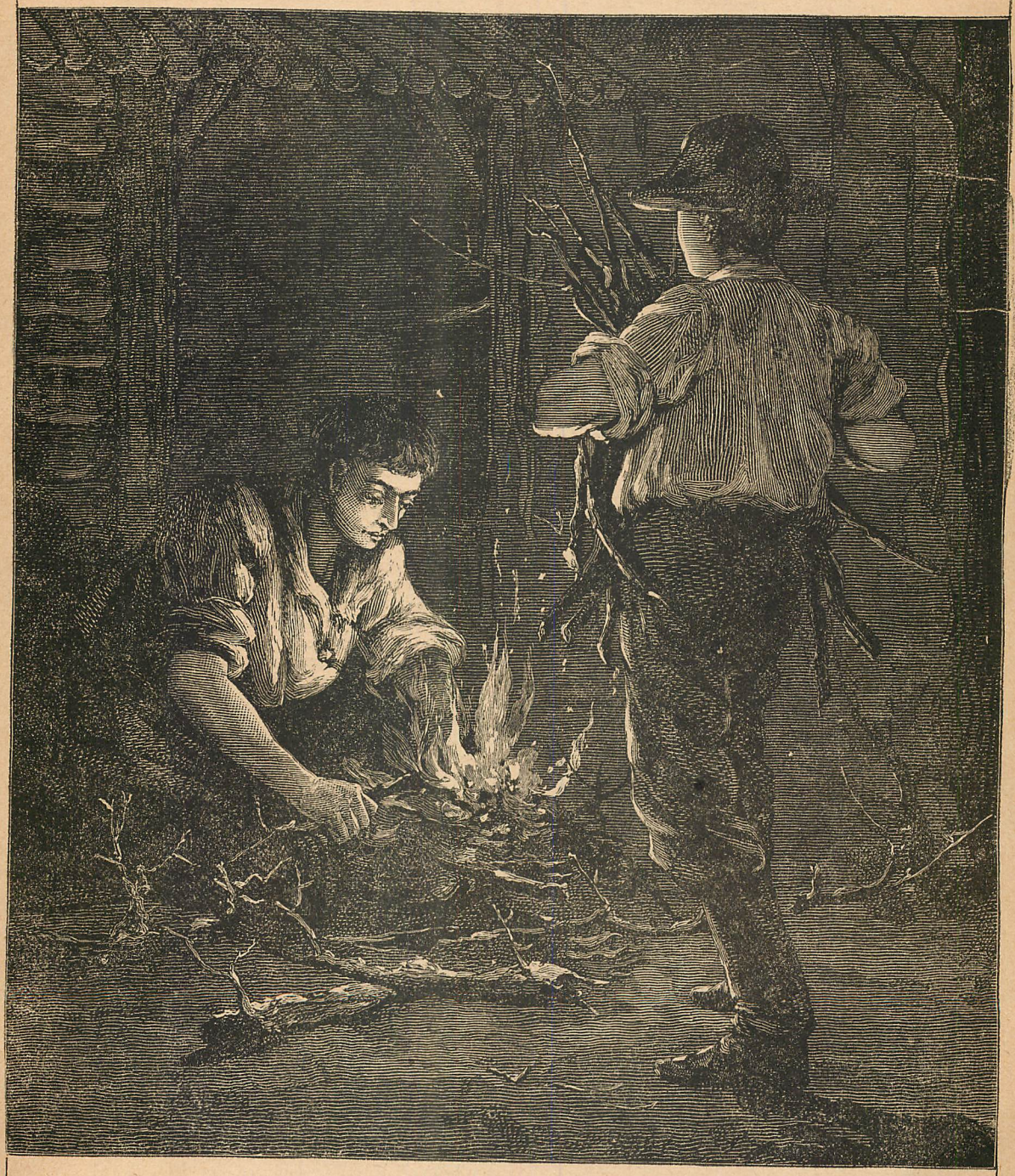
GRUYÈRE CHEESE.

THE many varieties of cheese owe their special peculiarities to the different treatment which the milk receives at the hand of the cheese factor, and also to the varying proportions of cream or sweet milk used in making the article.

Thus 'Stilton,' the richest of English cheeses, is made of new milk, to which a proportion of cream has been added; Double Gloucester of new milk entirely; and Single Gloucester of half new milk and half skimmed.

In Switzerland, where the goat is much prized, its milk is used; and at Gruyère, a small town not far from Fribourg, the cheese is flavoured with sweet herbs, which make it very pleasant to the taste. This cheese is in much request, and is almost all exported. M. K.

Milking the Goat in the Mountains of Switzerland.



Our Camp Fire.

THE MOOSE HUNTERS.

(*Continued from page* 4.)

CHAPTER II.

WE started at six o'clock on Monday morning, October 3rd, and walked ten miles to Locke's, a station on the Grand Trunk Railroad. Our packs were heavy; but we were fresh then, and full of *vim* —to quote from our late Latin exercises. Bethel was the next point to make, distant five miles; and as it is on the railroad we concluded to indulge ourselves in the luxury of a twenty-five-cent ride, by way of saving up our strength.

The Canada express train whistled in, ten minutes after, and we took passage for Bethel with our packs and guns, where we arrived fifteen minutes later. From the station we caught sight of the high wooded mountains of the northern lake region, looming up grandly across the Androscoggin valley.

Our next point was Upton, on Lake Umbagog, distant twenty-six miles, where we were to meet Fred with his boat. From Bethel to Upton there is a stage twice a-week. This much we had learned, and had come on the right day for it. We had thought the fare would not be more than fifty cents apiece, and were prepared to give that. Judge, then, of our dismay when we were told that the charge was *two dollars and fifty cents per head!* This announcement struck us speechless. We drew back to take counsel of each other. Meanwhile the stage drove off.

'Well, let it go!' exclaimed Scott, gazing after the departing vehicle. 'We never could have afforded it. Two dollars and a half! Only think of it!'

'But what shall we do?' said I, with a despairing glance at our heavy packs.

'Do! why, we've got old Shank's mare left us!' exclaimed my stout-hearted comrade. 'If a fellow hasn't money, he must *frog it*,—that's all.'

But to *frog it* twenty-six miles, and carry a pack of thirty-five pounds and a gun, is a severe experience for most lads of sixteen. There was now no help for it, however. We summoned up our resolution, but first we sat down on the bench in the station and ate a substantial lunch of the crackers and cheese which we had taken with us from home that morning; thereby lightening our packs a little, and stowing the weight where it could be more comfortably carried.

This done we slung the packs across our backs, and taking our guns in our hands we set off. It was rather warm. By the time we had crossed the long covered bridge over the Androscoggin we were in a lively perspiration, and drew up to take a 'rest' in the shade of the farther end of it. There had been a heavy rain a few days previously. The river was high, and had only the day before flooded the road at both ends of the bridge, which is elevated high above the stream to withstand the tremendous spring freshets. The Androscoggin is the outlet of all those northern lakes toward which we had now set our faces. At this place it is near two hundred yards in width, with a swift, black, arrowy current surging against the strong granite piers.

It is a pleasant road beyond the bridge. Many well-to-do farmers live along the hills and slopes. The sugar maples were now in their autumn glories of red and gold. The folk were getting in their corn, load after load of dry shocks; and as we trudged on we caught many a glimpse of cosy husking-parties —merry boys and rosy girls—through the open barn doors.

Steeling our hearts against these alluring pictures we hurried forward, crossed the bridge over Sunday River, a tributary of the Androscoggin, and a little later the Bear River bridge, and entered the town of Newry—a region chiefly noted for its snow-squalls, which are said to begin early in September.

The scenery had grown wilder. The mountains seemed nearer, higher, and more rugged. The road led up the narrow valley of Bear River.

But I must not omit a little incident which associated Bear River bridge with that day's tramp. Just across the stream, and at the very entrance to the covered bridge, there is a little weather-beaten tavern, which has evidently seen all of its *best* days and the most of its *worst* ones. Everything about it bespoke neglect, decay, and shiftlessness. Our packs oppressed us; and we sat down on the steps of the tavern to take breath. Presently the landlord came out. He was a rather fat jug-shaped man of sixty. In the corner of his light grey eye there was a gleam of good-humour, a lingering gleam, which even the blight of alcohol could not quite kill out. He addressed us cheerily, and it took not many explanations on our part to make him understand our case and the hardships before us. He did not discourage us, as everybody else had done. He chuckled and told us to 'keep a stiff upper lip.'

'Oh, you'll sup sorrow and rue the day you started, a good many times, I'll warrant ye,' he chirped. 'But if you stick and hang you'll bring back a clever pack of furs, as like as not.'

Then he limped back into the tavern and soon came out with a pewter pitcher.

'Take a pull at this,' said he. 'It'll wash the dust out o' yer throats. Oh, it's nothing but cider!' he exclaimed, seeing us draw back a little. 'Nothing but elderberry cider. I don't keep anything stronger. Law won't let me. It won't hurt ye.'

We first tasted it, then took a few swallows. It was a very pleasant drink; sweet elderberry juice sweetened and lightly fermented; not so thick and strong as elderberry wine, nor yet so smart as apple cider. I suppose the old fellow thought it was the best thing he could offer us. We thanked him and shouldered our packs.

'Call when you come back along if you come this way, and let me know how you've made it,' were his parting words to us.

Consider it as I will, I never can feel anything but a kindly sympathy for the old soaker who keeps the 'Bear River Tavern:' so powerful is a kind word when a lad is tired and half discouraged.

We went on up the valley. The river is here a mere torrent, broken by frequent falls, and rushing along a bed full of boulders and ledges. The road in many places was half washed away by the recent flood;

and high up amid the alder branches were lodged grass and leaves, showing to what a height the stream had risen.

Still wilder and narrower grew the valley. The dark-green twin peaks of Mount Saddleback were directly ahead of us; while the loftier side of Speckled Mountain shut us in on the west. A single narrow gorge opened before us.

'This must be Grafton Notch,' said Scott; and so it proved.

There are few localities in New England which for wild scenery can compare with this famous 'Notch,' through which Bear River foams and roars to its own confused and hollow echoes.

About a mile farther up the gorge we came to a very singular cataract, or rather *cañon*, called 'Screw Auger Falls.' It was but a few yards from the road, and we laid down our packs to examine it. An extensive granite ledge fills the whole bottom of the gorge, and through this the stream has worn a mighty auger-shaped channel, which is of itself a curiosity well worth a visit. This miniature cañon is about a hundred feet in length, and so narrow that at some points one can leap across it; while its depth toward the lower end cannot be less than sixty or seventy feet—a chasm grooved out by the rushing waters, and smooth as if polished with sand-paper. Its vast spirals probably suggested the name of *Screw-Auger*.

Its sides disclose some remarkable veins of white quartz, with which there seems to be intermingled other minerals, which we had not the time to examine. As an example of the wearing power of running water these falls are indeed remarkable.

'There's a good ten thousand years' work!' exclaimed Scott, peeping cautiously down the chasm. 'The water didn't wear this hole in one century, nor five!'

It was now four o'clock, and the sun had already gone behind the great mountain on the other side of the stream. There is a little shed on the side of the road opposite the falls, where teams have been hitched up to rest.

'We might *put up* here for the night,' Scott suggested.

But we concluded to go on.

A little way beyond the falls another curiosity drew our attention. On the very verge of the road, though half hidden by the shrubbery, there is a semi-circular abyss known locally as 'The Jail,' from the fact that there is only one way into it, which, if secured, might make it possible to use it as a place of confinement. The sides are smooth and of great height. It would be quite impossible to climb out.

After a peep at the 'Jail,' we went on again for a mile or more, till, coming to where some belated wanderers like ourselves, perhaps, had made a little bark shed near the road, we decided to camp for the night. The shed had not been used of late; but the old shake-down of hemlock boughs lay just as its former occupants had left it. It felt dry, and to our tired bodies looked inviting. Near by stood the flayed hemlocks, from whose trunks the bark had been stripped to furnish the roof of the shed. While I unpacked the blankets, and counted out five crackers apiece for our supper, Scott gathered sticks and pulled bark from a neighbouring white birch. Three smutty stones and several old brands marked the place where our predecessors had built their fire. We followed their example, and soon had a crackling blaze. Ah! what so cheery, when twilight and the wilderness are about one, as the red gleam and cheerful snapping of a camp fire?

In the light of our fire, which gleamed brighter as dusk fell, we ate our crackers and cheese, then gathered, ere darkness closed in, several armfuls of wood, to last through the night. The stars came out. The night was clear, with the suggestion of a frost. A very small new moon showed itself for a few minutes on the wooded crest of the mountain, then went behind it, leaving it not perceptibly darker. We sat beneath the shed and watched the sparks darting up, and the slower wreath of black smoke rising toward the stars, momentarily clouding their silver sparkle.

Just then the cry of some animal was heard from the mountain-side above us. It was not loud nor startling, but a lonely cry of discontent or hunger. Such sounds impress one strangely in the forest at night. We listened to hear it again, and soon it resounded anew; rather more distinctly this time, or else it was because we were hearkening with intent ears.

'Do you know what that is?' Scott asked.

I could not even guess. It is often very difficult to identify animal cries heard in the woods at night time. The forest echoes change the character of the note. This sounded somewhat like a man shouting rather disconsolately at a distance. We continued to hear it at intervals of ten or fifteen minutes. But it did not alarm us much. We gradually grew sleepy.

'Had we best both go to sleep?' queried Scott.

It did not seem just right to do so.

'Tell you what we will do,' said Scott, at length. 'You roll up and go to sleep. I'll take the little rifle, and sit leaned back against the side of the shed. I won't go to sleep; but I can sit and *doze* till one or two o'clock. Then I will wake you, and you can take your turn at it. It will rest a fellow almost as much to sit so as it would to lie down.'

I had nothing to urge against this arrangement, and was, in truth, very glad to get the first nap. We had walked, carrying our packs, not less than twenty-four miles that day. So utterly weary had I become, that I wrapped my two blankets about me, and, despite the novelty of the situation, was soon soundly asleep.

(*To be continued.*)

IN FULL CRY.

IN the north of Scotland the Stag, or Red Deer, is still to be met with, affording the best of sport to those who find pleasure in the chase.

The Stag is by no means a contemptible enemy, as, although he certainly will fly on the approach of his pursuers, clearing the ground at great speed, still, if brought to bay, strength, skill, and presence of mind are urgently needed by the man who intends to give him the final blow. At this supreme moment the goaded animal uses both horns and hoofs with terrible

In Full Cry.

effect, throwing off, maiming and killing, any dog who ventures within reach, and only giving up after a terrible struggle.

The horns of the Stag present quite a curious study. Strange to say they are shed and renewed every year, so that the animal presents quite a different aspect at different seasons. In the month of March he is entirely without these appendages, and at that time is as timid and harmless as his mate. Soon, however, a pair of prominent points covered with velvety skin appear on the forehead. These prominences soon branch out into their true form, growing so very rapidly that in ten weeks the enormous mass of horny matter has been completed. Then the stag walks forth in all his glory as the 'antlered monarch of the forest;' but his magnificence is only temporary. When February comes round the splendid horns are shed, and the whole curious process begins once more for another season. The Stag is of a warm, red-brown colour, paler on the hind quarters. The young are at first mottled with white, which, however, soon disappears.

A VISIT OF GRATITUDE.

KNEEL down, my child, and humbly kiss
The hand that gave thee joy and gladness,
That lifted off from thy young brow
The heavy weight of grief and sadness;

The hand that signed the deed of grace
That brought thy father back again
From stern Siberia's awful wilds,
Where, languishing, he long had lain.

Far from his happy home of love,
Where wife and little daughter dwell,
But now—restored—no more to part,
Thy gratitude! what tongue can tell?

COUNTY CHATS.

No. XXII.—MIDDLESEX.

(*Concluded from page* 7.)

WE must say something about St. Paul's; yet, perhaps, our readers would like it to be about the old church, which perished in the great fire. We can hardly believe that the spire of old St. Paul's was higher than the monument placed upon the cross of the present building, but so it was. A parish church used to be below the choir. This is also the case at Glasgow. On certain days the choristers went up the spire and sang anthems; as they still do, on May-day, at Magdalen College, Oxford.

The cross, called Paul's Cross, was one of London's chief ornaments. Here, great preachers used to address thousands, some in the open air, others in covered galleries.

But while the old Cathedral was very rich in costly gifts of gold, silver, and jewels, it was sadly desecrated both inside and out. The middle part, called Paul's Walk, was a place where all the idlers of London met and chatted, and such abominations as drunken men asleep on benches, and even dung-hills, are mentioned; and without, the same indecent modes of treating the old church were winked at. Wine was stored in the vaults, and the service was disturbed by trunkmakers hammering in the cloister. Against one of the outer walls was a theatre, and within a buttress was a baker's oven!

The Cathedral was destroyed in the great fire, and all its abominations.

Where Westminster Abbey now is was a thorn thicket, called Thorny Island. Some time about the year 616 a church was built among the thorns by a Saxon King, and as other kings were its nursing fathers, it grew rich. No place in the world, not even St. Peter's at Rome, is more historical than St. Peter's at Westminster. Here, every king and queen has been crowned, from Edward the Confessor to Queen Victoria. Formerly, the Abbey lands extended from the Thames to Oxford Street, and from Vauxhall Bridge to Somerset House. One of its priests could entertain a king, and one of its butlers was rich enough to rebuild a stately gatehouse.

Our old friend, Dick Whittington, had a hand in rebuilding the glorious nave; and the beautiful chapel, called after Henry VII., contains the ashes of Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, Mary of Scots, and other royal persons, besides several distinguished statesmen, and the poet Addison.

Westminster Hall was built as a banqueting-room to the King's Palace, which adjoined the Abbey (the Abbey itself being the King's private chapel). Scotland Yard was assigned by King Edgar as a residence for the King of Scotland, when he visited the English Court to do homage for his crown. The King used to make the Abbey his counting-house, where he counted out his money; and once a vast sum was stolen, and the Abbot and many of his monks were sent to the Tower on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery. Westminster was then utterly distinct from London. Between them was the hamlet of Charing, the last place where the body of Edward the First's beloved Queen rested before it reached the Abbey. A monument to Queen Eleanor has been erected in front of Charing Cross Station.

In Queen Elizabeth's time, the whole distance between Westminster and London was occupied by noble mansions on the north and south of the Strand. They had extensive gardens. When a fire had destroyed the royal palace at Westminster, Henry VIII. purchased, or purloined, Whitehall from the Archbishop of York. It was then called York House, and Wolsey was the last who held it. Henry raised some buildings of white stone, and turned 'York House' into 'White Hall.' Inigo Jones, in the reign of James I., designed a grand new palace —but only the banqueting-house was completed—in which his unfortunate son, Charles, said his last prayer, and from a window of which he walked forth to his doom. Cromwell, too, his conqueror, died in the same place. Also died there Charles II., after a strange career, some of the latter part of which we do not like to hear about. The banqueting-hall is now a chapel. There was an ancient hospital for women where St. James' Palace now is. Henry VIII. built the palace, and here most of Charles the First's children were born; and in the chapel he attended service on the morning of his execution.

The Tower of London is not thought of now as a place for kings to live in, but it was such a place for many a long year. Edward the Second's daughter was born here, and called Joan of the Tower. It was usual for the Sovereign, at his coronation, to go in great state from the Tower to Westminster. In the reign of William and Mary, the Tower was forsaken of royalty--the rooms were changed and the garrison increased. The two Queens of Henry VIII. and Lady Jane were beheaded within the walls. Other State delinquents were put to death outside, on Tower Hill. The last sufferers were Lords Balmerino, Kilmarnock, and Lovat.

The Bloody Tower, formerly the Garden Tower, is the name given to the place where the two little sons of Edward IV. were done to death by their uncle. Henry VII. searched in vain for their bodies, as it was of importance to him to show that they were dead: but it was not until the time of Charles II. that a wooden box containing bones was found at the bottom of the staircase on the west side of the White Tower.

In the Bloody Tower Raleigh was confined for twelve years. Well might Prince Henry say, 'No king but my father would keep such a bird in such a cage.'

The 'Traitors' Gate' is a water-gate, through which great criminals were brought—accompanied, if condemned, by the headsman and axe. When Queen Elizabeth was princess she came in a barge under this gloomy gateway. It rained hard, and some one offered her a cloak, which she refused. When she set her foot on the stairs called 'the Traitor's Steps,' she said, 'Here lands as good a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs; and before Thee, O God, I speak it, having no other friend but Thee.'

Temple Bar stood at the western entrance to the City. Rogers the poet, who died in 1855, at the age of 93, said, 'I remember well one of the heads of the rebels upon a pole at Temple Bar—a black shapeless lump. The other pole was bare—the head having dropped from it.' And Walpole wrote, August 16th, 1746, 'I have been this morning at the Tower, and passed under the new heads at Temple Bar, where people make a trade of letting spying-glasses at a halfpenny a look.'

Just where you approach Waterloo Bridge stood once the splendid Savoy Palace. It belonged to the famous John of Gaunt. It was broken into and pillaged by the mob under Wat Tyler. The Duke was in Scotland at the time. No house in all England was fuller of riches than this. The leaders of the mob said, 'Destroy, but touch not, or death will follow.' So, the vessels of gold and silver were pitched into the muddy Thames—the rich hangings were made to blaze—the flashing gems were smashed to atoms. One man, who was caught thrusting a gold plate into his bosom, was thrown, plate and all, into the burning mansion, amid the shouts and laughter of the bystanders, who cried out, 'We want justice and freedom; no thieves nor robbers are we.' And yet, those thirsty rogues drank freely of the Duke's wine without paying him for it, and some of them so freely, that they were too drunken to crawl out of the cellar while they could, and so they died there miserably. Others threw a number of barrels, supposed to be full of precious metals, into the flames, and a fearful explosion followed, for they were full of gunpowder. G. S. O.

OUR PETS AS FOOD.

THE people of Madeira must look upon the canary as a much more useful bird than its English friends can, since fried canaries are said to be a favourite dish in that Island.

In the time of King Richard II., roasted swans were served at the tables of the wealthy, and the cygnet was thought a delicate dish up to very much later times. The Corporation banquets of London and Norwich were at one time thought incomplete unless cygnets were seen upon the tables. To eat them must, however, have been an expensive luxury, since three hundred years ago they varied in price from six to seven shillings a-piece.

The flesh of the turtledove has been pronounced very much superior in flavour to that of the pigeon; but it is hard to think that many amongst ourselves can bring themselves to kill and eat their mild-eyed pets.

In England the peacock is now as rarely seen upon a table as the swan. Yet in Italy the bird sometimes appears at great banquets, roasted and then sewn up in the skin, just as it once appeared at the royal banquets of our own kings. The peacock, as a table-bird, was long a great success in ancient Rome, and a large fortune is said to have been made by a man who invented a new way of fattening them for the table.

In the West Indies the macaw is often used as food; paroquets make an excellent soup in Paraguay; whilst in Australia, parrots and cockatoos are in great favour with the cooks. A. R. B.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

BURIED TOWNS.

8. See, how they expect ham every evening positively!

A DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

9. A night camp; a territory in North America; a talkative member; a flood; articles of food; another food.

Primals and *finals* also are articles of food.

A DISSECTED PROVERB.

10. aaaaaa, bb, ddd, eeeee, f, g, i, m, nn, oo, rrrrr, ssss, tttt, u, v, w.

A SQUARE WORD.

11. Found in every book; to love; posts; to build; stops.

A CHARADE.

12. If you in riddles are well versed,
And con charades with heart and soul,
Just read my *second* and my *first*,
And re-adjust my *whole*. BROWNSWOOD.

[*Answers at page* 39.]

A CLEVER BOY.

'FATHER,' said a hopeful sprig, 'how many fowls are there on that table?'

'Why,' said the old gentleman, as he looked complacently on a pair of finely-roasted chickens that were smoking on the dinner-table; 'why, my son, there are two.'

'Two!' replied young smartness; 'there are three, sir, and I'll prove it.'

'Three!' replied the old gentleman, who was a plain matter-of-fact man, and understood things as he saw them; 'I'd like to have you prove that.'

'Easily done, sir; easily done! Isn't that *one?*' laying his knife upon the first.

'Yes, that's certain,' said his father.

'And isn't that *two?*' pointing to the second; 'and don't *one* and *two* added together make three?'

'Really,' said the father, turning to the old lady, who was listening with astonishment to the learning of her son; 'really, this boy is a genius, and deserves encouragement. Here, old lady, do you take *one* fowl, and I'll take the *second*, and John may have the *third* for his learning.'

SWINE AND WOLF.

ICHMARDA tells of an encounter between a herd of tame swine and a wolf, which he witnessed on the military positions of Croatia. He says that the swine, seeing two wolves, formed themselves into a wedge, and approached the wolves slowly, grunting and erecting their bristles. One wolf fled, but the other leaped to the front of a tree. As soon as the swine reached it, they surrounded it with one accord, when suddenly and instantaneously, as the wolf attempted to leap over them, they got him down and destroyed him in a moment.

Swine and Wolf.

"'Money!' he shouted, presenting an imaginary revolver."

THE MOOSE HUNTERS.

(*Continued from page* 11.)

CHAPTER III.

WHATEVER went on about our camps, and what savage eyes may have stared at us lying there as the stars moved westward and set behind the mountain wall, is no part of my story. When I woke it was broad daylight. Indeed, the sun-rays had begun to glint the tree-tops. So profoundly had I been asleep that it was several seconds before I knew 'who I was or where I came from.' Scott was half sitting half reclining against one of the stakes that supported the shed, his head rolled on one shoulder and his mouth open, sound asleep. The little rifle had slid from his grasp, and lay with the dewdrops clinging to the muzzle. The fire had long gone out. It did not even smoke. Outside, the ground and the grass in the road were frosty. I got upon my feet, feeling pretty stiff and not a little chilly. Then I gave my comrade a poke,—several of them. He started with a groan of discomfort. It was with difficulty that he got his neck out of the unnatural position it had held for so many hours.

'You're a fine fellow to keep guard!' I exclaimed.

Scott winked painfully.

'I suppose I must have got to sleep,' said he, staring at his legs and at the dewy rifle.

It looked like it.

'But why didn't you wake me?' said he.

'Why didn't I wake you?' I indignantly repeated. 'That's a pretty question for a sentinel to ask!'

'Well, as long as we're all right this morning there's no great harm done,' was my comrade's philosophic reflection.

I was not for letting him off so easily, but I contented myself by remarking that this sort of thing must not happen again.

We did not think it worth while to rekindle the fire; it had got so late—how late we were uncertain, for Scott had forgotten to wind his watch the night before; it had run down. We had eight crackers left, and the rinds of the cheese. Hastily devouring these refreshments, we took a hearty draught from a little rill which ran across a ledge a few rods away, then we rolled up our packs and went on.

In a few minutes we were in the narrowest part of the Notch; and though we were not at all poetically disposed this morning, yet the grandeur of the scenery compelled us to pause frequently to gaze up at the overhanging cliffs and crags. Bear River, now dwindled to a noisy brook, brawls and murmurs hoarsely along the ravine. The road crosses the stream as many as six times; the bridges are of logs, covered with hemlock boughs and earth. At one point the road is made along the side of the gorge, which sinks to a great depth below. The only railing beside the waggon-track is a log.

'Shouldn't care to drive a skittish horse here,' was Scott's practical observation, as we looked into the abyss beneath. To which I recollect replying that I only wished we had a horse to drive: for the packs were growing fearfully heavy again.

A mile farther on the road emerges from the Notch, disclosing a less mountainous country to the northward, heavily wooded with evergreens. The ground here begins to descend toward the Umbagog.

Before us a long hill led down to the white 'Lake House,' which we espied on the very shore. The sight of it gave us new life. We reshouldered our packs and hurried down the hill. A hundred rods from the tavern we saw two young fellows and a dog coming to meet us.

'That's Fred,—one of them!' Scott exclaimed.

There was no doubt of it, for a moment later that worthy young backwoodsman gave us his ordinary salutation. 'Money!' he shouted, presenting an imaginary revolver. 'Hands up! Drop that rifle!'

'You're badly sold this time!' replied Scott. 'If money's what you're after, you've stopped the wrong party.'

That was but a grim joke—too true to be pleasant.

'We will have some money, though, if there is any fur round the lakes!' cried Fred. 'But why didn't you come last night? I looked for you till eight o'clock in the evening. Thought that catamount down in the Notch had got you, sure!'

'That what?' said I.

'Why, that catamount down there! Haven't you heard about him?'

Certainly we had not! Scott looked rather uneasily at me. Then I told them how we had camped there in the Notch and both slept like logs.

'Well, well!' exclaimed Fred, and laughed heartily. 'It's a wonder he had not gobbled you up! Folk don't dare go through there at nights, lately.

'Is that true?' exclaimed Scott.

'Honest true. But no matter, as long as he didn't get ye. This long-legged chap here (with a nod toward the stranger youth) is going into partnership with us. His name is Farr—Charles Henry Farr; and this quadruped is his dog. Come here, Spot! He isn't worth anything for small game, but he is good for chewing up panthers, lions, bears, and bugbears.'

Farr was a rather tall, frank-faced fellow of seventeen or thereabouts. We liked him at sight; and if the reader does not, it will be our fault, not his. As for Spot, he was an average-sized dog, black and white. He appeared remarkably inoffensive, and did not look like a dog addicted to 'chewing up' anything livelier than a crust of bread.

'We shall not be able to get started up the lake today,' said Fred. 'But let's go to the house. You must be hungry—and tired.'

He and Farr seized upon our packs. It was a relief to walk without their weight.

Landlord Godwin, of the Lake House, is as good a host, at bottom, as lives in that whole region. It takes a day to get fairly acquainted with him. He has a way of hesitating when he speaks that makes a stranger feel a little uncertain for a moment. But when you once come to know him, you know a good fellow—in our humble opinion. His table is a very enjoyable one. That day we dined off the breasts of six partridges: there were other eatables, of course,

but the partridges were the attraction for us. Perhaps I am hasty though in saying that the birds were the attraction for all of us. For a certain black-eyed, raven-tressed table-girl took Scott's eyes captive. During our stay there he managed to get up a speaking acquaintance with her. Afterwards he seemed to be somewhat distressed to learn that this siren of the lakes had a 'young man' with whom she kept happy company of a Saturday eve.

Fred and Farr had brought with them and bought of Godwin all the raw provisions that they deemed necessary, together with a complete kit of camping-out utensils.

A complete kit for camping-out embraces more than would at first thought be deemed necessary. We had, I remember, a kettle for making pudding and baking beans; a kettle for heating water; a deep fryingpan or spider with a very long handle—three feet, such as can be used over an open fire without burning the hands; and a large iron baker-sheet for cooking partridge breasts and biscuits. Then there was a coffee-pot and a tea-pot, half-a-dozen tin plates, as many pint dippers, four tin spoons, with the same number of knives and forks, a hatchet and an axe. There were also two butchers' knives for cutting meat. Add to these an old japanned tin powder-case for the sugar, a bucket for butter, a tin box for coffee and another for the tea.

In addition to all this 'kitchen ware' were the two rubber blankets and the two wool blankets, and an old 'puff,' that Farr had brought; also an A tent, seven by seven, *i.e.*, seven feet square on the ground.

Some of these articles might, perhaps, have been dispensed with; yet the most of them were really necessary. And on account of this amount of necessary luggage it is better for a party—whether going for pleasure or otherwise—to go as much by water as possible, in a good roomy boat.)

An account was kept of everything bought, so that in the end each could pay his proportionate part of the expenses; this was what we had agreed upon at the outset. Fred's boat, in which they had already stowed all the luggage, lay in the river a few rods from the house. It was about twenty-four feet long by four feet in width amidships. Once it had been painted white with a red lapstreak, but hard service and stormy waters had much defaced it.

Fred had brought with him two dozen of traps, and Farr had a dozen. Of guns we had a great supply, more guns than ammunition as it turned out. Fred had a long single-barrelled shot-gun, and Farr had a double-barrelled shot-gun and a clumsy breech-loader carbine. All these weapons besides our own.

For provisions Fred had got a sack of flour, some pork, a half-bushel of corn meal, a bushel of potatoes, three pounds of coffee, a pound of tea, four pounds of sugar, and some butter.

In the little garden attached to the Lake House there was a thicket of plum-trees. To these plums we helped ourselves liberally. The ground beneath the shrubs was literally red with them. Everybody ate as many as they liked, and no questions were asked.

(To be continued.)

TWO DAYS IN A KING'S LIFE: LOUIS XVI.

DAY THE FIRST.

THE King awakes, on a bed of the softest down. A day of honour and happiness stretches before him, and beyond it are many other such days. There may be poverty and wretchedness in the lanes and courts of the great city which lies all around his magnificent home, but they are unknown to him. He must die some day, he knows, as those ancestors have died whose faces look at him out of the grand frames of gold in the long picture-gallery; but, he is young, he is healthy, and death may be afar off. So he arises from his bed to enjoy to the full the pleasures and pastimes of a new day. He has a beautiful wife, some sweet children, and more friends than he cares to count. Everything is done to save him trouble. Every wish is met. There are servants without end, lacqueys in scarlet and gold; one to help him to dress, another to hand him his morning chocolate, another to assist him on with his boots.

When he breaks his fast, it is in such state and splendour as we know little of. The tables are spread with fruits of every clime, and flowers of every hue are there. The food is the best in the world, and the wine is without equal. Breakfast over, the day rolls on pleasantly: how can it be otherwise? When the King goes abroad he is surrounded with guards, for his life is very precious. His guards are splendid men, and about his gilded coach horses trample and sabres flash amid the dusty clouds. He, perhaps, has a fancy to visit one of his other superb palaces, for he has many, and to breathe a more refreshing air than he, even he, can enjoy in his city house, apart though it be from the streets, with its large gardens spread about it, ablaze with blossoms, cooled with jets of bright water, and shaded by beautiful trees. Dinner is even more splendid than breakfast. It is late, and over the snow-white cloths, and sparkling cut-glass, and flowers, and grandly dressed ladies and courtly nobles, a thousand wax lights shed a lustre that seems, though it is not, equal to day. And then, it may be to the theatre, where a scene of varied splendour no pen can describe meets the eye; the whole vast audience rising to do honour to the King as he enters his box. Or to a concert in some vast hall of his palace, where every lady's dress is worth a fortune, and to which Europe has sent her sweetest singers and her craftiest players on instruments. Or, it may be a ball, an amazing scene of endless movement and merriment, prolonged into the early dawn, when sober birds are beginning their pure and innocent songs!

Such is a sketch of what may have been the King's life in the day of his prosperity. But the day of adversity was coming; the sunny skies were to be darkened with the darkest clouds that ever gathered over a monarch's head!

DAY THE SECOND.

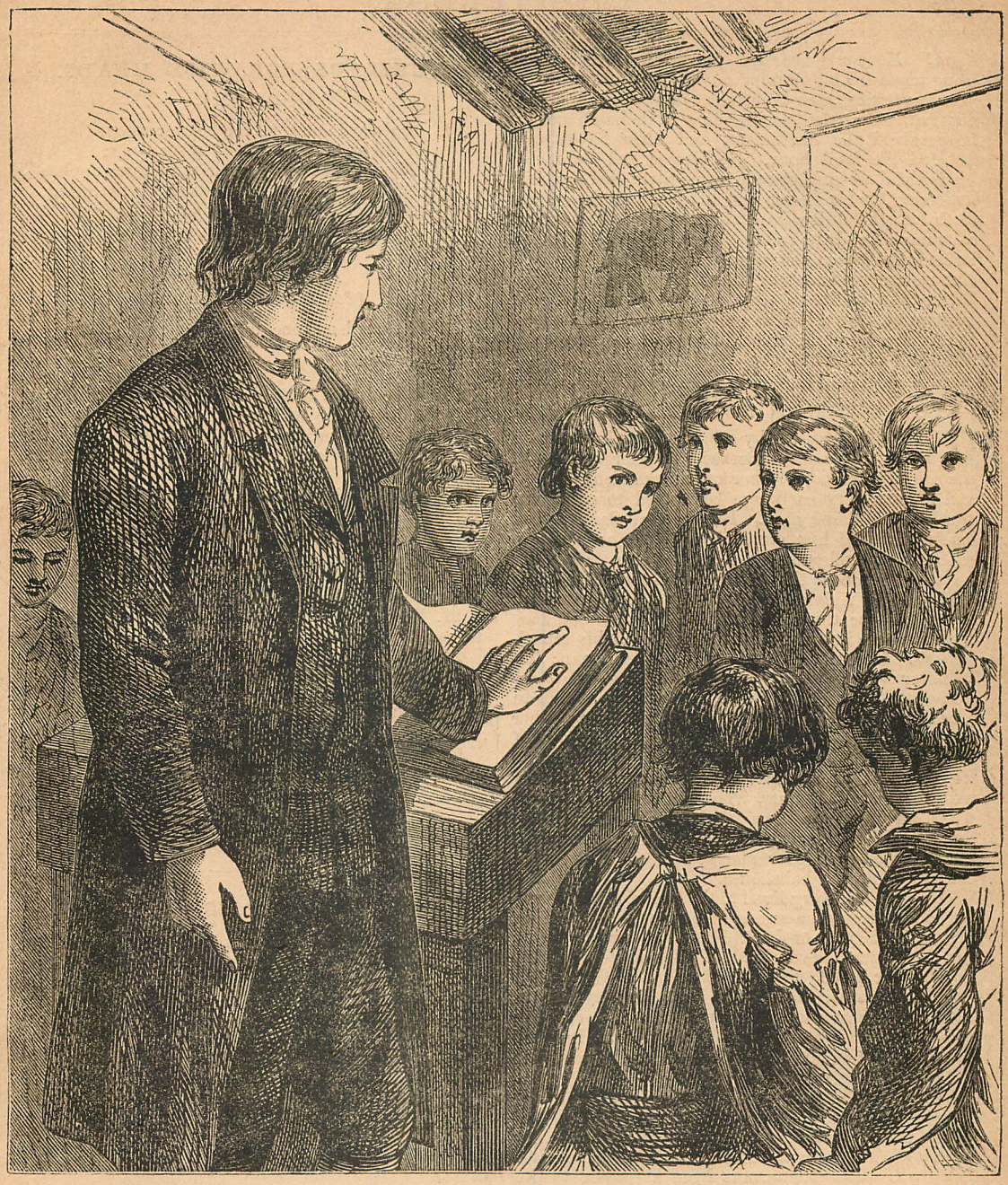
The King's subjects had long been discontented, and he himself must have often seen their lowering faces, and listened to their threatening voices. And, at last, the storm burst, and he was swept from his

"He blessed and embraced his faithful servant."

palace into a prison—a grim and gloomy tower of stone with massy walls and narrow-winding staircases. And he was kept apart from his beautiful wife and fair children. He had only one servant now to wait on him, and that was accounted a favour; and he was always watched by those who longed to shed his blood.

And so, one cold, dreary Sunday afternoon in January, 1793, after he had lain five months in his prison, some stern-faced men came into his narrow, dimly-lighted room, and told him he must prepare to die—yea, to die on the Monday morning. He begged and prayed for three days of life, but no—his prayer was cast out—he should die to-morrow. They let him have a priest to pray with him, but they would do no more. Let him prepare for death—for to-morrow he must die!

They also let him see that night, and embrace for the last time his wife and children. Oh, it was a bitter parting! After many embracings, and tears, and heart-breaking sobs, he tore himself and them asunder, with a deep 'Farewell!' that sounded like the bell rung for the dying: and as he said it his little daughter lay in a fainting fit at her father's feet! Poor King! Poor Queen! Poor children! Had it come to this? A little while ago so happy, so gay, perhaps so thoughtless—now, how awful was their grief! But the King, we are thankful to say,



The German Schoolmaster and his Pupils.

'played the man,' and died as a Christian should. With the help of the good clergyman he made, we hope, his peace with God, 'by whom kings reign,' and then he laid himself down on his little green damask bed, and fell asleep in a moment, and slept like an innocent child, whose evening prayer his mother has just heard at her knee.

All night his one faithful servant sat up in a chair by his side, praying every now and then for the master he loved, and the good priest slumbered on the servant's bed, and silence fell on the prison. Not perfect silence; for the great city was too deeply stirred at the thought of the terrible deed to be done on the morrow!

At five the King awoke and put on his clothes; alas! how unlike the awaking and dressing in former days! He was then face to face with life, and honour, and liberty, and pleasant things—now, a painful death, and such a death! and the great Hereafter, were close to him—he could touch them with his

hand! He could hear the preparations that were being made for his murder outside,—drums beating, cannon rattling, men shouting. But his courage did not fail. Humbly kneeling on a little hair cushion he received the Sacrament, and then he calmly awaited the fatal hour. He blessed and embraced his faithful servant, gave him one little seal and one little ring for his Queen and his son, and then went forth into the chill winter morning amid the braying of trumpets and the roll of drums. What felt he as he had that last mournful ride? Ah! who can tell? But we are glad we may think he was greater and better then, and more prepared for the death we all must meet, than when he gaily laughed and danced the chiefest amid his splendid band of courtiers, the son of a hundred kings!

THE GERMAN SCHOOLMASTER.

ONE of the most worthy schoolmasters in Germany was a man named Bernard Overberg. He was the son of a religious father and an excellent mother, and from a very early age he wished to spend his whole life in doing good. He was very pleased when his father asked him one night whether he would go to school and college and be a learned man, or whether he would go about the country, with a pack upon his back, selling ribbons and trinkets. Little Bernard joyfully chose the school life, and, by dint of hard work, he rose into fame, and eclipsed all his schoolfellows. He became in due time a clergyman; but he never ceased to be devoted to the religious education of the young. He found the German schools in a bad way, and he did more, perhaps, than any other man, for the glorious work of founding a scheme of religious education. Many of the old schoolmasters were almost as ignorant as their scholars. They were mere day labourers, who shut up their schools when any field-work was to be done, and opened them only in winter and rough weather. The schools, too, were poor places, sometimes a ruined chapel, or an old bakehouse.

The good Overberg lived to the age of seventy-two. He had never been a strong man, but his spirit kept him up in the path of duty. His days were very busy days. He was never in bed after half-past four. Once a-year he allowed himself a fortnight's holiday, and that was all the rest he had. Sunday was as busy a day as any other day with him. Everybody who knew him loved him. He was welcome in every house; and if he laid his hand on a child's head, that child was thought highly favoured.

One November morning, as he did not rise, they entered his room, and found him nearly dead.

His funeral was attended, though it was very stormy weather, by thousands of sorrowful people. There was a line of mourners from his house to the grave. He lies buried beneath a cross, which bears on the one side 'Faith, Hope, Charity;' and on the other side the verse, 'There is none other name under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.'

The secret of Bernard Overberg's success was his kindness. He was kind to all, and they felt it and returned it. Let us all try and be like this good man as far as we can. G. S. O.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

AN ENIGMA.

13. I always murmur, yet I never weep,
I always lie in bed, but never sleep;
My mouth is wide, and larger than my head,
And much disgorges, though 'tis never fed,
I have no legs, nor feet, yet swiftly run,
And the more falls I get, move faster on.

AN ANAGRAM.

(*Two London Newspapers.*)

14. Pictures lend tone, tell and show high art.

CONUNDRUMS.

15. Why does a duck go under water? And why does the duck come out again?
16. What has only one leg and a hat?
17. What has a red face, and a green tail, and wooden brains?
18. What is bigger than a cow and lighter than an egg?
19. What crosses the water without making a shadow?
20. What is rather tall, has neither arms nor legs, only a head, and never dies?
21. Who loses a bit of her tail at every step she takes?
22. I have seen it living and I have seen it dead, and I have seen it running after it was dead.
23. What are we afraid of that cannot hurt us?
24. Full by day, empty by night.
25. What weighs less the more it has in it?
26. What two blades are always striking each other, and never draw blood?
27. What carries you if you carry it?

BROWNSWOOD.

[*Answers at page* 39.]

DREAMS.

AN old lady, who was apt to be troubled in her dreams, once told the clergyman of the parish that in a night previous she dreamt she saw her grandfather, who had been dead for ten years. The clergyman asked her what she had been eating.

'Oh, only half a mince pie.'

'Well,' says he, 'if you had eaten the other half, you might probably have seen your grandmother too.'

KING LEIR.

SHAKESPEARE'S tragedy of *King Lear* is founded on a piece of legendary British history preserved by the old chroniclers, Geoffrey of Monmouth and Holingshed. The original story is very simple, and the great poet has added many beautiful incidents to it. In its oldest form it is as follows:—

In ancient times there reigned a king in Britain whose name was Leir. He had three daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordelia. He dearly loved them

all; but Cordelia, the youngest, he loved far above her elder sisters. Now when King Leir was growing very old, and the cares of State were burdensome to him, he thought he would divide his kingdom amongst his daughters; but first he desired to know which of them bore him the greatest affection, that he might prefer her who loved him best to reign over the kingdom. So on a great feast-day, as he sat on his throne in the midst of his nobles, he sent for his three daughters. And when they came before him, he said to Gonorill, the eldest, 'How much do you love me?'

And she answered, 'More dearly than myself.'

At this the King was highly pleased, and he gave her the third part of his kingdom. He then said to Ragan, his second daughter, 'And how much do you love me?'

'I love you more than anything else in the world,' she replied.

And the King gave her also a third part of his kingdom. Then turning to his youngest daughter, Cordelia, he asked her, 'How much do you love me?'

Now Cordelia really loved her father, but she was truthful and sincere, and she thought her sisters were only flattering him to get as much as they could from him, and did not mean what they said; so she only answered, 'I love you as a daughter ought to love her father. I can say no more than that.'

And when the King heard his best-beloved daughter speak so coldly he was very angry, and exclaimed, 'I have always loved you better than your sisters; but I see now that you do not love me as much as they do, and you shall have no share in my kingdom.' And with that he banished her from his presence, and divided the share of the kingdom which he had intended for her between her two sisters.

The two elder sisters were married to great chiefs, and they ruled the land under their father, who was growing more and more infirm, whilst poor Cordelia lived in seclusion and disgrace. But the king of the country which is now called France,* hearing of her goodness, and how she had incurred her father's displeasure, resolved to ask her in marriage. The old King, whose anger was not abated, replied to the request of the King of France for her hand, that he was willing to give him his daughter in marriage but that she would have no dowry, as he had divided all his possessions between her sisters. To this the King of France returned answer, that he had land and gold of his own and wanted nothing but Cordelia. So King Leir sent her to him, and they were married; and she became a queen, and lived happily with her husband.

Now the elder daughters, Gonorill and Ragan, were so far from loving their aged father, and were so greedy and cruel, that they grudged him the expenses of his palace and retinue. So they killed his guards, drove away his attendants, and depriving him of his crown and royal robes, turned him out of his palace. None dared to give him shelter for fear of the anger of the two wicked queens. And though his sight had failed him, and he was blind, he was forced to wander over the land he once ruled, his only guide being an old and faithful servant. At last, in his misery and despair, he thought that he would go to his youngest daughter, whom he had treated so harshly, and see if she would take pity on him.

So he took ship and crossed over to France; but when he landed he feared to go directly to the city where Cordelia lived, for he knew not how she would receive him after his unkindness to her. So he sent his old servant, bidding him tell the Queen of France that her father was in her land, a houseless wanderer, hungry, and ill-clad. And when Cordelia heard of her father's woeful plight, and of her sisters' cruelty to him, she wept for sorrow, and she at once sent him everything needful, both food and rich garments, and gold, and servants to wait on him, telling him to let her know when he would be able to receive her. And when he returned an answer, she and her husband set out to meet him on the day he had named, surrounded by their soldiers and followers, and brought him in great state to the palace, and honoured him as a king in their land, until such time as he could win back his own kingdom.

The King of France now gathered a mighty army, and with King Leir and Cordelia he crossed over to Britain. Ragan and Gonorill and their husbands met them with all their forces, and they fought a great battle, in which the British were defeated and the two wicked sisters and their husbands were killed.

King Leir was now restored to his throne by his faithful daughter whom he had treated so harshly; yet she loved him through it all, and his two other daughters, who professed so much fondness for him, only did so that they might get his kingdom from him. King Leir reigned for two years after he regained his throne, and when he died Cordelia succeeded him in the kingdom.

Geoffrey, or Jeffery, of Monmouth, is the earliest of the chroniclers who relate the story of King Leir. He lived in the twelfth century, was a Welshman, and Bishop of St. Asaph. Owing to the disturbances in North Wales, he left his native land and came to England to the court of Henry II., where he wrote his *Chronicle, or History of Britain*, for the instruction of the king's son.

Holingshed was a writer of the sixteenth century, and in his *Chronicles* he repeats the story of King Leir. It was from his work, published in 1577, that the plot of an old play, called 'The True Chronicle History of King Leir and his Three Daughters,' was derived, and from it, or perhaps from the *Chronicle* itself, Shakespeare got the outline of the story for his wonderful tragedy. In any case he vastly improved on his original. He altered the names as well as the incidents, changing King Leir into Lear, Gonorill into Goneril, Ragan into Regan, and he added a number of characters that are not in either the *Chronicle* or the old play. So popular was the history of King Leir that the learned Camden introduced it into his great work, *Britannia*, and there is an old English ballad called 'King Leir and his Three Daughters' which Shakespeare may have seen. A. R.

* As the chroniclers place the reign of King Leir in Britain before the Christian era, France could not then have been known by that name. The Romans called it Gallia, or Gaul. Geoffrey of Monmouth uses the name by which it was known in his own times.

King Lear.

"Now for it! Over with you!"

THE MOOSE HUNTERS.

(*Continued from page* 19.)

CHAPTER IV.

AS soon as it was fairly light next morning we were astir. Breakfast was eaten. Godwin's bill against us was a very light one. He charged us not half the usual hotel rates. It was well he did, or we should have been utterly bankrupt then and there.

Some minutes before sunrise we went aboard our boat and took our places for the long pull up the lakes. There were two sets of rowlocks, with oars to match. Fred took one pair and Farr the other. Spot laid down on Farr's coat behind his master. I took the stern seat and steering oar. Scott had the bow seat and a paddle.

'All ready!' cried Fred, cheerily. 'Give way! one, two, three, and away we go!'

The morning had been clear and calm; but directly after sunrise the wind began to blow from the south-west. By the time we were fairly out on the lake: there was quite a 'sea.'

Fred kept glancing uneasily at the sky.

'No danger, is there?' said Scott.

'No danger here,' replied Fred. 'But if this wind keeps rising we shall have it rough up toward the Narrows!'

This prediction rather damped the jolly spirits in which we had embarked. We grew less talkative, but rowed the harder. A few minutes later we rounded B Point and saw the whole southern half of the lake before us. Rather rough and windy it looked, too.

'No white caps, yet!' said Farr, turning on his seat for a look ahead. 'Guess we can go through, Fred.'

'Can't tell that yet,' said Fred. 'It's a thing you can't count on,—this lake. Gets up quicker than Jack-in-a-box if a puff of wind blows. My opinion is, if we want to get through those Narrows this forenoon we have no time to lose.'

On this hint we all began pulling with a will. For awhile we rode as lightly as a duck, and shot ahead rapidly. The boat was not heavily loaded for its size. But soon white caps began to show, and the swells grew larger. The boat began to bounce on them and the spatters to fly. We kept steadily at our work, however, and under our united strength the boat went about as fast as the waves, though a few big swells combed into the stern, making my seat far from comfortable.

Ten minutes more and we were within a mile of the Narrows. All about, the waves were running white. The boat was plunging heavily. The spray flew in upon us. The roar of the dashing was so great that we could scarcely hear each other's voices. Spot howled dismally. I confess to having been considerably scared. For the wind blew smartly; and all down through the Narrows the lake was as rough as a cataract. Just then Scott's hat flew off and was dashed out of sight several rods ahead!

'Never mind that!' he shouted. 'Let it go! I've got an old cap in my pack.'

'Steady!' shouted Fred. 'Hold her steady, Farr!'

Then he turned for a look. We were bouncing prodigiously.

'I fear for her backbone!' groaned Scott.

'Take a look, Farr, and tell me what you think of it!' said Fred, resuming his oars.

Farr looked.

'Never saw it worse,' said he. 'I don't know, but I am afraid it will be too much for her. I should say, go for Birch Island.'

'Birch Island it is, then!' exclaimed Fred. 'Head her for that island off to the right of us,' he added to me, pointing to where a clump of white birches and a few evergreens seemed to rise out of the waves about a hundred rods away.

I had all I could do to hold the boat steady with the steering oar. The swells threw us about amazingly. There is much strength and friskiness in these fresh-water surges. Those were wild moments. Fred, Farr, and Scott, were pulling with might and main. The spray flew over us; the spatters drenched us. I expected every moment that we should be swamped. And as we drew near the island our case seemed not much improved. The waves broke against it fiercely.

'It won't do to let her run on there!' exclaimed Farr. 'It will stave her!'

'Yes,' said Fred. 'But it is not deep water. Sit still and pull till I give the word, then jump out, everybody, and ease her ashore.'

'Now for it! Over with you!' he shouted, a moment afterwards.

We leaped out, and carried the boat by main strength high upon the sand.

It had been a sharp tussle. Never was I so glad to set my foot on firm earth. We were drenched to our skins. The rubber coats and blankets had protected the flour and meal and sugar; but everything else was soaked and the boat was a third full of water. The wind, piercing our wet clothes, made us shiver despite the exertion. As soon as we could secure the boat we ran to the lea of the birch and cedar thicket which occupied the middle of the islet.

'Let's have a fire and dry ourselves!' exclaimed Scott. 'We shall have to stay here till the wind lulls.'

Farr got the axe from the boat and fell to splitting up dry cedar; a rather large cedar (for the island) had blown down some years before and now lay dry and broken among large stones. He soon had a great pile of it split.

'Who's got a match?' he cried.

Scott took out his little tin match-box and opened it,—but stopped short with a loud exclamation:—

'Wet! every one as wet as sop!' and he poured water out of the box.

Fred laughed. 'Let me see if my match-box is as bad off as yours.'

He pulled out a flat bottle tightly corked.

'This is my match-box,' said he. 'Takes more than one soaking to wet that—inside.'

And his were the only matches that had escaped.

We soon had a fire going,—a rousing one, about which we stood and steamed in the shelter of the thicket. The roar of the agitated lake came to our

ears from the windward side of the islet; but on the lee-side the water was not very rough. Up at the Narrows it looked white and tumultuous; and against the rocky side of Metallic Island, half a mile above, we could see the surf leap up eight and ten feet, white as milk. I vowed inwardly not to put out on the lake again till the wind went down, if I had to stay there alone two weeks. Farr kept asking us how we should like to be *out there now*,—pointing toward the Narrows.

We began to feel like having dinner. Fred brought round the fryingpan and a piece of pork. This was cut into slices, and 'sizzled' in the pan. The fat looked very clear and good. At home, neither Scott nor I ate salted pork, or the fat. But when Fred brought round a dozen crackers and Farr had made a pot of strong tea, we felt a good appetite to sit down round the 'spider,' each with a fork to break and dip pieces of cracker in the fat and sip dippers of sweet tea without milk. We seemed to need the fat after our drenching.

'I begin to understand how the Esquimaux can drink train oil,' remarked Scott. 'It's the cold and the rough life they lead that makes them relish it.'

The wind continued to blow all through the middle of the day. It always does here when once it gets started. We began to think we should have to spend the night on the island; but toward four o'clock in the afternoon it subsided, and the swells fell with it.

'Let's start,' said Fred. 'We can get as far as Moll's Rock, and have time to camp before dark.'

We bailed out the boat, then got in and pushed off.

'What's "Moll's Rock?"' inquired Scott.

'It is a ledge on the west shore about a mile below the outlet' (Androscoggin), Farr explained. 'They call it Moll's Rock from old Mollocket, an Indian squaw, who used to live there. She had a wigwam on the ledge, a little up from the water, for a good many years. It's a pretty place. Old Metallic was her husband, it is said. He was a chief. That is where they get the name of Metallic's Island—from him.'

From Birch Island to Moll's Rock it is not far from three miles, as I judged. The upper portion of Lake Umbagog—the part above the Narrows—is by far the most picturesque. All about the northern and western sides there are fine bold peaks, with dense unbroken forests, clothing their slopes to the very shores. The red and gold of the birches and maples contrasted finely with the black green of the spruce thickets. A pleasanter scene can hardly be imagined than when the bright glow of the setting sun rested warmly on all this autumnal splendour, and on the broad lake, now quiet as a mirror. It seems incredible how soon this tumultuous white-capped expanse sinks to repose when the wind falls! Its calms succeed as rapidly as its bursts of wave-lashed wrath.

Just as the last rays of sunset were burnishing the waters we pulled into the little cove to the south of Moll's Rock. This is a favourite camping-place for sportsmen on these waters. The place was strewn with broken boxes, tin cans, and, I regret to say, broken *bottles*. One bit of board nailed to a tree said that 'Warren Noyes and party camped here eleven days, from September 25th, 18—, till October 7th;' another, driven into the ground like a head-stone, informed the passer that thereunder rested the bodies of one hundred and fifty-six ducks, being the surplus above table use shot by the above party.

We kindled a fire in a stone fire-place built by former occupants, and pitched our tent. Fred made a batch of biscuits; Scott undertook to make tea; and it was my duty to prepare coals and roast for the party two potatoes apiece and one for Spot.

While we were thus engaged, a flock of black ducks went whirring over, flying very low. Farr, who was standing by, seized his shot-gun and let both barrels go among them; and he had the good fortune to *wing* one of them. It fell into the lake at a hundred yards or less from the shore. Farr immediately pushed off to pick it up. But it swam and dived so expertly that he was obliged to shoot it again with Fred's long-barrelled gun. It was a fine large bird. Farr dressed it and put it on to parboil for breakfast. Fred cut armful after armful of boughs and made a very comfortable bed inside the tent. On this we spread our rubber blankets and then rolled ourselves up in our wool blankets. The flap of the tent, on the end next the fire, was pinned back to let in the cheerful glow. We lay and talked a long time,—planning what we should do when we reached Parmachenee and got into the wild region to the north of it.

Ah, we little knew what was before us, or how many hardships and perils must be braved before we should see Moll's Rock again.

(*To be continued.*)

A WIG AND A WOODEN LEG.

ABOUT forty years ago, a certain German, well born and well educated, left his native land to push his fortune in America. Partly from a love of adventure, and partly from the hope of opening up a new line of trade, he travelled across the whole Continent, penetrating north to the Columbia river, and south as far as Mexico and California. He then bought some mules, and loading them with merchandise suitable for barter with fur-trappers or friendly Indians, and taking a few intrepid spirits with him to share the dangers and profits of his enterprise, he entered upon a career which proved a very successful one, though it was not worked out without many strange adventures and much suffering.

As the train of waggons lumbered across the vast prairies, much watchfulness was necessary to guard against the attacks of hostile Red men. Every night the camp was arranged for an attack, the waggons drawn up in a double row, the mules and men in the centre, while a watch was placed outside. If the alarm was given, the men with loaded rifles ranged themselves under protection of the waggon, their position being thus tolerably secure. A curious incident occurred during one of these night attacks. One of the men had been scalped by Indians several years before, and, strange to say, had survived this terrible outrage. Having supplied himself with a wig while at the settlements, he had again joined the caravan, and took his chance of what might occur in future fights with the savage foe. And he had

The Christmas Hamper.

not long to wait. A body of Indians having made a midnight attack on the camp, this unfortunate man again found himself on the ground, his hair held in the horrid clutch of the red man, whose disengaged hand brandished the knife which was to sweep round his devoted head, when, lo! the whole scalp came off of its own accord, to the horror of the savage, who, being firmly persuaded that the white man was a mighty magician, dropped both the wig and his tomahawk, and fled with a yell from the field of battle, warning every one whom he met to keep out of the way.

Another of the men who was unfortunate enough to have a wooden leg, was on one occasion chased by a mounted Indian, who was gaining upon him in an alarming manner. The white man's horse was worn out, and his ammunition was expended. What could he do? Swift as thought he unbuckled the strap which supported the false limb, and taking up this curious weapon of defence he threw it at the Indian's head, who, believing it to be a genuine flesh and blood leg, altogether declined any nearer approach to such a monster, and quickly retiring, left the one-legged white man master of the situation.

D. B. McKean.

THE CHRISTMAS HAMPER.

AT Christmas-time a hamper comes
From country folk to friends in town;
And how the children smile to see
The carrier come and lay it down!

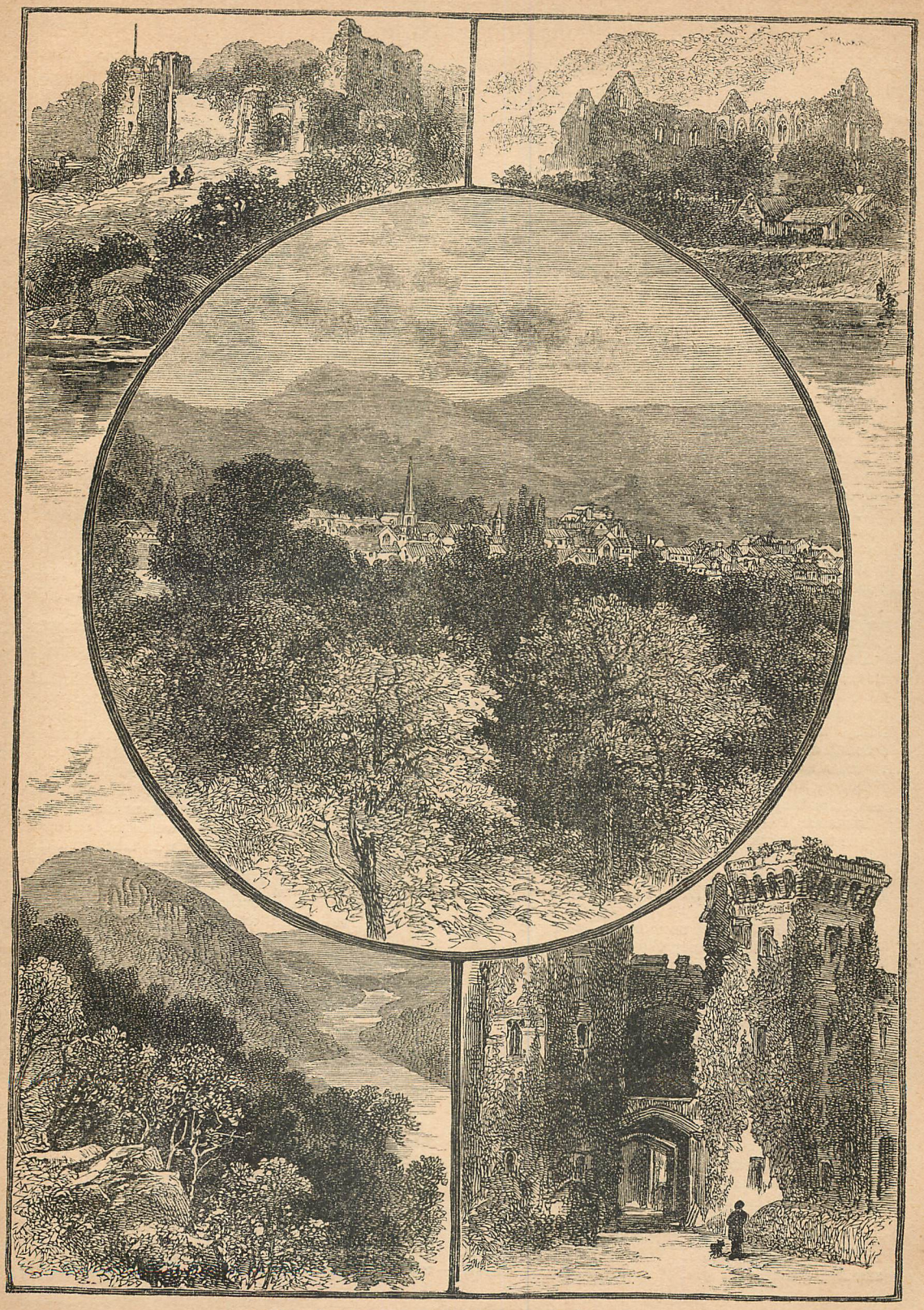
With curious eyes they peer between
The well-stuffed basket and the lid;
For well they know that many a prize
Among the straw is lying hid.

A turkey there is sure to be;
A basketful of eggs so white;
Good store of apples and of plums,
A jar of honey, clear and bright;

Of home-made cakes a goodly store;
Dried lavender, in bunches neat,
To lay between the snowy folds
Of household linen, fresh and sweet.

But where is Mother? Run and tell
The happy news upstairs and down,
That Grannie, whom we love so well,
Has sent her Christmas-box to town.

D. B.



VIEWS IN MONMOUTHSHIRE. By W. H. J. Boot.

Chepstow Castle.
Tintern Abbey.

Monmouth.

View on the Wye.
Raglan Castle.

COUNTY CHATS.

No. XXIII.

MONMOUTHSHIRE.

THE murmuring Wye bounds this shire on the east, and the Rumney does the same office for it on the west. It is generally a hilly shire, and is famous for its old castles and its modern iron works. King Arthur, of ancient fame, used to live in grand state at Caerleon, on the Usk, now a small place, but formerly a busy capital. Who has not heard of King Arthur? And yet, very little certain is known of him. In fact, there are two Arthurs, or two sides to Arthur—a real Arthur, and an Arthur of romance. The real Arthur seems to have won twelve battles over the heathen Saxons, and to have fallen mortally wounded in the great fight of Camlan, between his loyal subjects and those who had revolted at the instigation of his nephew Modred. Arthur was carried to Glastonbury, where he died. His grave was opened centuries afterwards by command of Henry II., and a man named Giraldus saw Arthur's bones and sword, and a leaden cross let into the tombstone, with words in Latin which said 'Here lies King Arthur.'

There are at least twenty-five castles, or remains of castles, in Monmouthshire. Why so many? Because, after the Norman Conquest, the early kings could not spare troops to conquer Wales, and so they gave their nobles license to fight the Welshmen on their own account, and at their own expense, and allowed them to erect castles for themselves and towns for their followers, and to enjoy the lands they had conquered as well as they could.

Monmouthshire, however, was never formally added to the thirty-nine old English shires until the reign of Henry VIII.

Monmouth is a quiet and romantic town. The poet Gray called it 'the delight of the eye, and the very seat of pleasure.'

As for the castle, now no more, Gilpin says: 'Monmouth Castle was formerly the palace of a king, and the birthplace of a mighty prince; it is now converted into a yard for fattening ducks.' It was a favourite residence of John of Gaunt and his son Henry IV. Here Henry V. was born, and called 'Henry of Monmouth.' They still point out his cradle at Troy House, a wooden chest swinging between two standards, and surmounted by ornamental birds to sing the baby prince to sleep. In the same house is the suit of armour which he wore at the battle of Agincourt. The study of Geoffrey of Monmouth, a famous writer of the twelfth century, is also shown. He translated a History of Britain from the British tongue into Latin or Norman-French.

Between Monmouth and the British Channel stands Tintern Abbey, 'the most beautiful ruin in the world,' so says a thoughtful German traveller. The tower, unfortunately, has fallen. The style of the abbey is something like that of Salisbury. Our old friend, Roger de Bigod (*see* 'County Chat' on Suffolk) helped to build Tintern. And after a career of about three centuries the monks were driven out, and the abbey lands were granted to the Earl of Worcester. Here Theodoric, a Christian King of Glamorgan, was killed A.D. 600. Perhaps the gold coronet, set with gems, which a labouring man dug up a few miles off, was his. He sold it for a few pounds, but it afterwards fell into the hands of a London jeweller, who knew its value, and who made 1500*l.* of the stones.

Between Tintern and Chepstow the Wye is a tidal river, and its banks are most beautiful, adorned with bold crags and rich woodland. The ruins of Chepstow Castle are grand indeed. Its towers, here and there decayed and rent, are lofty, and altogether it is an imposing place. The chimneys are glazed inside, and it is said the principal one, which is in constant use, has not been swept for eighty years. A round tower is called Harry Marten's tower, because a man of that name was confined there for twenty years. He was one of those who sat in judgment upon Charles I., and, at the Restoration of Charles II., he was tried, and condemned to death. But the sentence was changed into imprisonment for life. He died at the advanced age of seventy-eight. We are glad to say he was treated kindly, and his room had three windows and two fire-places in it. Marten lies buried in Chepstow churchyard, and there is a curious epitaph, written by himself, each line beginning with one letter of the two words Henry Marten.

The castle is built on a rock. Its founder was Fitz-Osborn, one of Duke William's braves. There was a severe tussle here in the Civil Wars. Sir N. Kemys, a brave officer, held it for the King, and baffled Oliver himself for a time. At length all the food was spent, and the garrison hoped to get away by means of a boat moored under the steep cliff. But a daring soldier of the Parliament army, suspecting their purpose, swam the Wye, with a knife in his mouth, and cut the rope which held the boat. The garrison would not yield, though hunger-stricken; but another assault was made, which their weakened strength could not resist, and the castle was taken and the brave Kemys slain.

The Usk is another famous river of this shire. It empties its waters into the estuary near Newport. The Welsh call this town Newcastle. Here, in the month of November, 1839, 5000 Chartists, under Frost, attacked the King's Head and Westgate Hotels, and were driven back by twenty-eight soldiers and a few special constables. The soldiers fired from the hotel windows.

Proceeding up the Usk we pass Caerleon, and reach the town of Usk. Caerleon, as we have already noticed, is but a shadow of its former self. The Welsh writer Giraldus says, it was originally built by Roman princes, and adorned with noble buildings, a gigantic tower, baths, temples, and a vast theatre. Many modern houses here are built of old Roman bricks. Here, a lady, who was crossing the bridge one dark tempestuous night, was carried away on part of the wooden bridge, and when it had floated four miles down the river she was rescued. Usk was a place of importance in Roman times. It stood on the *Via Juliana*, the Julian highway. Edward IV. was born in Usk Castle, so was his brother Richard,

whom we call Crookback. Owen Glendower was here routed, in one of the many battles he fought with Henry IV., or his captains. A more troublesome Welshman never lived than Owen. He was fond of Richard II., who was deposed, and he became a bitter enemy of the new king. Most of Owen's sons perished on the field of battle, but he died quietly in his bed at his daughter's house. His chief enemy was his neighbour, Lord Grey de Ruthyn. The two neighbours were always snarling and snapping at each other, and one fine day Owen carried off Lord Grey into the Welsh mountains, and would not let him go until he had paid the vast ransom of 6666*l.* This savage, for he was little better, burnt towns, beheaded whole garrisons without mercy, destroyed cathedrals, and would have sliced up the whole of England, if he could, and divided it into three parts for himself and his two friends, Mortimer and Percy. He and they got sorely beaten at Shrewsbury; and, two years after, he made an attempt to set the young Duke of York free from his confinement at Windsor Castle, and then proclaim him as a rival to the king. False keys were made by a smith, and the Duke's sister, Constance, managed to get him and his brother off; but they were seized and brought back, and the smith had both his hands chopped off.

Where the Gavenny joins the Usk is the town of Abergavenny, one of those burnt to ashes by the savage Glendower. A poet once sang about the goodly castle towers; these, however, have long crumbled away. Here is an avenue of Scotch firs, a mile in length.

The ruins of Raglan Castle are very extensive. The Duke of Beaufort is now the owner; it is not so old a castle as many another. The finest feature of it was its grand yellow tower. It had six sides, and was five stories high. In the memorable siege cannon balls played on this tower incessantly. A great store of water was kept on the top of the yellow tower, and by means of this the ingenious Marquis of Worcester (the real inventor of the steam-engine), contrived all sorts of water-work). The Marquis used steam, it appears, to set his water-works going. King Charles often visited this castle, in fact he was here for nearly three months after the unhappy battle of Naseby; and the stout old Marquis of Worcester held the place in the king's interest, until, after a siege of two months and sixteen days, he was obliged to yield. When they destroyed the castle, the lead alone fetched 6000*l.* A magnificent library, one of the finest in Europe, was destroyed.

Near Abergavenny, also, is an historic house, named Coldbrook. From it sprang the Herberts, which family has reared many a noble Englishman. George Herbert the poet was one of them, another was Lord Herbert of Cherbury, a rather conceited man, but a polished wit and philosopher. Their great grandfather was a glorious hero, the goodliest knight of his time. He once offered to die in the stead of a Welsh rebel, and in consequence of this offer the king was forced to pardon the offender. On another occasion, this kindly knight entreated his brother, the Earl of Pembroke, to spare some one or two of seven sons, the whole family of a poor widow. The earl would not spare them, whereupon the widow solemnly cursed him and Sir Richard Herbert on her bended knees. The curse seemed to have its effect, for a battle soon after occurring, the two brothers were slain in it.

G. S. O.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

SHAKESPEARIAN SAWS UNSET.

28. b, dd, eee, g, h, i, nnn, ooo, ss, u, w.

29. a, b, d, eeeeeee, hhhh, i, k, m, n, oooo, p, rrrr, sss, tttt, u, ww.

A DIAGONAL SQUARE PUZZLE.

30. Stripes; a part; Samson's wife; a warrior; an opinion; an immigrant; a refresher.

The centrals *across* and each diagonal *down* will give a part of the British Army.

A CONUNDRUM.

31. What is better than presence of mind in a railway accident?

AN ARITHMETICAL CHARADE.

32. Divide one hundred and fifty by nought, add two thirds of ten, and so making a noted arithmetician.

BROWNSWOOD.

[*Answers at page* 39.]

A LARGE FORTUNE.

A YOUNG man who had no money wished to marry the daughter of a rich man. He asked a lawyer to introduce him, who accordingly did so. The father, however, soon after consulted the lawyer as to his friend's position and wealth.

The next time the lawyer met the young man he said, 'Have you any fortune?'

'No,' said he.

'Well,' said the lawyer, 'would you allow any one to cut off your nose, if he would give you 5000*l.* for it?'

'What a question! Not for all the world!' said he.

'Very well,' said the lawyer; 'I have a reason for asking.'

The next time he saw the lady's father he said, 'I have inquired about the young man's circumstances. He has indeed no ready money, but he has a jewel for which I know he would not take 5000*l.*'

This was enough—the young folk were married; but the father often shook his head when he thought about the jewel.

FRITZ.

FRITZ is a beautiful light-blue grey cat. He is the especial pet of my daughter, and therefore he has his food in the dining-room. He has many peculiarities, the chief being that he thinks that he is covering up the food that remains after he has taken all he wishes, a habit of wild cats which is well known. He stands over the plate which contains the remains of his repast and scratches perfectly imaginary dust or mould over it. This he does all round the plate, and after a curious look at it to see that it is all right, and it *is* covered up, he walks leisurely away. How strange it is that these traces of a wild state are so often to be seen in animals which have been domesticated for long generations!

Fritz. By Harrison Weir.

Farr's Accident.

THE MOOSE HUNTERS.

(*Continued from page* 27.)

CHAPTER V.

SCOTT woke the rest of us some time before sunrise by firing at a loon sailing near, with the little rifle. It startled us rather suddenly; but it was high time we were up. The fire was rekindled. Fred made fritters ('flippers' he called them) out of flour; Farr finished cooking his duck; I boiled potatoes; and Fred made coffee—the first we had.

We hurried things, and had breakfast ready a few minutes after sun-peep. And we ate as speedily as possible, for the wind began to blow a little, rising with the sun. We were still only eight miles above the Lake House. From Upton to the head of Lake Parmachenee it is eighty miles. It would take us ten days to get up there, at our first day's rate. We all chafed under this estimate.

'But we will do better to-day,' said Fred. 'The wind can't swamp us on the river.'

'We shall have the current to row against after we get into the Magalloway,' suggested Farr; 'and a pretty strong old current, too, after all these rains.'

Persons do not usually perceive the full magnitude of an enterprise until after they have entered upon it; that was our case, at least.

Spot had what was left of the duck. We struck our tent and packed up without loss of time. In less than an hour we were embarking again: and an hour is quick time to get breakfast, eat it, and break camp. They who have tried it will say so.

Though the wind had risen considerably, we had no trouble in crossing to the outlet. Off Reed Point the swells made the boat bounce a little; but immediately on rounding the Point we were in smooth water and at once pulled into the river.

The Androscoggin, where it first leaves the lake, is very crooked, winding about through a shrubby meadow-land. It is not more than fifty or sixty yards wide here on an average, with a sluggish and hardly perceptible current.

We passed, hereabouts, what Fred called the headworks of a raft of logs, itself a raft, upon which was planted a capstan for pulling the greater raft to which it may be attached. It lay high and dry on the bank. About it were scattered heavy levers and capstan-bars—just as the last gang of drivers had abandoned it.

From the place where the Androscoggin leaves the lake, to the mouth of the Magalloway it is about two miles. The latter comes in at nearly right angles from the north. We reached the forks at half-past eight precisely, and at once turned our prow up the stream—toward Parmachenee. Hitherto we had gone with the current. Now we had to breast it.

'This is about as far as I have ever been,' Fred remarked. 'I have been out here to the mouth of the Magalloway twice, but never any farther. It will be new territory now for the whole of us.'

'Well, all we shall have to do will be to follow the river,' said Farr. 'The stream leads up to the lake, and we cannot very well lose the stream.'

Flock after flock of sheldrakes rose one after the other. It was agreed that Scott should ship his paddle and sit in the bow with the guns cocked and ready for them.

The shores were wooded almost exclusively with firs; the stream was eight and nine rods wide, very dark, and seemingly very deep.

Captain Perkins, of the little lake steamer *Diamond*, at Upton, had told Fred to be sure to try 'Bottle Brook Pond,' for ducks, going up; and he described the place where we should need to land to go to it so well that we had no trouble in recognising it. It was about three miles above the mouth of the Magalloway.

The guns were reloaded and plentifully shotted. The secret of shooting well with a shot gun is to put in a good lot of shot. If you put in a whole handful, they will be pretty sure to knock over something. Bottle Brook Pond lies abreast of the river, from which it is separated by a bank not more than ten feet above high water and twelve or fifteen rods in width. But this bank is so densely wooded with firs that no glimpse of the pond is obtained from the stream. The pond itself is of no great extent: eight or ten acres, perhaps.

Carefully securing our boat to a root in the bank, we landed, guns in hand, and cautiously made our way through the firs. Farr, in order to have all the available shooting power ready, had made an experiment—one he will not care to try again, I fancy; he loaded his *carbine with shot*; pretty heavily, too, it would seem: at any rate, he admitted afterwards that he had put in a 'good dose' of shot, and powder enough to *a little more than fill the chamber!*

Perkins had predicted rightly. Our first glimpse of the pond through the firs showed it to be alive with both black ducks and sheldrakes. There they were, paddling about, diving, flapping, and spattering the water, with an occasional low quack! The sight of them so near made Scott fairly wild with excitement.

'More than five hundred of them!' he muttered. 'We will have them, sure!'

Not daring to disclose ourselves, we crouched under cover of a fallen fir-top, ten or fifteen yards back from the water, amid the shrubbery. We could see them plainly enough; but they had not spied us. It was fun to watch them at play. They were not more than twenty yards from the shore—not a hundred feet from where we lay in ambush.

They were darting first one way, then another, on the water, but mainly in little groups of three, four, and five together.

'We'll just pepper them!' whispered Farr. 'Five guns—seven barrels. Get good aim now, and when I count three, blaze away! Ready, now—one—two—three.'

Whang—bang—whang! went six barrels.

There was a great smoke! loud quackings of alarm and terror from the pond! involuntary shouts from the whole of us! Spot barking loudly!

Farr leaped up with the carbine for another shot. Through the smoke we could see the air black with ducks going up off the water with a mighty flutter and rumble of wings. Farr aimed into the flock and fired the carbine. It made a tremendous report, and I saw him reel backward against a tree. The piece itself jumped out of his hands, as if thrown. Farr recovered his legs, but began to shake his hand.

'Hurt ye?' we cried out to him. 'Did it burst?'

'Oh-h-h—ah-h-h!' moaned the carbiner, dancing about. 'It—it—just burst my forefinger!'

Leaving him to shake the agonies out of his aching finger, the rest of us turned our attention to the pond. One duck was splashing about close in to the shore; another lay still on the water a little farther out; and far over on the other side of the pond we could see still another fluttering near the shore.

'Three down!' cried Fred. 'Not so very bad, though we might have done better.'

The one near the shore was immediately secured. But we could not reach the other, and tried in vain to make Spot go in after it. No use. All he would do was to put his tail betwixt his legs and slink off; he wasn't a water dog. Finally, by going back to the boat for the hatchet and cutting a very long pole, we contrived to pull in the second one.

Meanwhile Scott and Fred had gone round the pond after the third duck, which they knocked over with a pole and secured without much difficulty. Thus closed our first duck-shooting exploit. We were greatly elated—except Farr. We had three ducks—and a shattered gun—and a shattered finger.

CHAPTER VI.

THE most crooked stream in the world is the Magalloway. There are crooks about which one may pull a boat two miles without getting ahead twenty rods. At one place, which we reached an hour later, the river is 'three double;' so that really we had to row past a given point three times to get by it for good.

We presently emerged from the fir forest into clearings. Here and there a low weathered house or barn disclosed itself. This is what is known as the Lower Settlement of Magalloway. It is not a town, nor yet a plantation.

Presently we passed a house a little up from the bank, where during the noon recess fifteen or twenty children were disporting.

'Too many for one family,' said Fred. 'This must be the place where they have their school.'

It looked like that. And there was the schoolmistress (it could be none else) standing in the door. Having a great respect for education, Scott raised his hat to her. She frowned, and being of a dark complexion, the effect was so depressing that we redoubled our efforts and made off without loss of time.

The clearings and cots are on both sides of the river. There are no bridges. In winter (which means eight months of the year here), the folk cross on the ice. In summer they wade it. In spring and fall and after heavy showers they swim it.

A little farther up we passed a two-story house with very comfortable out-buildings. There were also two large boats moored to the bank. This is 'Spencer's,' the headquarters of the Berlin Mills Lumbering Company. Here one may spend the night, or a week if desirable, and have good board at two dollars per day. Tourists now and then get up as far as this place. There is fine trout-fishing at Escohos falls, five or six miles above this point.

Shortly after passing Spencer's, we espied two maidens at a place where a cart-track led down the bank to the water—in wading time. They were waiting and casting wistful looks toward the opposite bank. Evidently they wished to get across. There was no boat. They were comely girls—from where we were. Fred hailed them politely and asked if they would like to have us set them across in our boat. They regarded us thoughtfully a moment, then precipitately retired into a sweet elder-bush. This was modest, but it hurts one's feelings to have well-meant offers received in that way. Again we plied our oars.

A little above the forks, the Magalloway bends from the base of a high hill covered with poplars and white birches. Here we found a strong current. Fred stopped rowing.

'Isn't it getting about time for something to eat?' he asked.

'One o'clock,' said Scott, looking at his time-keeper.

'I move we land and get up a dinner,' said Farr.

We all felt that way. The boat was laid alongside the bank and made fast to a birch. We jumped ashore, glad to stretch our legs. They felt badly kinked after sitting so long.

We had not taken half-a-dozen steps before a fine birch-partridge flew up to the limb of a poplar.

'Pass the gun, Farr,' said Scott,—'the double-barrelled one.'

It was handed to him. He fired. Down dropped the bird. But at the report there flew up another from the ground near by and alighted on one of the lowest limbs of a neighbouring fir. There it stood motionless, close up to the trunk.

Scott discharged the other barrel and secured her. The first one was as large a cock partridge as I had ever seen.

'Looks as if we had no need to starve,' said Fred. 'These ducks and two partridges the first half day on the river.'

(To be continued.)

A SAD VIGIL.

UPON his couch the woodman lies,
With aching limbs and head;
His faithful wife with tear-filled eyes
Is kneeling by his bed.

And 'Oh!' she cries, 'if the good God
Would save this life so dear!
Where could I go, what could I do,
If Gottfried were not here?'

Outside . . . the sombre forest lies
All buried deep in snow;
The wolves are out! I hear their cries,
Abroad I dare not go.

A Sad Vigil.

And yet my cupboard, empty now,
  Cannot supply his need,
And just to touch his pallid brow
  It makes my poor heart bleed.

Oh, for a sight of good Pierrôt
  And Claude, my sons so dear!
No hardship would their father know
  If our brave boys were here.

But what! a footfall at the door!
  A cheery ringing voice!
'My Gottfried, thou shalt lack no more,
  Our Claude bids thee rejoice!

Thy good son braved the bitter cold
  To bring thee needed food.
Dear Gottfried, we are growing old,
  But oh, our sons are good!'

McK.

Mr. Tiffany buying his Turkey.

MR. TIFFANY'S TURKEY.

MR. THOMAS TIFFANY was a man in the prime of life, who lived with his wife and family in a neat little house, in a neat little terrace, in one of the suburbs of Manchester.

He was a commercial traveller, and he did business for the firm of Messrs. Lennox and Co., wholesale chemists and druggists, by whom he was much respected, for he had been in their employ since he was a lad of twelve years, first as an office-boy, next as a clerk, and lastly as a traveller.

Mr. Tiffany was blessed with a good wife, a few years his junior; one of those wives who never worry, or—to use an expressive word—'nag' at their unfortunate husbands.

Mrs. Tiffany always had a bright fireside, a tempting meal, and a cheerful face awaiting her husband when he returned from his journeys. His five children—from Kate, the only daughter, a graceful girl of eighteen, down to Tottie, a round-faced, chubby boy of four years—were as good and dutiful as children could be; and Mr. Tiffany felt justly proud of all his belongings—wife, children, home, and business. But there was one thing that often marred the peace and comfort of the little household, and that one thing was—an ungovernable temper.

Mr. Tiffany, pleasant, genial, chatty, and good-natured as he seemed, was subject to serious fits of passion, if contradicted by anybody when he believed himself to be in the right. His wife, by gentle counsel, did her best to remedy this sad defect in her husband's character, for she knew how bitterly he repented each outburst.

It happened, in the month of December, that Mr

Tiffany had business for the firm which took him to Norfolk; and before starting on his journey he announced to the home circle his intention of bringing back with him the most splendid turkey that could be got for money.

'You know, my dear,' he said to his wife, smiling affectionately upon her, 'the 23rd of this month will be our silver wedding-day, for we shall then have been married twenty-five years. Now I should like that day to be specially honoured, and we will have a little festival to commemorate it. I shall be home from Norfolk on the 22nd, and will arrange to make the following day a holiday. The turkey, of course, will be roasted for dinner.'

The family loudly applauded this idea, and Mrs. Tiffany said she would make an extra plum-pudding (to the one already prepared for Christmas) as a supplement to the turkey; while Kate, not to be outdone, announced her intention of making some jellies and creams, for which she was famous. Then the boys, including Tottie the chubby-faced, declared that they would decorate the rooms with holly and mistletoe to the best of their ability.

Mr. Tiffany smiled at the enthusiasm of his wife and children, kissed them all round, and departed, little dreaming that the prospective turkey would alter the whole course of at least one life under his roof.

On the 22nd of December, Mr. Tiffany having shown his samples, and taken some very good orders for the firm, set out on his return journey in high spirits. Nothing had occurred to put him out of temper. The weather, though cold, was brisk and seasonable. He had a footwarmer for his feet, a soft travelling cap for his head, and a London paper to read. But, crowning triumph! he had purchased a magnificent turkey, a grandfather bird in size, but a very chicken for tenderness—so he had been assured by the farmer who sold it—and it was now safely reposing in a hamper in the luggage van.

Of course, being so near Christmas time, the trains were a good deal crowded; but Mr. Tiffany surveyed his fellow-passengers with a serene, self-satisfied air, and did not even object when the compartment in which he was became crowded. His thoughts wandered away from the paper in his hand to the loved ones at home,—to the wife, who for nearly five-and-twenty years had been the sharer of his joys and sorrows; and to the five healthy, happy children, of whom they were the proud joint possessors. He thought of the festival they meant to hold on the coming day, and he mentally rehearsed a little speech which he had prepared for the occasion.

I mention these trivial details in order to show that when Tiffany arrived at Victoria Station, Manchester, and went to claim his luggage, he was in as good a temper as it is possible for a man to be when he is a trifle cold and hungry.

The crowd around the luggage van was very great, and the porter's cry, 'By your leave, sir, by your leave,' was continually heard, as they pushed their way, laden with passengers' possessions. Box after box was bundled out, and after a long time Mr. Tiffany saw and claimed his portmanteau, as it in turn was thrown upon the platform; but there was no sign of the precious hamper. He got impatient, and called out, 'There's a hamper somewhere in the van, I wish you would hand it out.' But nobody took any notice of this appeal, until, on its being repeated, a gentleman standing near, said, 'There is nothing for it but patience, I am afraid. I also am waiting for a hamper.'

'Are you indeed, sir?' answered Mr. Tiffany, glancing for a moment at the speaker, whom he saw was a gentlemanly looking man of perhaps thirty years of age. 'It's a nuisance waiting here. Those fellows are as slow as snails.'

'There is a great deal of luggage,' suggested the stranger, quietly; then, with more animation, he added, 'Ah, there is my hamper at last.'

'There is some mistake, sir!' cried Mr. Tiffany, warmly, as he seized the handle of the article in question, which had just been placed on the ground by a porter. 'This hamper is not yours, it is mine!'

'I am sorry to contradict you, sir,' answered the other, mildly but firmly, 'yet I must repeat, this hamper is mine!'

'Am I to doubt the evidence of my own eyes?' cried Mr. Tiffany, who was rapidly becoming very angry. 'I tell you the hamper belongs to me, and contains a turkey, which I bought in Norfolk this very morning. Now, are you still prepared to dispute my claim?'

'I do not for a moment doubt that you believe this to be your property,' answered the stranger, his quiet, even tones, forming a strong contrast to Mr. Tiffany's loud voice and excited gestures; 'but I can assure you there is some mistake. You see it is not addressed, but simply bears the railway company's label, "Manchester." I had not time to ticket it properly this morning, so I brought it as it is. I will also tell you that it does not contain a turkey, but is simply a basket of Seville oranges.'

'I could swear in any court of law that this is my hamper, and what you say about it not being addressed proves it. My hamper had no direction except the printed label, "Manchester," shouted Mr. Tiffany, almost purple with suppressed rage.

'Suppose we open it, and see what it *does* contain?' suggested the stranger. 'That would be the easiest and quickest way of settling the matter.'

'No, sir, we will not open it!' cried Mr. Tiffany, who was now in a towering passion. 'You may be thankful I don't hand you over to the police for trying to steal my property. Porter, don't stand grinning there, but take these things to a cab, and be quick about it. And, as for you, sir, here is my card; if you wish to hear any more about the hamper, call at that address!'

The gentleman took the card, placed it carefully in his pocket, and then touching Mr. Tiffany on the arm, said gravely, 'Sir, take my advice; try to control your temper, or it will shorten your life. I am a physician, and I speak from knowledge. Take the hamper. If you prefer a basket of Seville oranges rather than a turkey, I won't interfere.'

'Keep your advice until you are asked for it!' retorted Mr. Tiffany, angrily. 'I am not such a fool as not to know my own property. But you have not heard the last of this, my fine fellow; you may yet be brought to book for attempting to steal another man's goods.'

'I am quite of your opinion; we have certainly not heard the last of it!' responded the stranger, coolly. 'Sir, I wish you a very good evening!'

He raised his hat and turned away, while Mr. Tiffany, still angry and fuming, followed the porter to a cab, and in due time was deposited at his own door; portmanteau, hamper, and all.

(Concluded in our next.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES NOS. 1 TO 32.

1. Ill weeds grow apace.
2. Honesty is the best policy.

3. UPAS
PINE
ANEW
SEWN

4. REBUS
EVOKE
BORAX
UKASE
SEXES

5. Because the engine cannot play upon it.
6. Because we cannot possibly get on (ON) without them.
7. Wonder.
8. Howth, Eye, Thame, Ham, Rye, Ningpo, Ely.
9. Butter—Cheese—

B i v o u a C
U t a H
T o n g u E
T i d E
E g g S
R i c E

10. Fire and water are good servants, but bad masters.

11. PAPER
ADORE
POLES
ERECT
RESTS

12. Readjust.
13. A River.
14. The *Graphic*. The *Illustrated London News*.
15. For *divers* reasons; for *sundry* reasons.
16. A mushroom.
17. A cherry.
18. Smoke.
19. The sound of a bell.
20. A pin.
21. A needle in sewing.
22. The leaf of a tree.
23. The roar of a lion.
24. A stocking.
25. A plank full of holes.
26. Scissors.
27. A shoe.
28. Good wine needs no bush.
29. Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.
30. Soldier—

S T R O K E S
P O R T I O N
D E L I L A H
S O L D I E R
O P I N I O N
S E T T L E R
R E V I V E R

31. Absence of body. 32. Colenso.

BURIED TOWNS AND RIVERS.

33. WHEN I came to the borders of the forest I was at a loss what I ought to do, when I left my baggage in the hands of my old attendant, and waited at the foot of the hill for the party, ready to show them the best route.

A SHAKESPERIAN CRYPTOGRAM.

34. Seodd etoee osg deooa todeeeo cono o eoeee ooosa.

[As a hint to our young friends we tell them that the key to this Cryptogram is found by substituting a well-known proverb of twenty-six letters for the letters of the alphabet.]

A DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

35. A LOOSE garment; single; a Greek letter; a nobleman; drowsy; plenty.

Initials and *finals* give a celebrated old building in London.

CONUNDRUMS.

36. WHAT is the most wonderful animal in a farm-yard?

37. WHAT is the difference between a well-worn fourpenny piece and half-a-crown?

38. WHAT is the highest architectural structure in the world? BROWNSWOOD.

[*Answers at page* 79.]

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

JEMMY WOOD, the Gloucester banker, and miser, had a cousin, Anthony Ellis, who was of the same mind as himself. During a great commercial panic, when banks were breaking and merchants failing all over the country, Anthony fell ill and knew himself to be dying. One day, whilst his cousin and partner lay ill upon his bed, Jemmy Wood ran down to his house in great excitement with the news that Morris's Bank, a rival establishment, had just stopped payment.

Anthony Ellis had nearly lost his sense of hearing, but Jemmy shouted in his ear the tidings, 'Morris's Bank is broke!'

Upon this the dying man revived, a smile played over his lean face as, in a whisper, he said to his cousin, 'There will soon be but one bank in Gloucester, James, and that will be ours.'

A. R. B.

EAGLE CAUGHT IN TRAP.

A GOLDEN eagle was caught in a fox-trap set in the forest of Fontainebleau, and its claw had been terribly torn. An operation was performed on the limb by the Conservators of the Zoological Gardens at Paris, which the noble bird bore with a rational patience. Though his head was left loose, he made no attempts to interfere with the agonising extraction of the splinters, or to disturb the arrangements of the annoying bandages. He seemed really to understand the nature of the services rendered, and that they were for his good.

Eagle caught in a Trap.

On the way to Market.

ON THE WAY TO MARKET.

OXEN in Italy are of large size, with remarkably wide and spreading horns. These animals are frequently used as beasts of burden and of draught, while with us the ox is chiefly valued for its flesh. Oxen fed on mountain pastures supply beef of the finest quality; but to lead those creatures to market is no easy task, so unaccustomed are they to anything but the quiet loneliness of the hills upon which they have been reared.

Adown the mountain side,
Reluctantly and slow,
The mild-eyed oxen pass along,
All lowing as they go.

No more at eventide
On dewy grass to lie,
While overhead the bright stars gleam
From out a cloudless sky.

But in a crowded pen
Upon the dusty street,
They meekly stand where busy men
As purchasers will meet.

May kindness be the law
That rules each market-day,
And heavy sticks and cruel blows
At once be put away.

D. B. McKEAN.

THE MOOSE HUNTERS.

(*Continued from page* 35.)

NEAR by were the ruins of an old logging camp: a rude structure, consisting of a frame of stakes and poles covered with broad 'shingles' of hemlock bark. It was nearly forty feet long by twenty in breadth. Heavy snows, accumulating on the roof, had broken it in. This furnished us with fuel. The dry bark burned readily. Nothing—save coal—makes a hotter fire than dry hemlock bark.

Fred set up a 'spunhungen' (a pole with one end stuck in the ground and extending out over the fire: an Indian device, hence called by the Indian name), and soon had potatoes boiling and meat sizzling.

Farr meantime had fallen upon the partridges, and was making the feathers fly like a goshawk. Very soon two plump breasts were in the fry-pan, which was filled partially with water. His way of cooking birds was to first parboil them a few minutes, or a few hours, as time permitted, then brown them in the same pan and make a gravy of flour.

The breast of a partridge is the only part worth eating—in my opinion. We came to eat nothing but those white breasts. The remaining parts we threw to Spot, raw.

In twenty-five minutes after Farr began to pick them he announced them 'done;' and indeed they tasted very well, though Scott pronounced them 'a bit too rare.'

We stopped an hour here. Considering the fact that we shot, dressed, and cooked our dinner, it was not a long halt.

Just as we were embarking a large flock of ducks came *humming* down the stream. There was a scramble for the guns. Fred fired among them; but they had got a little past. None of them stopped with us.

The current was more rapid, on turning the bend, beyond the bluff. We had to work steadily to make fair progress against it—two miles an hour.

A second flock of ducks went up from the water a few rods above the bend. Scott let two barrels go among them. One tumbled back.

'Good shot!' he shouted.

But the wounded duck dived next moment; and though we waited and watched five or ten minutes, we saw nothing more of it. Possibly it got entangled in the brush beneath the bank, under water, and being severely wounded, drowned there and never rose. Or it may have swam to some distance, and just raising its head above water under cover of some bush or bunch of grass, thus eluded our notice. Old sportsmen tell many stories of the cunning displayed by ducks when too severely wounded to fly off.

There were occasional clearings and old camps along the banks, where lumbering operations had been previously carried on, but no cultivated clearings for a space of six or seven miles above the Lower Settlement. The current for this whole distance is disagreeably strong—to a party going up. It was not till toward sunset that we sighted an open field and a barn on the left bank, at the foot of a very dark, steep mountain. But, long before getting up abreast the building, we struck a current terribly swift and strong. Several rocks rose above the surface. About these the divided current foamed and threw up white jets. There was a very perceptible roar. Both banks are rather steep, and densely packed with black alders, rendering it well-nigh impossible to land a line to tow with. At the end of our long day it looked disheartening enough. And yet we did not like the idea of camping below it, and having it before us for next day.

For as much as ten minutes we hung in the eddy at the foot of the rapid and studied it—how to get up best. Fred thought we had better take the mid-channel, where there was ample room between the rocks. We all drew breath, set our teeth, and at the word from Fred, went at it with a will and under a full head of muscle. The boat shot out of the eddy, cut into the strong water, and went up, yard after yard, through it, but it kept going slower and slower as we drew toward the top.

'We're gaining!' Fred shouted. 'We shall do it!'

We struck quick and with all our strength. We gained, inch by inch, and were within ten yards of the top; there we came to a standstill.

'Harder! We're not gaining!' Fred yelled, panting and buckling to his oars. 'Harder! Harder!'

'Harder! Faster! or we shall go on the rocks!'

Every nerve now! But we could not gain. The mighty strength of the current held us stark and stiff. We sprang and struck and surged with might and main. The water rose round us and roared at us —or seemed to. It overmatched us.

'We're losing!' Fred cried out.

Inch by inch we lost a yard, then by a strong spurt retained it, but could not get a foot higher. Our strength was out of us quite. Farr and Scott both stopped pulling. Instantly we were swept back. An eddy caught the stern. Despite the steering oar, round came the bow broadside to the stream. In a moment we shot past a great, black slippery stone, within six inches of it. It would have staved our boat like an egg! A moment more and we were back in the eddy whence we started, completely winded and spent.

'Oh-h-h! Such a current!' panted Scott. 'But wasn't that a close shave!—that rock!'

'Touch and a go!' muttered Fred. 'Made my hair stand! We should have gone out of her in a hurry if we had struck it; There in that awful current, too! Seven or eight feet deep there!'

We got breath and eased our aching muscles.

'No use to try it up the middle there again,' said Farr. 'But we may possibly get up between the rock and the alders, on the left side. One thing—I'm going to try a setting-pole instead of the oars this time.'

'A good idea,' said Fred.

We landed a little below and cut a strong ash sapling, which Farr cut off at twelve feet or thereabouts. With this he took my place in the stern, and I took his oars.

'Now be ready to do your level best this time,' said Fred. 'Keep her going if you can. Don't let her stop and hang in the current. Let's see if we can't go up at the first spurt—and have it done quick. Ready now! Every time I yell "*Hi!*" every man dip his oar, sharp. Now for it once more!—*Hi! Hi! Hi!*'

We went at the rapid again with fresh courage.

'*Hi! Hi! Hi!*'

Up we went. Again the boat settled into the water. Farr sent us on with long shoves with his pole.

'*Hi! Hi! Hi!*'—Quicker!'

Up, up, yard after yard. We were almost at the crest of the rapid when the bow swerved a foot to left: this side was full of cross currents. Scott in the bow put out his whole strength to force it back. So did Fred and myself. Too late! It turned side to the stream in a twinkling, and went round, nearly pitching Farr out with his pole. Before we could dip our oars or Farr could regain his balance sufficiently to set the pole, the current swept us among the alders which projected out over the water—a perfect hedge-row of them. They were clogged and laden with dirt, grass, and dry leaves, lodged among them by the recent freshet. Many of the stalks and twigs were dead and dry. We went smash amongst these, brushing off our hats, scratching our hands and faces, and filling our eyes with dirt, and the boat with grass and leaves! The water was deep—six or eight feet—clean under the bank. We went round and round, first one end, then the other, smashing through the alders, and brought up with a thump against a fir-trunk that had fallen out into the stream. The current still pushing us sharply, the boat tipped to one side. The water slopped in. We were stranded. Somebody let fly a few rather bad words, as we went through the alders, of which I, for one, felt ashamed afterwards. This swearing over a mishap is a wicked waste of breath—and a very vulgar, foolish waste, to boot. But it was aggravating, as well as perilous.

'Beat us again! muttered Fred, winking the dirt out of his eyes. 'Only look at the grass we've shipped. Hay enough for a shake-down.'

'And alderbrush enough for a camp-fire,' added Scott. Farr was bailing out the water.

'Well, what are we going to do now?' he demanded. 'Here we are—beached.'

'We never can get up this rapid!' exclaimed Scott, as if fully convinced of it.

'I think we might do it next time,' said Fred.

'Oh, we never could!' cried Scott. 'It's too strong for us.'

'It would be about all we could do, any way,' Farr observed. 'But I believe we can *sneak up* beside these alders.'

'How's that?' I said.

'Let two of us grab hold of the bushes and pull the boat along, foot by foot, while the others fend off,' exclaimed Farr. 'I think we can work along up in that way. If we can't do it so, we can't at all.'

'We can but try that,' said Fred. 'We can't be much worse off.'

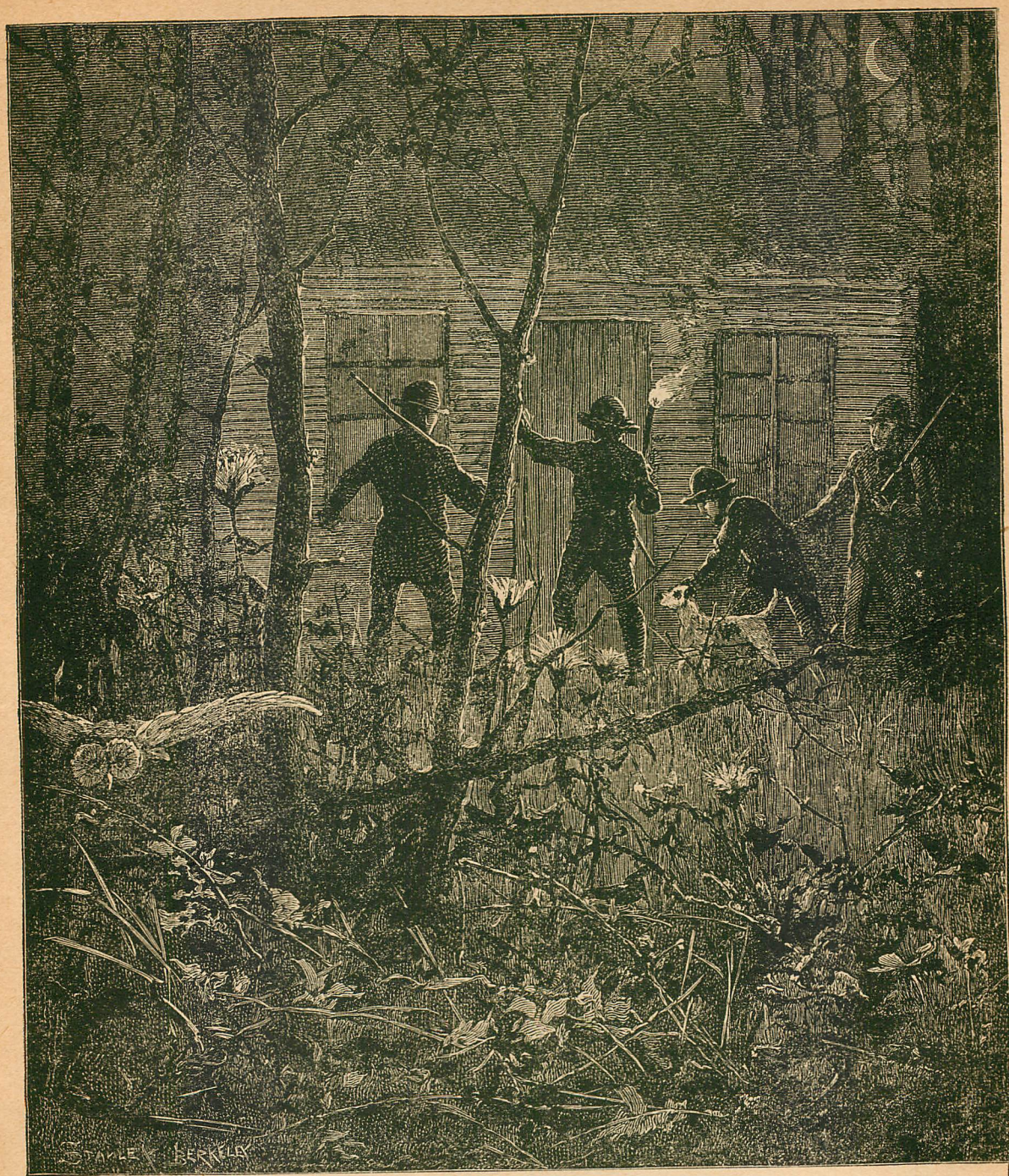
Scott and I each took an oar, in order to hold the boat off from the bush as much as possible. Fred and Farr laid hold of the green alder twigs that hung out over the water. First one would pull, then the other; each being sure not to let go his hold till the other had got a new one. It was slow work, but tolerably sure. We gained foot after foot, and did not lose. It was not a very stylish way, but, like many another not particularly stylish method, it succeeded. We got up—after a while—past the brink of the rapid, into smooth water.

Fifty rods farther on, we came out to cleared fields on both sides of the river; but a few minutes later, and on rounding a bend, we found ourselves at the foot of another rapid, so much longer and rougher than the one we had but barely conquered, that we immediately gave up the idea of going up it. There was heard, too, the roar of a heavy cataract not far above.

'That must be Escohos Falls,' said Fred, stopping to listen. 'We might as well land here. We can't go much farther, anyhow. We shall have to carry round it.'

Accordingly we landed at a place where there was a cart-track leading down to a ford, at low water, and drew up the boat. It was time, too. The sun had set. We were tired out. Our hands were badly blistered, particularly Scott's. We felt cross.

We meant to camp on the spot. While Farr and Fred were setting up the tent, however, Scott and myself went to attack an old pine stump for fuel on the hill above, and from that point we spied a house



The Dilapidated House.

about three-fourths of a mile away. It was immediately determined to go to the house and see what could be done there. We had no romantic nonsense about camping out. We much preferred a house when there was one to be reached, and we set off at once, following the old cart-road. Fred took his gun.

There was a barn as well as a house, both enclosed by a fence of rails and logs; altogether a very dilapidated establishment. The house was a sprawling, one-story affair, only partially shingled. There were no curtains to the six-pane windows; and we found, as we had suspected while yet at some distance, that it was deserted. The yard was full of tall thistles, with down blowing about in the wind. The door, half unhinged, stood partly agape, and among the thistles, not a yard from the log door-step, a partridge began to 'quit' at our approach. Fred shot it promptly. (*To be continued.*)

"Within these woods I reign alone;
The boundless forest is my own."

THE LION.

'Cowards are cruel, but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to save.'

A TIGER, roaming for his prey,
Sprang on a traveller in the way;
The prostrate game a lion spies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies.
With mangled roar resounds the wood;
Their teeth, their claws, distil with blood;
Till, vanquished by the lion's strength,
The spotted foe extends his length.

The Man besought the shaggy lord,
And on his knees his life implored—
His life the generous hero gave.
Together walking to his cave
The Lion thus spoke to his guest:—

'What hardy beast shall dare contest
My matchless strength? You saw the fight,
And must attest my power and might.
Forced to forego their native home,
My starving slaves at distance roam.

Within these woods I reign alone;
The boundless forest is my own.
Bears, wolves, and all the savage brood,
Have dyed the regal den with blood.
These carcases on either hand,
Those bones that whiten all the land,
My former deeds and triumphs tell:
Beneath these jaws what numbers fell!'

'True,' says the Man, 'the strength I saw
Might well the brutal nation awe;
But shall a monarch brave like you
Place glory in so false a view?
Robbers invade their neighbours' right.
Be loved—let justice bound your might.
Mean are ambitious heroes' boasts
Of wasted lands and slaughtered hosts.
Pirates their power by murders gain;
Wise kings by love and mercy reign.
To me your clemency hath shown
The virtue worthy of a throne.
Heaven gives you power above the rest,
Like Heaven, to succour the distressed.'

'The case is plain,' the monarch said;
'False glory hath my youth misled;
For beasts of prey, a servile train,
Have been the flatterers of my reign.
You reason well. Yet tell me, friend,
Did ever you in courts attend?
For all my fawning rogues agree
That human heroes rule like me.'

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

PROBLEMS.

39. Two thirsty travellers in Africa, one of whom had a bottle which contained 8 pints of water. This he wished to divide equally with his companion. His fellow-traveller had two empty bottles, of 5 pints and 3 pints respectively. With the use of these the equal division was made. How was it done?

40. A FEARFUL storm at sea overtook a ship, on board of which were 30 men, 15 of whom were white men and 15 were negroes. In order to save the ship from sinking, it was agreed by all on board that half the number—15 men—should be thrown into the sea and thus lighten the ship. The arrangement was left to the captain, and he proposed that the 30 men should be placed in a row and that every ninth man, always counting from 1 to 9, should be thrown overboard. How did he arrange the men that only the 15 negroes should be cast into the sea?

TO FIND A NUMBER THOUGHT OF.

41. THINK of a number, multiply it by 4, add 6, 8, 10, or any number you please to it; divide it by 2. State how much it comes to, for if you deduct half the number from it which you added there remain *double* the number thought of.

CONUNDRUMS.

42. WHAT is the difference between 'Sally in our Alley' and a sea breeze?

43. GIVE the name of a city you can put into a bottle.

BROWNSWOOD.

[*Answers at page* 79.]

MR. TIFFANY'S TURKEY.

(*Concluded from page* 39.)

A COSY supper was awaiting the hungry traveller. The house was bright and warm, and adorned with holly and mistletoe in every available place. The whole family united in waiting upon him, and attending to his every wish, therefore it is not surprising that Mr. Tiffany soon became good-humoured—even jocular.

'Now, father,' cried Kate, when he turned from the table thoroughly satisfied with the good fare, and sat down in his own particular easy-chair by the fire; 'Now, father, we have each done our part in preparing for to-morrow. Mother has made the plum-pudding—such a beauty! *I* have made some jellies and creams, and the boys have decked the house splendidly. So, you see, we have kept our word; have you remembered yours, and brought the turkey?'

'Yes, my dear, I have!' answered Mr. Tiffany. 'It is in a hamper in the hall outside. Willie, bring it in here, and we will unpack it presently. I can tell you, my dears, it was very nearly lost. If I had not been very determined indeed you would have been turkeyless to-morrow. A man at the station tried to rob me of my own property!'

'How was that? Oh, do tell us all about it!' was the cry from the children; and Mrs. Tiffany looked up from her stocking-darning with awakened interest.

'It is a fact, I can assure you,' he answered, smiling. 'But I will tell you the whole story.'

Which he accordingly did, often interrupted by exclamations and remarks from the children.

When her husband described how the stranger lifted his hat and turned away, Mrs. Tiffany said gently, 'But, my dear, is it not possible that you have made a mistake? Hampers are very much alike; and, as the two in question were not directed, one might be mistaken for the other, especially in the imperfect light of a railway station.'

'You quite forget that there was only *one* hamper,' rejoined her husband quickly. 'At least, only one had been got out of the van, and I could swear to that one being mine in any court of law. The facts are clear enough; the fellow wanted to rob me!'

'But, father, you said he was a gentleman!' said Kate.

'So I did, my dear; but I only meant he looked like a gentleman. He said he was a physician,' added Mr. Tiffany, with a vivid remembrance of the medical advice given; 'but folk will say anything.'

'May we open the hamper, father?' asked the impatient boys, anxious to see the bird that had been the subject of so much controversy; and permission being obtained, Willie's pocket-knife was produced, and the strings fastening the hamper were cut.

The whole family looked on expectantly. Mr.

Tiffany, ensconced in his easy-chair, with slippered feet on the fender; Mrs. Tiffany, her work lying unheeded on her lap, a little pucker of anxiety on her brow; Kate and the boys flitting round their eldest brother and the basket.

The last string was cut, the basket-lid raised, and a vision of white paper presented itself, snugly tucked in over the contents. Quickly this was removed, and Willie prepared to lift out the turkey; but, alas! who can describe the consternation of the family when, instead of a turkey, they saw the basket was filled—exactly as the stranger had declared—with Seville oranges.

Mr. Tiffany's face was a study for a painter as the absurd mistake dawned upon him. Astonishment, annoyance, and shame passed over his features in rapid succession. After all his boasting, his rude assertions that the hamper belonged to him, to find he had been mistaken! It was terribly humiliating, and there flashed across his mind the words which he had used towards the gentleman whose property *he* himself had stolen.

There was a dead silence in the little room; nobody moved or spoke for a few moments. Mrs. Tiffany looked resolutely down at her work, the boys stared first at the basket and then at their father, until Tottie—his eyes opened to their widest extent—piped out, 'There isn't any turkey!'

That broke the spell.

'Well, I never was so completely sold in my life!' cried Mr. Tiffany. 'I could have sworn this hamper was mine; and yet, it is clear enough now that it was the stranger's property. What an idiot I have been!'

'Mistakes will happen sometimes,' murmured gentle Mrs. Tiffany, sorry for her husband's discomfiture; 'but it is certainly a pity you were so hasty.'

'Perhaps the gentleman may bring it back,' suggested Kate. 'You gave him your card, didn't you?'

'Yes, I gave him my card,' answered her father, grimly. 'So by this time he will know that Thomas Tiffany is a fool.'

'My dear Thomas, don't say such dreadful things!' remonstrated his wife. 'You thought you were in the right when you claimed that hamper.'

'So I did, my dear,' he responded quietly. 'But I begin to see I too often think I am right and everybody else wrong. Well, I have learnt a lesson this time I am not likely to forget.'

'But, father, you have lost the turkey!' cried Tottie, mournfully.

Tottie's lament changed the character of the scene. It was so genuine, and yet, at the same time, so comical, that the whole family joined in a merry peal of laughter, which cleared away, as if by magic, the cloud which had fallen upon them.

While Tottie was still looking injured and mystified by the merriment his remark had occasioned, there was a loud ring at the front door. Kate hurried out of the room, and her voice was presently heard in conversation with another. Then she reappeared, ushering in a gentleman carrying a hamper.

Before the new-comer had time to speak, Mr. Tiffany came forward and exclaimed, 'Sir, I must really beg your pardon; you were right and I was wrong. I am afraid I acted like a fool.'

'Do not say another word, I beg,' said the stranger pleasantly. 'It has been a foolish mistake, but an accidental one. I thought, however, you would prefer the turkey instead of the oranges after all, so I brought it with me. You were kind enough to bestow upon me your card, Mr. Tiffany; pray do me the favour of accepting mine.'

'Whereupon the visitor handed to the master of the house a bit of pasteboard inscribed, 'Angus Keith, M.D.'

'Is it possible that you are the son of my old friend Dr. Keith of Edinburgh?' exclaimed Mr. Tiffany, shaking the proffered hand. 'If so, this is an unexpected pleasure.'

'I have that honour,' answered the young man, smiling. 'I have often heard my father speak of you, and at the railway station this evening I saw your name upon your portmanteau. That was the reason I allowed you to run away with my hamper; otherwise I should have decidedly objected.'

'I am very glad you brought the turkey back,' said Tottie, solemnly. 'I thought it was lost.'

It would take too long to tell how Mr. and Mrs. Tiffany united in doing honour to their unexpected guest; how they persuaded him to stay the evening, and how Kate sang her best and choicest songs for his entertainment. Suffice it to say, that the acquaintance begun in so ludicrous a manner between the two men at the railway station that December evening, after a while ripened into friendship. The young doctor got into the habit of spending all his spare time in the domestic circle of the Tiffanys, and after some months he persuaded Kate to become Mrs. Angus Keith.

Mr. Tiffany, by dint of constant watchfulness, managed to conquer in a great degree his besetting sin. The absurd mistake which he had made about that memorable hamper was ever present to his mind; it was a humbling recollection, but a wholesome one.

Dr. Keith laughingly declares they are quits. 'You stole my oranges, but I stole your daughter,' he said one day, when some reference had been made to their first meeting. 'And when I remember, that but for your fortunate mistake I should never have seen Kate, I do feel inclined to bless the memory of that wonderful turkey.' ANNIE M. BARTON.

'MAKING A MAN.'

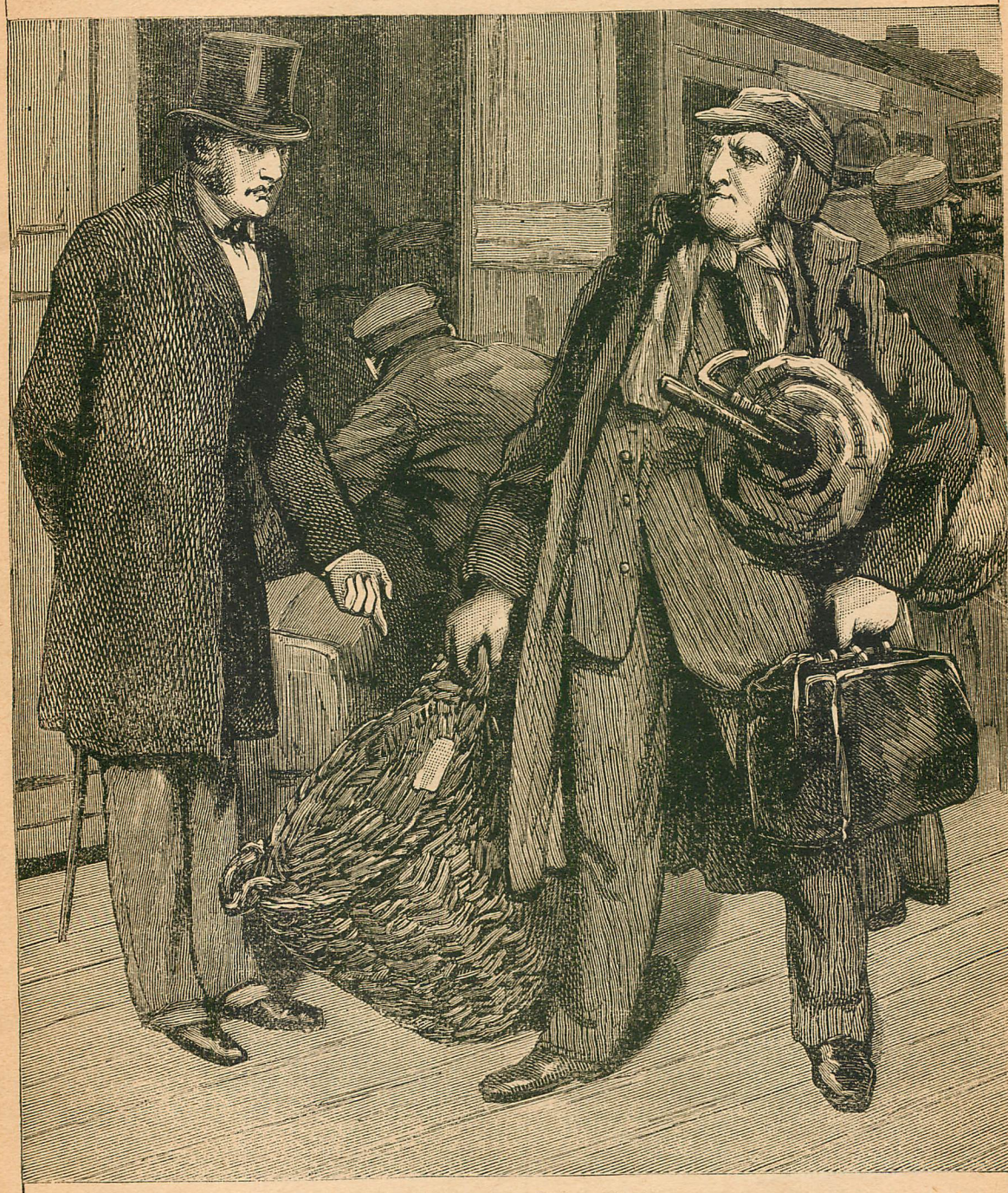
IN the reign of Queen Elizabeth lived the Earl of Oxford, who was a benevolent but odd nobleman. He had a steward named Nicholas Hill, who resembled his master much in character and disposition. A poor man, begging by the roadside, one day asked the steward to give him a few pence for charity's sake.

'What dost say,' was the reply, 'if I give thee ten pounds?'

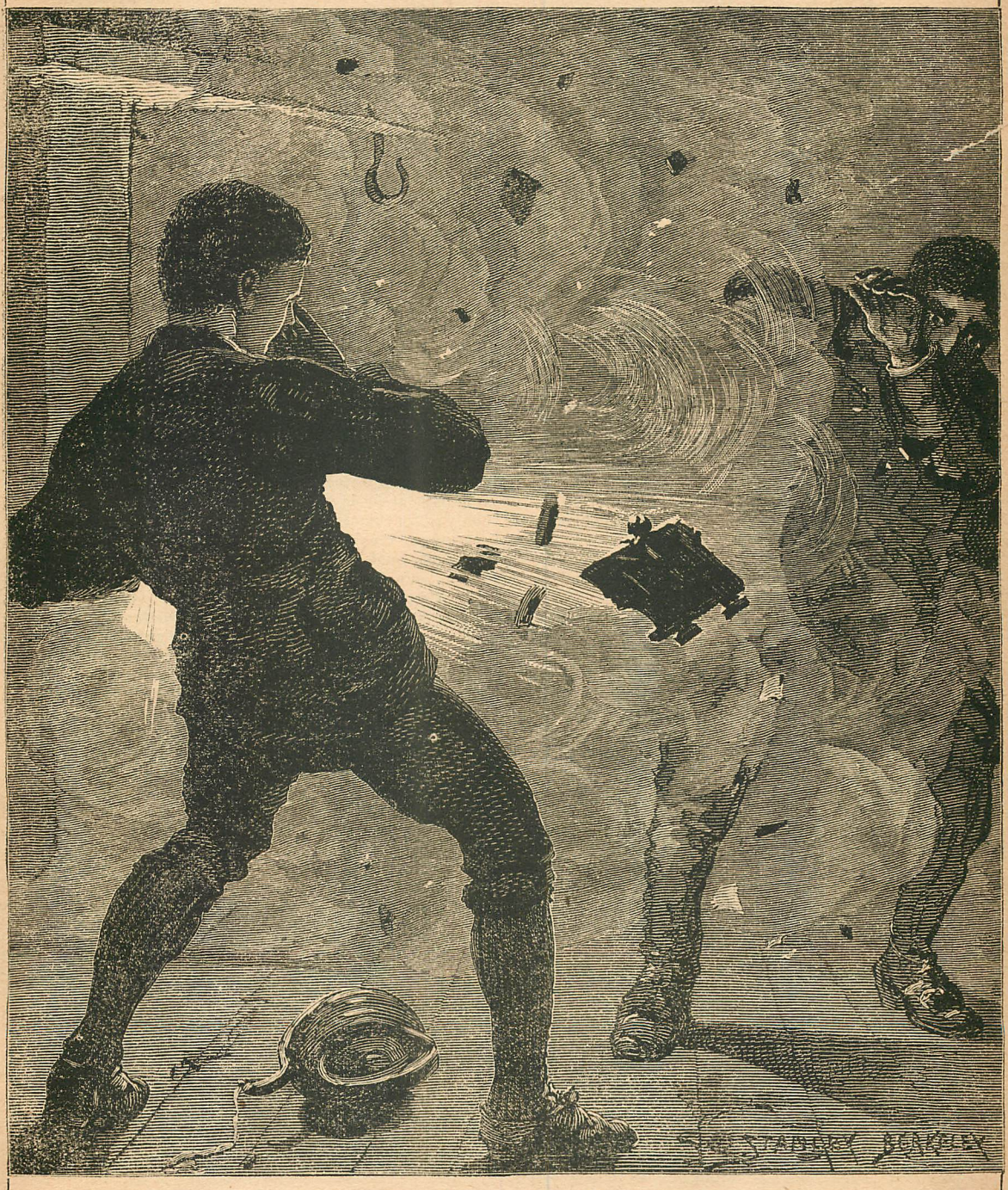
'Ten pounds!' exclaimed the poor beggar; 'that would make a man of me!'

Hill at once gave him the sum, and put it down in his account, 'Item, 10*l.* for *making a man*,' which, when the earl heard of it, both amused and pleased him, for the quaintness of the expression.

A. S. C.



Mr. Tiffany at the Railway Station.



The Explosion of the Oven.

THE MOOSE HUNTERS.

(*Continued from page* 44.)

CHAPTER VII.

THE house inside was a picture of desolation. Dirt, soot, and old bricks lay about in quantities. There were two rooms on the ground floor. One of these had been plastered, but the plaster was half off it and covered the floor. Some ruffian had smashed the chamber stairs with an axe (we knew it was with an axe, for there lay the axe, a particularly rusty and ugly one, with blood-stains on it). So we did not at once go up into the chamber.

The out-look was not inviting; no more was the *in*-look. Nevertheless, we at once decided to camp in the house.

'But somebody has got to go back to the boat after *stuff*,' Fred remarked.

Nobody wanted that commission. Tired as we were, it seemed a dreadful job. Each one, even Spot, looked glum.

'Must be done,' Fred argued.

Everybody looked glummer. [Glummer may or may not be good English.]

'Draw lots for it, then,' urged Fred.

'That's fair,' Scott admitted: generally his luck is wonderful.

Fred broke four bits off a straw of herdsgrass.

We drew.

Greatly to his disgust Scott got the short one. He muttered evil things. At that, Fred magnanimously offered to go with him. They set off on a tired trot, charging us to kindle a fire; for it was already dusk.

There was a fireplace, but no grate in it. Farr remedied this defect, however, by setting up loose bricks. Fred had left us two matches. We broke up three or four rails from the straggling fence with the bloody axe (I hope it was the blood of nothing nearer man than a yearling), and soon had the deserted hearth aglow. I then started for the barn, to get hay for a bed before it should grow quite dark.

The old barn-yard was also filled with thistles, and here I started up two more partridges. I might have shot them as well as not, for they ran a rod or more before flying.

That's always the way. If you want to see game, leave your gun at home.

Hearing the gun when Fred shot the first, these two had probably hidden here.

Somebody had cut and stored several tons of hay in the barn the previous summer. I helped myself, bringing along as much as I could get in my arms at two loads. It filled the whole of one side of the room, and considered as a bed it looked tempting.

Fred and Scott came back, toiling under the weight of kettle, frying-pan, meat, meal, flour, and potatoes. Fred had also brought our four woollen blankets.

Water was then brought from a rill, where an old barrel had been set in days past. While Fred and Scott rested on the hay, Farr and myself got on meat to fry and potatoes to boil, and we were meditating a hasty-pudding, when Scott cried, 'Hark! what's that rumbling and roaring?'

The old house had got a-fire about the ill-constructed chimney! Then there was a lively to-do!

'Fire! fire!' Farr began to roar.

We had to take the potato-kettle, with all in it, to throw water. It was blazing like mad up through the roof on the outside. Fred got a rail and climbed up by it upon the roof (the eaves were low), and we passed up to him kettleful after kettleful of water.

He put it out without much difficulty. But that was not the worst of it. On going inside again, we found that the water had run down, well-nigh extinguishing the fire in the fireplace, and filling the spider of meat with wet cinders and soot. There was a dismal puddle on the floor, and it had run under the hay, thereby spoiling our bed utterly.

However, we had faced worse disasters than this. Fred fell to work to produce supper. Farr and I mopped up, using the hay, which we threw out and then got a fresh supply from the barn. Scott watched the house.

These mishaps delayed us so much that it was towards eight o'clock before supper was cooked, including the hasty-pudding, which we ate with sugar only; for Scott was always preaching against eating so much *grease*. He thought it highly injurious; and perhaps it was. It had been long since our noon lunch, and we had laboured so smartly that we were ravenous, and stuffed ourselves so industriously, that together with our fatigue we nearly dropped asleep over the last potato. Scott, however, had got a scare lest the damp floor should give us our death. He insisted on a good rousing fire to dry up the moisture. None of the rest of us would stir an inch to break up more rails. So he went at it himself, and built what he called a 'good rousing' one, I suppose, for I was already in a drowse. And another disturbance that cost us! We were not ten minutes asleep, when another 'rumbling and roaring' began. First Fred, then all of us, jumped up, suddenly disturbed by it.

'House is afire again!' Fred shouted.

But it wasn't the house this time; it was the *chimney*. Very likely it had never been burned out and was chock full of soot. Scott's rousing fire had touched it off.

How it roared! We sat aghast at it. A big freight train rumbling over a long bridge was all I could think of. Perceiving a mighty illumination outside, we ran out. There was a sight for a dark night! The place was light as day! A column of fire was going out the top of that old chimney, twenty feet high, if it was an inch! I never saw anything like that before. And the air fairly *sung* in through the old door, it drew so hard. It was dazzlingly bright, and gained strength every minute. The column even grew in height. Great red clots of soot flew up like rockets; and a shower of sparks and cinders was falling. Before we knew it, the old roof was blazing in three or four places. Farr ran for the potato-kettle, and we threw water fast and hard.

We soon put out the fire in the shingles. Fred, meanwhile, had climbed up into the chamber by the ruins of the old stairs, and was calling to bring water at the top of his voice. It had caught all around the chamber floor, and about the roof beneath. Then we worked again. Water in the kettle, in the frying-pan, and in both of Scott's rubber boots, as fast as we could all three ran with it! and Fred up in the chamber dousing it on the fire! The chamber floor leaked like a thunder shower, and there was a stench of soot so pungently powerful that it was like facing a pepper-mill to enter the door.

Fred put out the fire.

'But this chimney's red hot!' he shouted down to us. 'Pass up another kettleful; I'll stand ready to throw.'

Farr had run to put out another blaze on the outside of the roof; and Scott and I were hoisting up the kettle to Fred, when there came a report as loud as a gun from near the fireplace. It was from inside the old brick-and-stone oven, and it blew the oven door off its leather hinges clear across the room.

Whether there was powder, or anything of that sort, in the oven left there, or whether it was gas from the soot that exploded, we could not find out. Fred came down the staircase at a jump.

'If this old hovel is going to blow up,' said he, 'I'll be getting down. I believe it's haunted, or bewitched.'

The oven was aglow with soot-coal which had tumbled down the flue, but we could detect nothing else; and yet we had hardly turned away before there came a second explosion, which blew the glowing coal out the mouth and all over the room. We did not know what to make of that—never have known. Scientific students, perhaps, can account for it.

This thing disturbed us worse than all the rest. We kept well out of the range of the oven-mouth after that. It went off once or twice afterwards, but not so loud. Gradually the pillar of fire from the chimney went down, though it burned an hour or over in all. If anybody saw it at a distance, it must have been an astonishing spectacle. Once or twice while we were carrying water I heard the suppressed cries of wild animals. Poor Spot had retreated out to the water-barrel, where he greeted us each time we came out with imploring wags of his tail; and once when the thistles in the yard had caught fire he howled dolorously.

The flames subsided, but for a long while the inside of the chimney remained red-hot. It shone up into the air, and the great draught continued to set up the flue. We did not dare to leave it, and so we sat up and watched it.

Finally Fred climbed up from the outside and threw a fry-pan of water into it at the top. This raised a prodigious hissing, and a vast volume of steam flew up. But a few fry-panfuls sensibly cooled it, or at least blackened it, for the fierce glow died out. Darkness gathered in.

The fireplace was drenched with water, the hay soaked ten times worse than before, and the chamber floor dripped like a subterranean cavern. The house was quite uninhabitable.

'Let's go to the barn,' said Farr, 'and try that.'

'It's long past midnight,' Scott declared.

We brushed through the thistles, shoved the lean-to door open, and felt our way to the hay. Into this we crept, and burying ourselves in it, we soon dropped asleep. Altogether that was an exhausting day.

(To be continued.)

A NAMELESS HERO.

DURING a battle fought at Trautenau in Bohemia by the Prussians and Austrians, a party of the former, as they were advancing, came upon a ditch half-filled with dead and dying soldiers. Conspicuous among them was a young Austrian officer, who was lying on his back, evidently dangerously wounded. The Prussians, touched by his forlorn condition, were about to carry him away, that his wounds might be properly attended to. 'No, no,' he whispered, faintly but earnestly, 'I am quite comfortable;' and he died a few hours after, in the ditch where he lay. When his body was removed, there was found beneath it, carefully folded up, the 'bit of rag' which at the beginning of the fight had been the gallant standard he had protected so faithfully. When he could no longer bear it aloft, he concealed it beneath him, and, even in death, remained faithful to his trust. His generous enemies forbore to take possession of the trophy, and wrapping the brave standard-bearer in the folds of the banner, they carried him so to his rest.

C. G.

THE BEAR OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

THE grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains—the Meesheh Musquaw of the Indian—is the most formidable animal on the American Continent, being of great strength and ferocity. Its power may be guessed from the fact that the bison contends with it in vain, and that it is often known not only to overcome this animal, but to drag its huge carcase for a long distance, until it finds a suitable spot in which to bury its prey for future use.

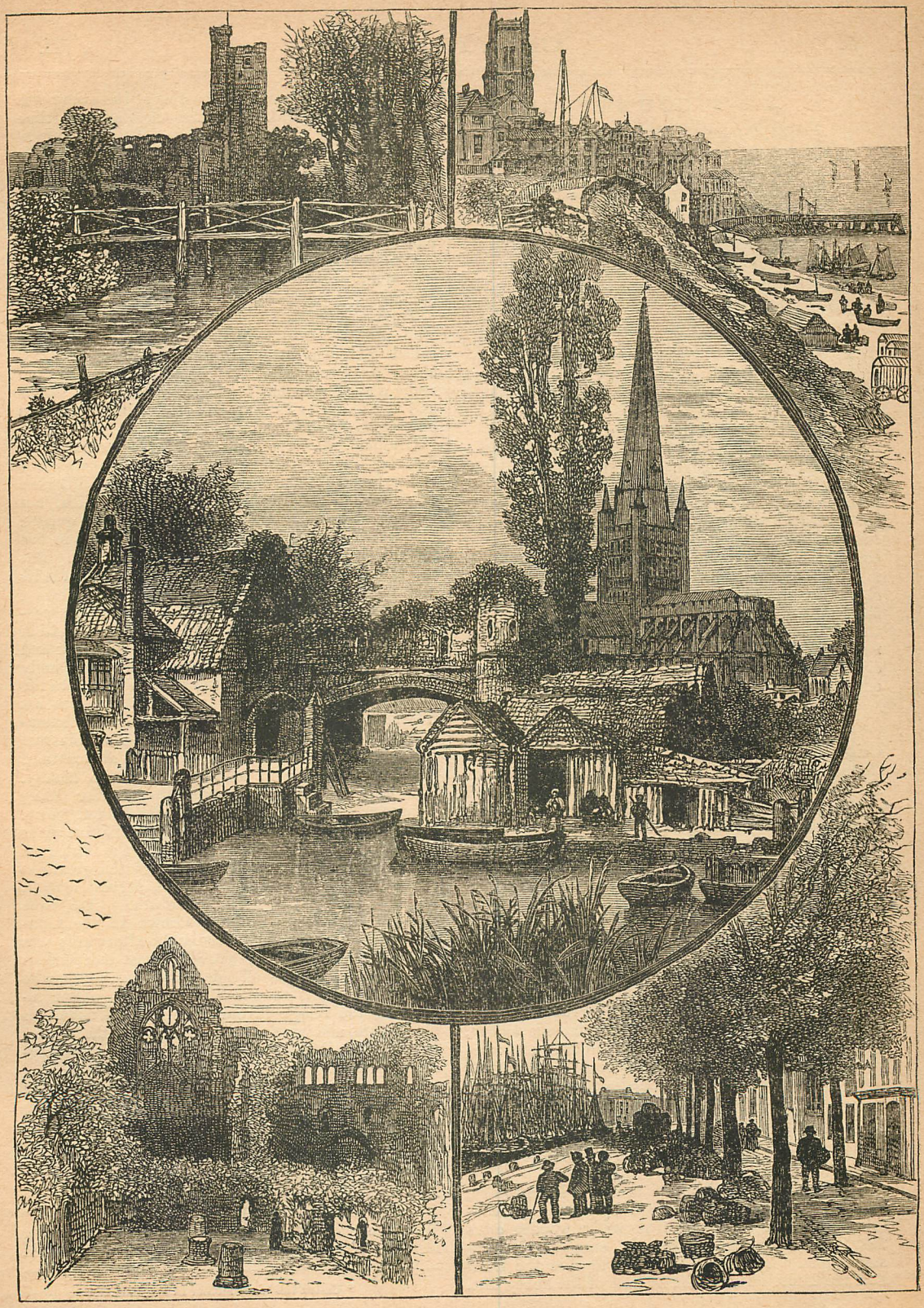
We hear of grizzly bears measuring nine feet from the muzzle to the tail, but these are unusual, and it is really in the bulk of the limbs and in the great girth of the head that this bear appears enormous. The claws of the forepaws are very powerful and are often six inches long, but so slighly bent that their owner cannot, like other bears, ascend trees in search of honey and other delicacies, except when quite a cub. The fur or hair is rough and long, and is of a brownish-black grizzled with white over the back—hence its name: the ears are large and hairy, and the eyes small and sunken, while the tail is so small and so completely hidden by the hair of the back that it is a standing joke amongst the Indians, when a 'grizzly' is killed, to ask some one unacquainted with the animal to lift it by the tail.

Although fond of flesh, this bear will content itself for long with roots and fruit, being—as indeed all bears are, black, brown, or grizzly—peculiarly fond of the Saskootum berry—a luscious fruit which grows in great abundance in the valley of the great Peace

The Bear of the Rocky Mountain.

River. On a bear's diet greatly depends its ferocity; thus the grizzly bears of the east side of the Rockies, where animal food is abundant, are fiercer than those of the western side, where they subsist chiefly on berries.

The grizzly bear will rarely attack a human being, but if a man come on it suddenly it will rear itself up on its hind legs, shaking its forepaws at the intruder in a threatening manner, and uttering a sound like a harsh, quick breathing. It will then generally wheel round and gallop off in its own ungainly fashion. Travellers have even frightened it away by shaking at it some such inoffensive weapon as a botanical case or a tin-kettle. Nevertheless, 'Caleb,' as he is familiarly called by the hunter of the West, is a very terrible antagonist when roused. No Indian will venture to follow him to his lair, and all round the plains and grassy hills which skirt the Rocky Mountains, and where he is chiefly found, he is regarded with an awe which almost amounts to superstition.



VIEWS IN NORFOLK. By W. H. J. Boot.

Caistor Castle.
Cromer.

View in Norwich.

Walsingham Abbey.
Quay, Great Yarmouth.

COUNTY CHATS.

No. XXIV.—NORFOLK

THIS county is well known on the map—its round shore forming almost as prominent a feature in England's outline as the Land's End itself. It is a large county, having only York, Devon, and Lincoln above it in size. It has no hills of any moment. The east part of Norfolk was once a group of low islands. Where Yarmouth stands the land was not dry until the eleventh century. It is said the sea once reached Norwich. Old records show, at least, that ships of burden could unload at the old city.

Norwich is said by an old writer to be 'either a city in an orchard, or an orchard in a city.' For many a long day it had no equal, except London, and perhaps York. From the castle (once valiantly defended by a woman), a fine view of the city and its surroundings may be had. The cathedral is, of course, the most prominent object. Its weather-vane is 315 feet from the ground. A sailor lad once clambered up to that giddy eminence, in the sight of thousands of people. Norwich has more churches than any place of its size, and some of them are very fine buildings. One grand old church is now the civic hall, where public banquets, concerts, oratorios, and the like are held. It is said that,

> 'Caistor was a city when Norwich was none,
> And Norwich was built out of Caistor stone.'

Caistor is now nothing but a small village, about three miles south of the city. It was the famous Roman station of Venta Icenorum; and the Roman camp, or castle, which may plainly be seen to this day, enclosed a space of thirty acres.

Yarmouth has the largest parish church in the kingdom, and one of the finest quays in Europe. The coast is dangerous, and the harbour is kept up at a great cost. Here Nelson embarked for the battle of Copenhagen. He was a Norfolk man, and the county is very proud of him. Here is a column called the Nelson Column, 140 feet high.

Near Yarmouth is a district full of 'broads.' Broads are large sheets of water; so that Norfolk has a lake district, as well as mountainous Cumberland.

The village of Worstead is a very famous village, and is in everybody's mouth—for who does not sometimes talk about his worsted stockings or gloves? Shakespeare speaks of a worsted-stocking knave, so that the name is three centuries old, at least. The Worstead people are descendants of Flemings, or people of Flanders, who settled here when driven out of their own land by the abominable tyranny of the Spanish viceroys.

Near to North Walsham was once a little priory, where they kept what was in by-gone days considered a great treasure. This was a wooden cross that once belonged to Baldwin, emperor at Constantinople. The cross was said to cure the blind and the lame. When the patron of the abbey died (his name was Paston), the feasting at the priory was something wonderful. For three days a man's time was taken up in flaying beasts. Twenty pounds' worth of small coins were flung among the people who came to the funeral; and, among other curious matters, we are told a barber was occupied five days in trimming the monks' beards; and the smoke of the torches at the burying was so dense that the glazier had to remove the glass in the windows to let it out.

'Aileshams linens' were famous in the times of the second and third Edwards. John of Gaunt built the church.

The sea gains on the land at Cromer. Masses of wall may be seen at very low water. These are called 'Shipdem Steeple.' Shipdem was destroyed about 500 years ago. The coast is dangerous, and many a good ship has foundered here. The sailors call it 'The Devil's Throat.' Here, in winter, you can see the sun rise and set in the sea.

Gresham, the 'merchant royal,' was born at Holt. Not far off is Walsingham, where once was the richest abbey in the world, or nearly so. Pilgrims were constantly visiting it, not only English, but foreign, and among them several kings and queens. Henry VIII. walked barefoot for three miles to this famous shrine, and offered a valuable bracelet. But the same king who had walked barefoot to it was its destroyer.

Holkham, not Walsingham, is now the treasure-house of the county. This exceedingly fine mansion is built of yellow bricks. It has a centre block and four wings. There is the strangers' wing, the family wing, the chapel wing, and the kitchen wing. In the centre are the state-rooms and the priceless art treasures. In the noble hall are several famous statues, and in the rooms hang pictures of immense value by the greatest masters. Holkham also contains the best collection of manuscripts in the county. The mere labour of arranging them, after being fifty years in disorder, cost Mr. Roscoe ten years. The family name of the possessor of this fine place is Coke. One of them went by the name of 'Coke of Norfolk.'* The founder of the greatness of the family was Edward Coke, a great lawyer, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. He was engaged as advocate for the Crown in the Gunpowder Plot case, and immediately afterwards was raised to the Bench. He proved a most independent judge, and he greatly offended the Court party, who spared no pains to get him removed. After recovering the King's favour he again fell under his displeasure, and was for a time confined to the Tower. In the third Parliament of Charles, though seventy-nine years of age, he defended the rights of the people with 'the energy of youth and sagacity of age.' One of his last acts was to denounce the Duke of Buckingham as the cause of all the misfortunes of the country. His last words in life were, 'Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done.'

We are now near Burnham, the birthplace of the Norfolk hero, Admiral Nelson.

Houghton, too, is not far off, the home of the Walpoles. Sir R. Walpole was the famous Whig Minister of George I. for sixteen years, and he filled

* Called the 'first farmer in England.'

Houghton with beautiful pictures, many of which his grandson sold to the Empress of Russia. This same grandson died suddenly, when his uncle, the well-known Horace Walpole, became the fourth Earl, and lived at Houghton for six years. Horace was a strange man. Macaulay says of him: 'Whatsoever was little, seemed to him great; and whatsoever was great, seemed to him little.'

'Rising was a sea-port when Lynn was a marsh.' But what of Rising now? It is entombed in shrouds of sand. In the old castle, the bad queen Isabella was confined for many years. She was called 'the She-wolf of France.' Her son paid her a visit every year, and made her a plentiful allowance. When she died, she was buried with much pomp in London; and the heart of the husband she had murdered was placed by her desire on her breast!

The old monkish six-sided steeple is still useful as a landmark to mariners. The channel by which the harbour is reached from Lynn Deeps is rather intricate, among the 'Roaring Middle,' 'Dog's Head,' and other sands. From Lynn went King John on his celebrated Wash journey, when he nearly lost his worthless life.

Downham had a market as far back as Edward the Confessor's time. Here, bells are cast. It is in the hundred of Clackclose.

Swaffham has a grand church; and hard by is Castle Acre, where are the remains of an ancient castle, once belonging to William the Conqueror's son-in-law, William de Warenne. The stones of the old place are now doing duty in almost every house. The priory built by the Earls of Warenne is a very picturesque ruin.

At East Dereham a tower was erected in the churchyard in the reign of Henry VII., and called 'The New Clocker.' An arch in the same yard covers a spring. Cowper, the poet, was here buried, and the lines on his tomb are by Hayley. Remigius, the Rector of Hingham, built the noble church, but the young ladies helped him, for in a window of a chapel attached to the church is this inscription: 'Thys wyndow ys ye mayden cost of Hengham.'

Wymondham is pronounced Windham. Here, King Henry's chief butler built a priory, and endowed it with the wrecks on the coast and 2000 eels, a curious endowment, certainly. Part of the butler's priory is now the church. It has two towers. The one at the west was that from which they hung poor Ket the tanner, who led a number of rebels, formed a camp on Mousehold Heath, near Norwich, and tried whom he would under 'the oak of reformation.'

G. S. O.

A MOTHER'S GOOD-BYE.

GO forth, my son, as God's own knight,
Nor hide the standard that you bear;
Fight down the wrong, and serve the right,
And only gain that you may share.

Be gentle, as a brave man ought;
Let no lie take you by surprise;
And have no friend, nor deed, nor thought,
Which may not meet your mother's eyes.'

T. F. M. *in 'Sunday at Home.'*

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

A PROBLEM.

44. AN old woman selling oranges was offered a certain sum for *half* the oranges in her basket *plus* half an orange, which she accepted. A second offer was then made to take half the oranges *plus* half a one at the same price: this was agreed to. A third offer enabled her to sell half the remainder *plus* half an orange. How many oranges had she in her basket, so that she could give to each purchaser his proper share of oranges without using a knife or dividing an orange?

A CHARADE.

45. MY *first* is the present, my *second* the past;
My *whole* up and down from the first unto last.

A HEXAGONAL PUZZLE.

46. AN abbreviation; a useful little steamer; an English river; a difficulty; a ruler; unasked; a partnership; a pointer; heights; a royal residence; the seat of fashions; a fruit; another abbreviation.

The *centrals*, read straight from above,
Will name a good lady you love.

CONUNDRUMS.

47. I AM beautiful! Old and new castles overlook me. Decayed and restored shrines stand by me. Slowly flowing onward my waters mingle with others greater and wider. Further, in conversation men employ me; and through me seek to gratify their curiosity, and learn the reason by the cause. Do you wish to know me? Search the alphabet.

48. THERE are times when I express admiration, but frequently it is my lot to indicate pain. Look on me in any light you please, I resolve myself into nought. BROWNSWOOD.

[*Answers at page* 79.]

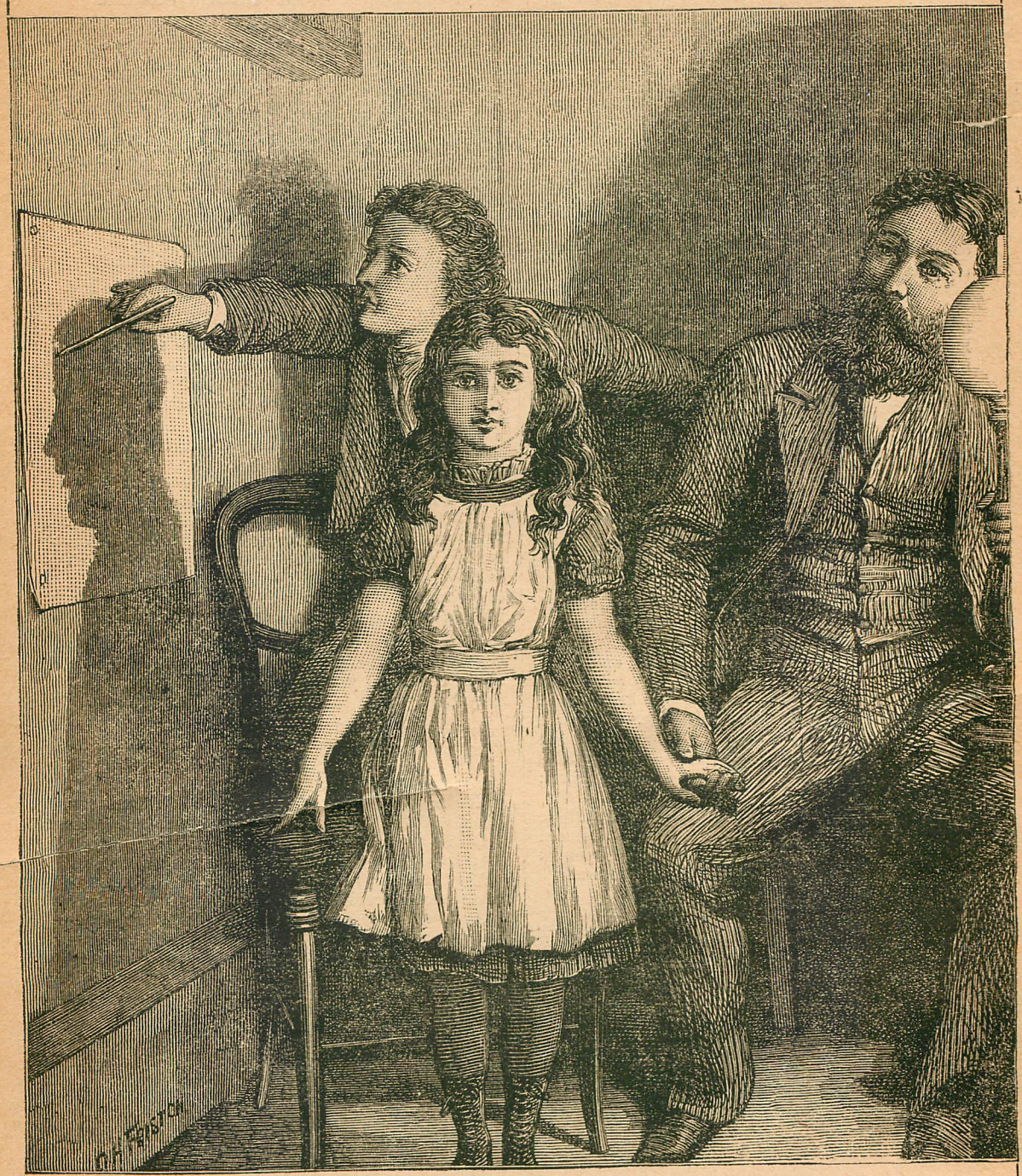
A BLUNDER.

AN absurd blunder is related in Tom Moore's Diary about John Kemble. He was performing one of his favourite parts at a country theatre, and was interrupted from time to time by the squalling of a child in the gallery, until at length, angered by this rival performance, Kemble walked with solemn steps to the front of the stage, and addressing the audience in his most tragic tones, he said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, unless the play is stopped, the child cannot possibly go on.'

TAKING A SHADOW.

A SHADOW, a shadow, that's right,
For there is shadow where there is light.
If the light be placed here
The shade will appear
As seen in this picture, by night.

A shadow, a shadow, won't stay
When the light you have taken away;
So we'll pencil it round,
That it may be found
When sought for, for many a day. D. H. F.



Taking a Shadow.

Jenny leaped and plunged.

THE MOOSE HUNTERS.

(*Continued from page* 51.)

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN I opened my eyes next morning it was broad daylight out-of-doors. Farr was sitting up on end, very busily engaged. I had to look twice before I fully comprehended the extent and design of his labours; and so would you, reader.

He was keelhauling his pants. He had ravelled out about four inches of the leg of one of his knit stockings, and was darning his pants with the yarn. There was ingenuity and resource! Seeing me awake and attentive, he grinned.

'What's the use of *legs* to stockings,' said he, with a fine scorn in his tone, 'unless you use them for repairs? They do no good. Always getting wet, and then staying wet around your shanks. But they're handy things to have about one,' he added, after a pause filled with long stitches.

'Wherever did you get that darn-needle?' I inquired.

'Oh, that's the one I've always had,' replied the repairer. 'That's another handy thing to have—a darn-needle: good for splinters, good for mending, good for picking out the tube of your gun, good for a hundred things. I wouldn't travel without one. Why, a darn-needle's a thing you can fall back on almost at any time.'

Ah! it was grim business to stir and get up that morning. We were sore, lame, stiff, and felt old all over: we had over-exerted ourselves. Too much exercise is not quite so bad as none at all, however; it leaves one tougher for next time.

Scott got up cross, and grumbled at everything, till Farr sung out to him, 'Look here, you man that fired the chimney! shut up!'

Fred, too, was rather quiet that morning, but he busied himself getting breakfast. We built a fire out in the yard; we had had enough of the house. Our wet blankets we hung on the fence to dry in the brisk morning breeze. Fred made another batch of 'flippers,' and those, with coffee, brightened us up a good deal.

Leaving our kitchen property at the house, we all four set off in the direction of the falls to 'prospect' for a team to draw our boat across the carry. There was what the Magallowayans call a road, though it might have found difficulty in passing as such almost anywhere else. We followed it confidently. Wilson's Mills were somewhere ahead.

The path crooked about among spruce and fir-thickets. Quite suddenly we met a dog—a monster—so big that we all involuntarily shied from him. He was brindled, and had a mighty pink muzzle and fine surly eyes, out of which he merely threw us a passing glance. Spot cut out into the bushes, and made a great circle around him.

'What a dog!' Scott exclaimed, glancing back after him. 'The biggest dog I ever saw in all my life!'

'Brought up on bears' meat,' Farr suggested.

Another turn brought us out in sight of two red houses, three barns, and a schoolhouse, the latter so small that at first we took it for a corn-crib. We made for the first red house, and a very comfortable sort of house it was for the region. A bright-looking little fellow stood in the doorway; but before we had got quite near enough to accost him three more dogs rushed out, each larger than the other, though none of them quite equalled the one we had met. Catching sight of Spot, they made for him, barking and growling like furies. Spot wedged himself betwixt Farr's legs, and having no farther retreat, growled defiance. Fred clubbed his long shot-gun, and whirling it around in a lively manner, knocked the smallest one over, and put the others to flight.

The little boy looked on calmly. I was glad to see that he appeared to regard it as a proper thing to do.

Said Scott, 'What's your name, my boy?'

'I'm not your boy,' said the child. 'I'm father's boy.'

'Right. What is your father's name?'

'His name is Spoff.'

'Yes; and is Mr. Spoff at home?'

Something about this prefix of *Mr.* seemed to strike the boy as not being just right, but he got over it, and told us that 'Spoff' was gone up the Diamond.

At this juncture a young woman came to the door. A glance showed that it was the boy's mother. Scott raised his cap.

'Good morning, Mrs. Spoff,' said he. 'The little boy tells me that Mr. Spoff is not at home.'

A little to our surprise, the lady first smiled, then laughed merrily.

'Did Frankie tell them father's name was Spoff?' looking with arch reproof into the little fellow's upturned face, while she playfully rumpled his hair.

Then she explained to us. 'My husband's name is Flint—Spofford Flint. But persons sometimes call him Spoff for short. That's what Frankie has got hold of.'

Scott begged pardon.

'Why, it was Frankie's mistake,' she said.

A winsome woman was Mrs. Flint. Her air and manners were those of a lady. She was frank and agreeable.

Scott explained that we wished to pass the falls, and had hoped to be able to make a bargain with Mr. Flint to draw our boat over the carry.

'I can have it done for you,' said she, promptly. 'Do you wish to go over at once?'

We did.

'Very well; walk in, please, and wait a few moments, till I can send our man.'

But we thought it better to return at once to the boat, to get it out of the river and pack up our luggage. This we did, and had hardly done so when the man 'Pete' (whom we had heard Mrs. Flint call) made his appearance, leading a strong black mare harnessed to a long cart. Pete was a French Canadian, and the black mare was a veritable Tartar, bearing the pretty name of Jenny.

It was a good load for her—that heavy boat with

our traps and bags. All the time we were loading and lashing the boat fast with many turns of the rope, Jenny kept turning the white of a vicious eye round to us. She highly disapproved of the whole proceedings. On getting the word to go, Jenny instantly let fly her heels high over the load, and went the wrong way — to wit, backwards — and came near sending the cart into the rapids at the outset.

But Pete was not wholly unprepared. He clubbed his oak whip-stock, and laid the heavy end across the recalcitrant Jenny. '*Herret, Jennáy! Herret!*' he screamed.

Mrs. Flint was in the yard as we came along the road past the house. We stopped to pay for the job of drawing the boat.

'Three dollars,' she said, was what they had for taking a boat over the carry.

With 'Spoff' himself we might have chaffered for less; not with her. Fred and I paid it with cheerful alacrity between us, though it reduced our united capital to two dollars, twenty-five cents.

A little beyond the Flints the carry path diverges from the road, and leads up through a pasture for a hundred rods or more, then enters the woods. This pasture is the extreme limits of the cleared land on the river. Beyond it lay the great wilderness.

The carry is two miles and a half in length.

It was with some regrets and secret misgivings that we turned for a last look at the houses in the valley below us, and then entered the woods.

The trail at once changed from a dry, though rough, cart-road to an exceedingly wet and muddy one. Here and there roaring brooks which dashed across the path had dug it asunder in the midst, leaving great stones plump in the way. Among and over these *Jennáy* leaped and plunged. Everything not lashed on the cart in the strongest manner was speedily shaken off. That the cart held together at all was a growing wonder.

Pete drove—when he could keep up. Farr and Scott ran on the off side to hold the load on. Fred and I sought to do the same thing on the other side. Sometimes we did it, sometimes we did not. The mare went by starts and jerks, and there was no knowing when she meant to start, or when she meant to stop after starting. She had, moreover, a most peculiar and effective way of hurling the mud from her hoofs. It was impossible to dodge it, so we hung to the load and took what came to us. But there was *spitting!* I recollect that one lump, large as one's two fists and soft as pig's grease, hit Scott plump on the mouth. He let go, sputtered, and was fairly gagged. At length we came to a slough so soft and long that Pete stopped.

'No passé,' he said. 'Hattie (Mrs. Flint) not know dees.'

Scott and Farr argued and raged at him. Pete would not start the horse. It did no good to tell him we had paid to be carried across. He did not, or else would not, understand it.

'Let's take the reins away from him and drive through ourselves,' Farr said.

But that seemed a rather summary way of behaving. Besides, if we should injure Jenny, the responsibility would lie with us. Fred quietly drew Pete aside, and took out his wallet. First he showed him twenty-five cents. Pete brightened a little, but shook his head. Fred judiciously hesitated awhile, then took out a fifty-cent bill. Pete was shrewd. Having seen that Fred had a fifty and a twenty-five cent scrip, he at once set his price.

'Seventy-five cent!' he said, and stuck for that.

Farr was for pitching him into the slough without further ado. Scott thought we had best go back to Mrs. Flint. But the distance was nearly two miles, and the road was fearful. We shrank, too, from involving her in the fuss, though it was clearly one in which she was interested.

On the whole, we concluded to give Pete his 'seventy-five cent;' but Farr declared that he would thrash him as soon as we came out to the river. Peter was more or less of a swindler. On getting the money, however, he at once started Jenny into the slough. And in the tussle that followed we nearly forgave the Frenchman. If Jenny had not been a most remarkable animal, we should have stuck there for good.

Once out of this slough, however, the way improved. We had reached the height of land, and now turned down the heavily-wooded slope toward the river. But we had lost a lynch-pin from the hind axle, and while in full career the wheel rolled off. It was put on again, but the wooden pins which we substituted kept breaking.

'Watch!' Pete admonished, pointing to it. 'Watch!'

Fred watched, with fresh pins ready.

The upper end of the falls, where we came out of the carry road a few minutes later, is a very wild-looking place. The stream, black as ink and overhung with straggling spruce, rolls tumultuously down over huge stones. The roar is heavy and continuous. Some of the 'pitches' show a perpendicular fall of twenty feet or more.

The boat was now taken off the cart and launched, and the luggage stowed as before. Jenny's head was turned homeward. She was covered with mud, a complete crust of it. Scant as was our stock of potatoes, Fred gave her a couple. Used to nothing but abuse from Pete, the mare was manifestly astonished. She looked at Fred in a singular way, but took the potatoes. Pete came to shake hands with us at parting.

'Good-bye,' I said to him.

'Goo'-bye,' said he.

But Farr would not shake hands with him.

'He's a skunk, any way,' said our comrade; but he did not put his threat of thrashing him in execution.

For my own part, I fancy that both Pete and Jenny well earned all the money they got from us, though Pete's dodge to raise the price was a little irregular.

(*To be continued.*)

JOE being rather remiss in his Sunday-school lesson, the teacher remarked that he hadn't a very good memory.

'No, ma'am,' said he, hesitating; 'but I have got a first-rate forgettery!'

Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt.

CLEOPATRA, QUEEN OF EGYPT.

THE story of the famous Queen of Egypt and her tragic end is familiar to all; what she was personally like may not, perhaps, be quite so well known. She is usually represented as a swarthy Egyptian, whereas, though born in Egypt, she was by race a Greek.

The native Egyptian artists faithfully followed the forms of art handed down to them from their ancestors, and they portrayed their Greek rulers in the garb, and with something of the features, of the Pharaohs. There are various coins of Cleopatra extant.

The profile of the Queen is very striking, and is the same on all her coins. The features are refined, and clearly 'cut; the nose is aquiline, the mouth small, and the chin rather prominent; being in all respects the exact reverse of the Egyptian type of countenance: and she is always represented in Greek costume. Cleopatra sometimes assumed the character of Isis at the splendid pageants which she contrived for the

The Death of Cleopatra.

entertainment of Marc Antony; and she is said to have received ambassadors in the dress of the goddess, but she did not habitually wear it.

The coins prove the truth of Plutarch's description of her, that her beauty consisted more in her expression than in her features. And beautiful though she may have been, her attractive manners, her ready wit, and the musical voice, which the historian compares to a many-stringed instrument, appear to have formed the charms of Cleopatra.

The asp with which she destroyed her life was the *Coluber aspis*, sometimes called the Egyptian cobra. The species is still very common in Egypt, and is used by the snake-charmers in their performances. Like the *cobra di capello* of India it has a hood, which it inflates when irritated, and rears itself up to dart on its victim; and its poison is of the most deadly nature. In ancient times the asp was one of the sacred animals of Egypt, and was an emblem of royalty the Pharaohs being always represented as wearing an asp in the front of their crown and head-dresses, whilst their queens sometimes wear asp-shaped earrings.

The asp is usually three or four feet long, and it has been supposed, on account of its size, that the Greek historians mistook some smaller snake for an asp; but though the Greeks did make mistakes in describing the habits of the asp, there is no reason to suppose that they were in error in giving that name to Cleopatra's snake, for these creatures can coil themselves up into a narrow space, and a cobra, three feet long, could be concealed in a hand-basket.

WHAT A BOY MAY BECOME.

A GOOD many years ago, an Irish boy left Belfast in the hope of finding his way across the ocean to New York. Having reached Liverpool, a sad accident befell him. His little box, containing all he had in the world, fell between the steamer and the pier and was smashed, nothing being recovered of his poor possessions save one shirt. He was a brave lad, but this loss was so overwhelming that he could not keep back his tears; he was utterly without resources, and he was alone.

The voyage out was long and stormy; but at last New York was reached, and the friendless boy stepped on shore. This was the turning-point of his life, for two different paths were open to him. Would he be a good and brave lad, work hard, speak the truth, and live in hope of better days? or would he sink into an idle vagrant, frequenting gin-shops, in hope of sharing the unhallowed drink; or would he steal in order to supply his wants, even at the risk of finding himself a felon?

George Stuart chose the first-mentioned path—the path of duty. He soon procured honest employment, he worked hard, he lived on scanty fare, he avoided drink and bad companions, until at last he came to be known as a man to be trusted and respected by all.

Then the terrible war broke out, bringing with it, as war always must do, an untold amount of suffering; but it was then that George Stuart showed what was in him. He joined a number of persons who formed what was called the 'Christian Commission,' the object of which was to help the poor soldiers in every possible way—to provide them with comfort while sick in hospital, to find them out on the field of blood and agony after the battle was over, to carry water to their parched lips, to comfort the wounded and the dying, to lead their thoughts to Heaven, and to listen to their dying messages for the dear ones at home.

Of all the men who worked in this noble manner, George Stuart was one of the most active, unselfish, and untiring. It is impossible to say how much the soldiers loved him.

We are told that one poor young soldier who fought and fell at the battle of Gettysburg, lifted his bleeding head from the ground, and asked if he might kiss George Stuart once before he died.

We might narrate a great deal more of what was done by this good man during that awful crisis in the affairs of this country; but enough has been said to show what a boy may become, if in early life he wisely makes choice of the somewhat rough path of duty. This boy was poorer and more friendless than any boy who may read this paper, yet he became one of the best known and most highly esteemed citizens in the United States.

D. B. McKEAN.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANTHMOREMS.

49. 1051 + sun.
662 + toy.
1651 + a goat.

RIVERS FLOWING BACKWARDS.

50. 'THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells!'

'This is the way the ladies go,—
Nimble, nimble, nimble.'

'Blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
For, though a late, a sure reward succeeds.'

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

51. h n l d t w e r s, t h u g l m y w l,
t h u l v e s t t h t, t h u l v e s t t h w l;
r n l d a k s y u r h l l w t n e,
s l s t, s s l e m n, s u n d s a l n e
s m u r n f u l, n n e l v e s t g,
r f y u r h t i n g h w l t k n w.

AN ANAGRAM.—A WORD IN SEASON.

52. MAY happiness tarry aye, and warm cheer.

A HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY PROVERB.

A LESSON ON PATIENCE.

53. aa ac cddee ffg iiin noorrrr
sst, ttt ttu uyyyy.

BROWNSWOOD.

[*Answers at page* 79.]

AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.

NED and Charley were room-mates, but they occupied different beds, that of the former being placed in the centre of the room. One night the couple had been out, and on returning both had drunk too freely. However, they walked pretty quietly up to the room, and sought long and patiently for matches and lamp. After knocking the pitcher off the washstand and smashing the looking-glass they gave up the search and went to bed; but owing to the darkness and the confusion of their senses they made a slight mistake. Ned's bed had the honour of receiving the two friends—Charley getting in on one side, and his companion on the other.

'I say, Ned,' cried Charley, touching somebody's calf, 'there's a fellow in my bed!'

'There's somebody in my bed too!' exclaimed Ned.

'Is there though?' said Charley: 'let's kick them out.'

'Agreed,' said Ned, and accordingly the two friends began to kick. In about a minute and a half Ned was sprawling on the floor, and Charlie was left in possession of the bed.

For a moment after the fall all was silent.

'I say, Ned,' cried Charley, 'I've kicked my fellow out.'

'You are luckier than I am, then,' replied Ned, 'for mine has kicked me clean on to the floor.'

GIFFARD'S CROSS.

LISTEN, and I will tell you
A tale once told to me,
When I was a listening urchin
Upon my mother's knee.

Long, long ago, the Giffards
(An ever-generous race)
Fought for the Norman William,
And gained a goodly place.

And one of these brave soldiers
An heiress wooed and won,
The Saxon Lady Alice
Who lived at Chillington.

And there, a line of Giffards
Lived amid joys and tears;
And did like other nobles,
For well two hundred years.

When Henry (he of Richmond,
Who won at Bosworth fight),
Sat on the throne of England,
He had no better knight.

None nobler, nor more useful,
When aught was to be done,
Than the head of all the Giffards
Who dwelt at Chillington.

This Giffard had his fancy,
As all men have, we know:
Some love to gather pictures,
And some their flowers to show;

Some spend a little fortune
In coins or gems antique;
And others buy old volumes
Of Latin or of Greek.

This knight he loved a lion,
A leopard, and a bear;
And rich men often sent him
Some monster strange and rare.

And once a splendid panther
To Chillington there came;
It had a careless keeper,
And he must have the blame.

One lovely summer morning
There was a fearful shout;
It rang through all the mansion—
'The panther has got out!'

'The panther!' cried Sir Giffard,
And he sprang out of bed,
Then down like light he hurried,
And forth like wind he sped.

His strong cross-bow he handled,
Right well its use he knew;
His son ran fleetly by him,
A Giffard leal and true.

They hurried through the forest,
Into a little dale;
Then, as they crossed a streamlet
They heard a distant wail.

A shriek of woe and horror,
Over the hill it came;
'We're right!' said good Sir Giffard,
'The dog has found the game!'

The knight strides quicker onward,
Up to the top he flies;
And the work that he has come for
Is mirror'd in his eyes.

He never will forget it,
Until he has to die—
The mother and her baby,
The panther crouching by!

She and her precious burden
Must be that panther's prey;
For none dare come between them,
Or drive the beast away.

The neighbours watch and tremble,
All motionless with fear;
But, in the nick of peril,
Her champion draws near.

The bolt is at the bowstring,
The good knight lifts the bow,
But his hand has grown unsteady,
The chase has made it so.

His son, he whispers gently,
'Take breath—pull strong and true;'
The father heard the caution,
And a deep breath he drew.

His foot was planted firmly,
His bowstring made a twang;
Just as, to seize his victim,
The spotted panther sprang.

The good bolt of the archer
Swiftly and surely sped;
And, by the fainting mother,
The brute rolled over, dead!

King Henry heard the story,
And marvelled with his court;
And he gave Sir John a motto,
'Prenez haleine, tirez fort.' *

Two crests he bade him carry,
Wherever he might go—
A panther's head, and a bowman
Drawing a good cross-bow.

And where this rescue happen'd,
They set a cross of wood,
That men might long remember
A deed so true and good.

GEORGE S. OUTRAM.

* Norman for 'Take breath; pull strong.'

"The mother and her baby,
The panther crouching by."

"Spot glaring out at the door."

THE MOOSE HUNTERS.

(*Continued from page 59.*)

CHAPTER IX.

IT was half past two in the afternoon. We had eaten nothing since breakfast. On the carry we had felt hungry, but now that noon had past we were less so, and decided to go on for a couple of hours, then to camp for the night.

Above the falls the river averages from six to ten rods in width. It is deep and black, an aspect enhanced by the fir forest on either bank, dark green, sombre, and profoundly quiet. There were few birds here at this season. The most noticeable feature about the stream is its silence. The current creeps on steadily. If you stop rowing it drags you slowly back, and you would not know that you were drifting unless your eye caught sight of a twig, or a bit of bough, coming slowly to meet you. The crooks and bends are numerous, but the forest is so dense here that one cannot see just how much he is the sport of them; and that is one comfort.

As we paddled on, following all these meanderings, the impression grew that we might get so involved that to get out would be impossible. In an hour we had faced every point of the compass. Now and again a great blue heron would start up, breaking the silence with its heavy flappings. Several times we shot after them in the air, but never brought one down. Sometimes a kingfisher would spring his rattle, and go noisily up the stream in advance of us.

Here and there a sluggish brook made in through the bank, showing a slim channel fringed with melancholy alders. Another shrub, however, began to attract our attention, and from henceforth made one of the most agreeable features of the river scenery. Clinging to the bank and leaning out over the water, we now began to note the vivid red clusters of mountain ash, or round-wood berries. With every mile they grew more and more plentiful, till sometimes both banks presented a bright scarlet border, often reflected in the still, dark water.

Here, for the first time, we saw a Canadian jay, sitting observant of our progress on a fir stub. It is not so handsome as its cousin, the noisy blue jay, though of about the same size. Its note is even less agreeable, which is saying little enough for it as a musician. Its colours are brown and white. Scott shot at the first one we saw with the rifle from the boat. The slug struck into the stub directly under where it had perched, and this, together with the report, set it a-scolding at a great rate. It rose a yard perhaps from where it had sat, but quickly returned to its place.

It was past four o'clock. We were thinking of stopping to camp, when Fred called our attention to what seemed an opening a little back from the river on the east bank. We drew in shore, and Farr mounted the bank to reconnoitre.

'Yes; there's a clearing,' he called down to us. 'It's where they've been cutting out spruce. And there's a shanty.'

'Shall we go out to it?' Fred asked.

I thought it was not worth while, but the others did not agree with me. We tied the boat to a fir trunk, and took our ducks and the partridge, which we supposed had been kept about as long as they should be, together with our guns, the never-to-be-left-behind potato kettle and fry-pan.

The shanty was on rising ground about a hundred rods from the stream. It was built of spruce logs with a shed roof of pine 'splits'—the usual shanty of the backwoods—with a *split* door, secured by a wooden pin. Farr was ahead, and had the first peep.

'Here's luck!' he sang out to us.

There was a cooking-stove all set up, just as the last logging gang had left it. Possibly they intended to use the shanty during the coming winter, for there was a barrel half full of salt pork, in the brine, and a barrel containing beans; also a small quantity of tea in an old salt-box. And what we liked better still, they had left some wood cut stove-length. It was piled up at one end of the shanty, and was dry as tinder.

To get supper with such accommodations seemed nothing but fun. In another barrel Fred speedily unearthed a whole set of tin plates, cups, basins, and baker-sheets.

Half an hour later we had a duck and a partridge par-boiling, potatoes cooking, and a batch of biscuit baking. The old stove, with its front doors and top red hot, had a most home-like aspect; and we felt quite happy.

That was one of the most enjoyable suppers on the river. I say on the river, since it could not, of course, compare with some of those sumptuous feasts after we got fairly established at the head of the lake. No meals that I ever ate could indeed compare with those, for then we had grand living and grand appetites together.

It had never seemed like really camping in the wilderness till that night. Before, when we had camped at Moll's Rock, we knew that there was a settlement not ten miles above us, but here we knew we were fairly launched in the forest. The woods, too, had a different *seeming*. A wilder quiet rested over all, broken now and then by wilder sounds.

While we were eating, a bear cried out from the hillside; a plaintive cry, like that of some forlorn and benighted maiden wandering in the darkening forest. Neither Scott nor myself would have known what it was but for Fred's practised ear.

'I should not wonder if we might get a shot at him by all starting out with our guns and getting around him,' said he. 'As soon as he heard any one of us he would run, and make such a noise in the brush that some of us might get a shot.'

We were all tired, however; and, to tell the truth, did not much relish the idea of such a hunt in the night. Besides, there was some danger of shooting each other by mistake.

As the evening advanced, other cries broke the stillness. Various prowlers were abroad. A sharp, raspy screech resounded on a sudden, seemingly from near where we had tied up the boat. It made us start sharply, it was so near and ugly. The next moment it was followed by a deep *tu-whit-tu-whooo-oo!*

'Nothing but a screech-owl,' said Fred.

These dense fir and spruce forests on the river seemed a favourite haunt of owls.

There was a long bunk, bedded with boughs, on one side of the shanty. We closed and pinned the door, then rolling up in our blankets, we lay down and talked till we fell asleep.

But in the night we were awakened by a great racket on the roof of dry *splits* over our heads. Something was digging, scratching, and tearing them up. They rattled prodigiously. We all jumped up into sitting posture.

'What on earth is that?' demanded Scott, in an alarmed whisper.

'I guess it's a lynx,' says Fred.

'It means to dig down to us!' Farr said. 'Smells us!'

'I'll fix him!' Scott whispered. 'Keep quiet.'

We got out of the bunk and fumbled out one of the guns, Farr's double-barrelled one. We heard him cocking it.

'Don't hold the muzzle too near the *splits*,' Fred cautioned.

But he did hold it too near, and fired both barrels at once. It made a stunning report, and recoiled violently out of his hands. So great was the pressure that the splits were blown up off the poles, for they were not nailed down.

Almost at the same instant I heard something leap off on to the ground. Fred opened the door and shouted *st—boy!* to Spot. Out bounded Spot, barking furiously. But he didn't run far. Before we had even time to step out, he came back with a yelp and shot into the door betwixt our legs.

Farr struck a match and lighted some dry splints. The blaze disclosed Spot glaring out at the door, the hair on his back raised and stiff as bristles, and his tail straight as a line. Fred began to laugh.

'You'll get eaten up, Spot, as sure as fate,' said he.

We went out and listened. It was too dark to see much, and the cleared space was full of old spruce tops and low shrubs. We heard once what seemed the stealthy snap of a twig. Farr let fly a slug from the rifle. The light of the discharge lit up the brush, but we saw nothing and heard nothing more.

It took some little time to get quieted down enough to go to sleep after this rouse-up; but we had a good morning nap. *(To be continued.)*

ALONE AT SEA.

I WONDER whether the boys and girls who read *Chatterbox* ever think, when they are spending their holidays by the seaside and watching the tiny waves lapping the yellow sands, what those same waves look like in mid-winter, when they rear themselves up into mighty billows and 'rage horribly.' Or, again, when as 'a jolly set' in a dainty pleasure yacht they skim over the smiling blue summer sea, whether the thought ever rises, what it would be like when the icy north winds are blowing over waters leaden-coloured as the sky above, to be

'Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!'

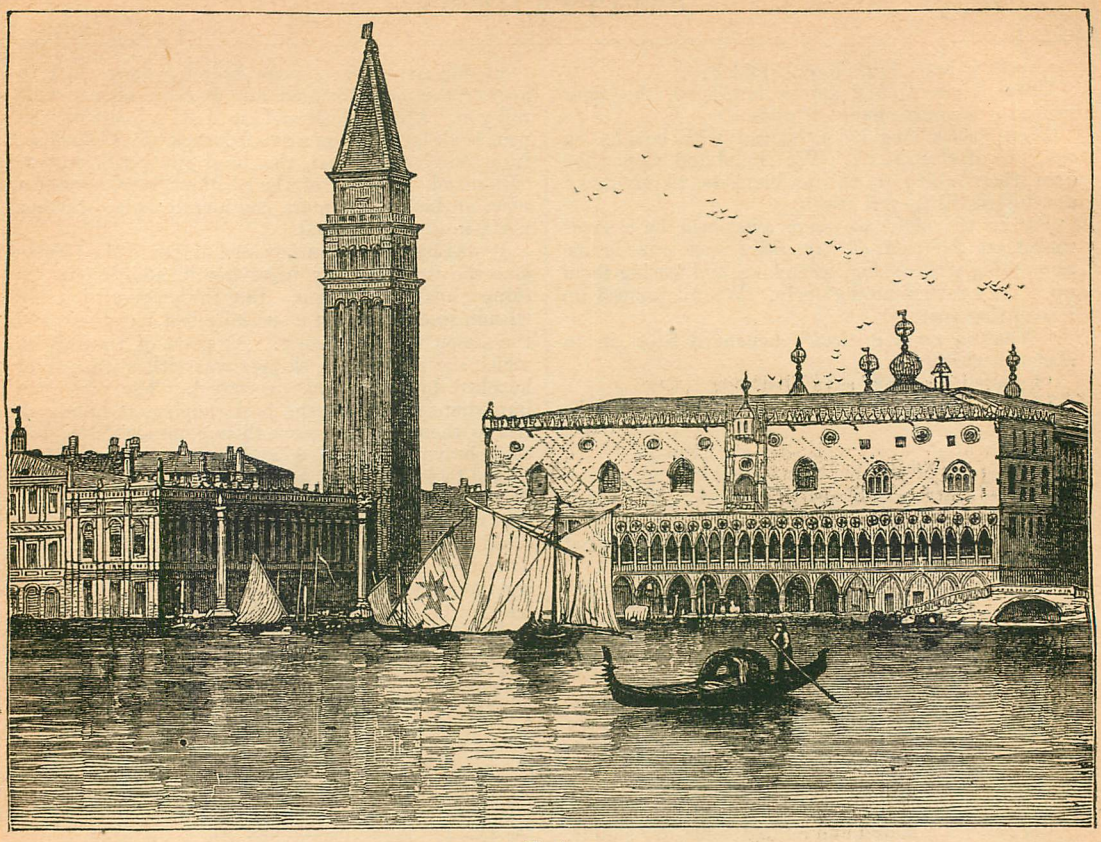
In January 1885 a poor Scotch woman had to answer this question, and how it came about I will tell you. Elizabeth Mouat, aged sixty years, and in poor health, started in a small smack, the *Columbine*, from Sumburgh Head, the most southern point of 'Mainland,' the chief of the Shetland Isles, to visit a niece at Lerwick, a more considerable place farther north in the same island.

It was not a long journey, and on board the *Columbine* she was the only passenger in addition to the skipper and his two men. But the proposed journey though short was over a specially bad bit of sea, and the season the very worst. At noon of the day on which she started the skipper was either washed, or knocked by the boom, overboard. The two men immediately lowered the boat, hoping, at imminent risk to themselves, to save their comrade's life; but their brave effort failed, and with sore hearts they turned to regain the *Columbine*, when to their horror! they found that she was running out to sea at a pace that made any efforts to overtake her useless. What could the arms of two men, however willing and able, do against the mighty wind and sea which were carrying the smack and her poor old passenger so fast from land? God alone could help her.

And there, on the deck of the smack, sat the poor old body. She had heard the skipper washed away, and seen the two men attempt to save him, and her knowledge of seafaring matters told her her danger when the vessel began making way. What could she, a weak, ailing woman, do to steer safely even the small boat on which she was? and where was she being borne to so swiftly? Would not the great waves soon do for her what they already had done for the skipper? Could she stand up against the cold of the wind, and of the great waves which washed so constantly over the deck? She had only thought when she left home of the short run to Lerwick, and had made no provision of warm clothing, and, as regards food, she had only come provided with two biscuits and a bottle of milk. True, there was the crew's food below, but the carrying away of the companion ladder by a heavy sea had cut her off completely from all hope of it. And so, for seven days and seven nights, Elizabeth Mouat was alone in the North Sea—alone with God. It is not for a mere looker-on to try and penetrate such solemn hours as these must have been, or to try to depict them in commonplace words. Thirst was her chief suffering, and to quench this she eagerly lapped every drop of rain as it condensed on the cabin skylight. Then the weakness, arising from want of food and sleep, caused her legs to swell, and, fearing lest she might from this same cause be washed overboard, she lashed herself to the woodwork of the vessel.

It was not till some hours after the *Columbine* had run aground at Lepsö in Norway that the poor old woman was found by the inhabitants, weak and prostrate by want and exposure, lashed to the smack's woodwork.

It was some days before she had so far recovered from her week's imprisonment to be able to go to Leith—whence she was duly sent back to her Northern home, wisely refusing the offer of money to come and exhibit herself in London.



Venice.

VENICE.

ONE of the noblest, most famous, and singular cities in the world, is Venice, built upon a crowded cluster of islets on the north-west fringe of the Adriatic Sea. The Gulf, or lagoon of Venice, is banked off from the Adriatic by a long, narrow sandbank, pierced at intervals by narrow sea passages, six in number. Inside of this sandbank, and between it and the mainland (about five miles distant), is the lagoon, a vast sheet of shallow water, only navigable for vessels of light draught. It is in this marshy, sea-covered plain, that Venice stands on its seventy or eighty tiny islets, the whole of the marvellous city being built on piles. Its aspect is at all times fascinating, but in summer and autumn, the season of highest tides, the city is indeed marvellously beautiful.

Its streets are narrow and winding, only calculated for foot passengers, the great thoroughfares being the many canals which wind their way through the city, and which are crossed by no fewer than 306 bridges, which connect the various parts of the city together. But narrow as the streets are, there are several large, open piazzas, or squares, almost all of them adorned with a fine church or palace; the principal of these is the Piazza di San Marco. It is surrounded by elegant buildings, including the beautiful church of St. Mark. This piazza also contains the campanile or belfry of St. Mark, a lofty, square tower, 316 feet in height. It is entered by a small door on the west, whence a winding footpath (instead of a staircase) leads to the summit. The view from the top is magnificent; the plan of the wonderful city is seen like a map, with all its towers, and churches, and distant islands, while far beyond the chain of the Alps closes in the horizon with its snowy peaks.

Adjoining the church of St. Mark is the Doge's Palace, built of marble, and the place where all the councils of state were held. This magnificent building, first founded in A.D. 800, has been five times destroyed, but has risen again, each time with increasing splendour, from its ruins. The outer walls of the palace rest upon the pillars of open colonnades, which are most interesting and beautiful. Behind the palace is the celebrated Bridge of Sighs, which gives access to the horrible prisons, or dungeons, of the old Republic, now no longer used.

The chief of all the many canals of 'Beautiful Venice' is the Grand Canal, from 100 to 180 feet wide, and bordered on both sides by magnificent palaces and churches. This canal separates the city into two nearly equal portions, which are connected together by the Ponte di Rialto, built of white marble, and consisting of a single arch, the span of which is ninety-one feet, with a width of seventy-two feet, and twenty-five feet in height. The whole bridge is covered over with small shops. Near the bridge is

Grand Canal and Rialto, Venice.

the island of the Rialto, the spot upon which Venice as a city first existed. Even now, when Venice is comparatively sad and silent, the scene is a lively and a cheerful one, when, at early morning, the fully laden market-boats float underneath this beautiful bridge, the water that dashes about them all sparkling in the morning sun; while the painted sails of the fishing-boats, orange and white, scarlet and blue—the naked bronzed limbs of the seamen, the busy buying and selling, the piles of beautiful fruits—altogether make up a scene of ever-varying interest to the visitors in the beautiful city.

JOHN'S HOSPITALITY, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

IN the year 1702, while Queen Anne's husband, Prince George of Denmark, was on a visit to Bristol, he went one morning, with one gentleman attendant, to see the Exchange. After he had spent some time there, business stopped, and all the merchants went away except one, named John Duddlestone, who followed the trade of a bodice-maker. This honest man, who felt concerned that no one had ventured to offer any hospitality to the Prince, walked forward and asked him, 'Are you, sir, the husband of our Queen Anne, as people say you are?'

'I am,' answered Prince George.

John then begged that His Majesty would condescend to accompany him home, and bring the officer who was in attendance with him, if they could eat so simple a dinner as he and his wife had to offer. Prince George accepted this invitation as kindly as it was given, though his dinner had already been ordered. When the three had arrived at the house, John called upstairs, 'Wife, wife, put on a clean apron and come down, for the Queen's husband and a gentleman soldier are come to dine with us.' Mrs. Duddlestone quickly made her appearance in a clean blue apron, and after being presented to the Prince and his gentleman, helped her husband to do the honours of a good dinner, which consisted of roast beef, a plum pudding, and ale of her own brewing.

Prince George, who was delighted with the kindness and simplicity of his entertainers, invited them to come to Windsor the next time that their business brought them to London, and gave them at the same time a card, which he said would assist them in gaining admittance to the Castle.

Accordingly, the next time that John Duddlestone needed a supply of whalebone, he set off for London on a pack-horse, his wife riding behind him. Windsor lying on their way from the west, they approached the gates of the Castle, and, on showing the card, were admitted to the royal presence.

The Prince received them with much kindness, and introduced them to Queen Anne, who thanked them for their hospitable treatment of her husband, and invited them in return to dine with her. Purple velvet court dresses were made for them to wear on

the occasion, and the Queen presented the worthy couple to her guests as the most loyal persons in the city of Bristol.

After dinner was ended, Queen Anne desired John to kneel down, laid a sword on his head and knighted him in these words, 'Stand up, Sir John!' She also offered him a post under Government, or a gift of money, but the honest man would accept neither. He had fifty pounds laid by, he said, and they required nothing more. The Queen, however, was too kind-hearted to let them go away without some substantial remembrance of their visit to Windsor. She therefore took off her own gold watch and made a present of it to Mrs. or Lady Duddlestone, as John's wife was now called.

The favoured guests returned home proud and happy, and the good dame, we may be sure, never forgot to wear the royal gift when she went to Bristol market. A. S. C.

A SANITARY ALPHABET.

COMPILED originally for the benefit of the poor residents of the thickly populated part of New York, this sanitary alphabet may be read with advantage anywhere:—

As soon as you are up shake blankets and sheets;
Better be without shoes than sit with wet feet;
Children, if healthy, are active, not still;
Damp sheets, damp clothes, will both make you ill;
Eat slowly, and always chew your food well;
Freshen the air in the house where you dwell;
Garments must never be made to be tight;
Homes will be healthy if airy and light;
If you wish to be well, as you do, I've no doubt,
Just open the windows before you go out;
Keep your rooms always tidy and clean,
Let dust on the furniture never be seen;
Much illness is caused for lack of pure air;
Now to open your windows be ever your care;
Old rags and old rubbish should never be kept:
People should see that their floors are well swept;
Quick movements in children are healthy and right;
Remember the young cannot thrive without light;
See that the cistern is clean to the brim;
Take care that your dress is all tidy and trim;
Use your nose to find out if there be a bad drain,
Very sad are the fevers that come in its train;
Walk as much as you can without feeling fatigue;
Xerxes could walk full many a league;
Your health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep;
Zeal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

WHY DOES A STONE SINK?

TAKE a block of common poplar, and a block of water of equal bulk, and you will find the water is the heavier of the two. Now, everything lighter than water, bulk for bulk, will float on its surface, and everything heavier will sink. In what follows, let a certain bulk of water be represented by the number 100, and let us compare it with equal bulks of other liquids and solids. Now, oil of turpentine is found to be 87, and being less heavy than water it will float on its surface. Oil of olives is 91, so it is rather heavier than that of turpentine; and when we pour some of it also on the waves, it will float there.

In comparing gums, woods, stones, and metals, with water, we find that camphor will float, but gum arabic will not. The latter is 145, and so nearly half as heavy again as water. Honey is about the same weight. White sugar is 160, and so more than half as heavy again as water. The lump, therefore, goes to the bottom of the teacup.

As to wood, the first in lightness is cork. It is only 24, or not quite one quarter the weight of water. This is why we say 'it swims like a cork,' and this is why life-belts are made of cork. The heaviest wood is that of the pomegranate tree. This is 135, about the same weight as myrrh and aloes. Logwood is the heaviest wood that will keep afloat—it is 93. Bog oak will just not swim, being 104. The next lightest wood to cork is common poplar. Then come all the pines and fir trees. After these the cedar, the willow, and the elm. The oak is not so heavy as the apple. The alder and beech are heavier than either.

The lightest thing of an earthen sort seems to be gunpowder. It owes this buoyancy to its having charcoal in it, for nitre and sulphur, which are the other parts of gunpowder, are about twice as heavy as water. It must be the charcoal in the gunpowder, therefore, which keeps the sulphur and nitre afloat.

The lightest of all stones is pumice, which is cast up from volcanoes. This is about one tenth lighter than water. The heaviest stone is called *Lapis calaminaris*, or zinc spar.

Precious stones vary in weight considerably. Opal is the lightest, and will float in sulphuric acid. Next to opal, green jasper is the lightest, being rather more than twice as heavy as water. The oriental ruby is the heaviest, being more than four times as heavy. Cloudy jasper is heavier than green, and between these and the rubies come in order agate, emerald, sapphire, topaz, diamond, and garnet. Common bottle glass weighs about the same as cloudy jasper; but crystal glass is rather heavier. Emerald is about the same weight as English chalk. White marble and yellow jasper are about alike, and the Brazil sapphire ranges with limestone. A brick is just twice the weight of its own bulk of water, and a common English pebble is as nearly as may be of an equal weight with a speckled agate of its own size.

When we deal with the metals, we come to the heaviest of all known substances. But there are two which will swim, namely, sodium and potassium. The relative weights of the best-known metals may interest our readers. Compressed zinc is the lightest, being only seven times as heavy as water. Cast-iron is rather heavier, and hardened tin about the same. Wire-drawn copper is nine times as heavy as water. Hammered silver is more than ten times its weight. Molten lead is upwards of eleven times as heavy. Congealed quicksilver and hammered gold are nearly alike; the gold being a trifle the heavier. These weigh more than twice as much as zinc, cast-iron, and tin, and more than fifteen times as much as water; whilst compressed platinum far exceeds them all,

being twenty-two times as heavy as water, or 2200, thrice as heavy as cast-iron, and twice as heavy as lead, which is usually taken to represent a very heavy substance. It is said in the song of Moses, 'they sank as lead in the mighty waters.' In another verse it is said, 'they sank as a stone.' But the heaviest stone yet found is not so heavy as zinc, and not a quarter of the weight of platinum, and yet, excepting pumice-stone, there is not one stone that will not sink in water, for the simple reason that, bulk for bulk, it is heavier, and therefore falls through water as it falls through air, though not so rapidly.

Air, like water, is a fluid, and those things which are heavier than air will fall through it, and those which are lighter will rise through it. Put a cork at the bottom of a pond, and it will rise to the top, because it is not a quarter the weight. So, put steam in the air, and it will rise, for it is only a little more than half the weight of air. Just as the cork rises, because it is lighter than the water, so will steam and other gases rise into the air. Sometimes the clouds float over our heads. Why? Because they are lighter than the air. When they descend in rain, it shows they have become more dense, and therefore more heavy.

This is also shown in a wonderful and beautiful manner by a balloon. A balloon is made of some material and filled with gas. Now the gas is very much lighter than air; so much lighter, indeed, that it can ascend swiftly even though it is weighted with the balloon, its car, and the men who go up in it. If the balloon were sufficiently weighted, it would not stir. Just consider. If you were to tie a very small pebble to the cork in the pond, the cork would drag it up to the surface, just as the gas in the balloon draws the car and men up into the sky; but if you tied a larger pebble to the cork, just large enough to make the cork and pebble together equal to the weight of the same bulk of water, it would refuse to rise.

Some gases are lighter than air, and some gases, like oxygen, are heavier, and a balloon filled with oxygen would not mount up, and delight you with its strange and graceful ascent. SANFORD.

KILLED BY A STAG.

IN a church at Walton-on-Thames is a brass plate with an inscription to the memory of John Selwyn, who on it is represented with his wife and family in the attitude of prayer. On another plate he is seen seated on the back of a stag, and plunging a sword into its neck.

Tradition says that he was an under-keeper at Oatlands Park during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and was famous for his strength and skill in horsemanship. During a grand stag-hunt, at which the Queen was present, he suddenly leaped from the back of his horse, then running at full speed, on to the back of a stag at its side. He then guided the terrified animal towards her Majesty, and when near her, plunged his sword into its throat. But the stag, at the moment it was struck, threw back its head sharply, and killed the rider with one blow of its horns. A. R. B.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

CONUNDRUMS.

54. ACROSS the ocean's trackless waste
We are the mariner's guide,
Throughout the busy haunts of men
We food for thought provide:
The costly fabric by our aid
Is fashioned for a Queen;
The bridal robe, the poor man's garb,
Alike our work have been.
But hold! enough! we'll say no more.
No idle boast! *We are but four.*

55. WHY is a mouse like meadow hay?

56. SPELL brandy with three letters.

57. I AM a word comprising an emblem of industry, a writer's object, and a necessity of human life.

58. YOU say that I am worthless,
Vain, and rash of speech,
But the truth will quickly appear.
Only use me aright,
The labour is slight,
I'll make your hundred
A thousand a year.

59. MY *first* is used as a noun of multitude; my *second* cloisters itself; my *third* delights a soldier; and my *whole* perplexes the active mind.

60. MY *first* is heard where children meet; my *second* is found in churches, coaches, theatres, and post offices; my *whole* gives much pleasure and profit at a small cost.

61. SMOOTH as glass, yet moved by every air;
Heaving up mountains, bringing much despair;
A gleam of light breaks through the leaden sky,
And like a child in sleep I quiet lie.
You wish to know what I may chance to be?
Look round this land—no liberty more free.

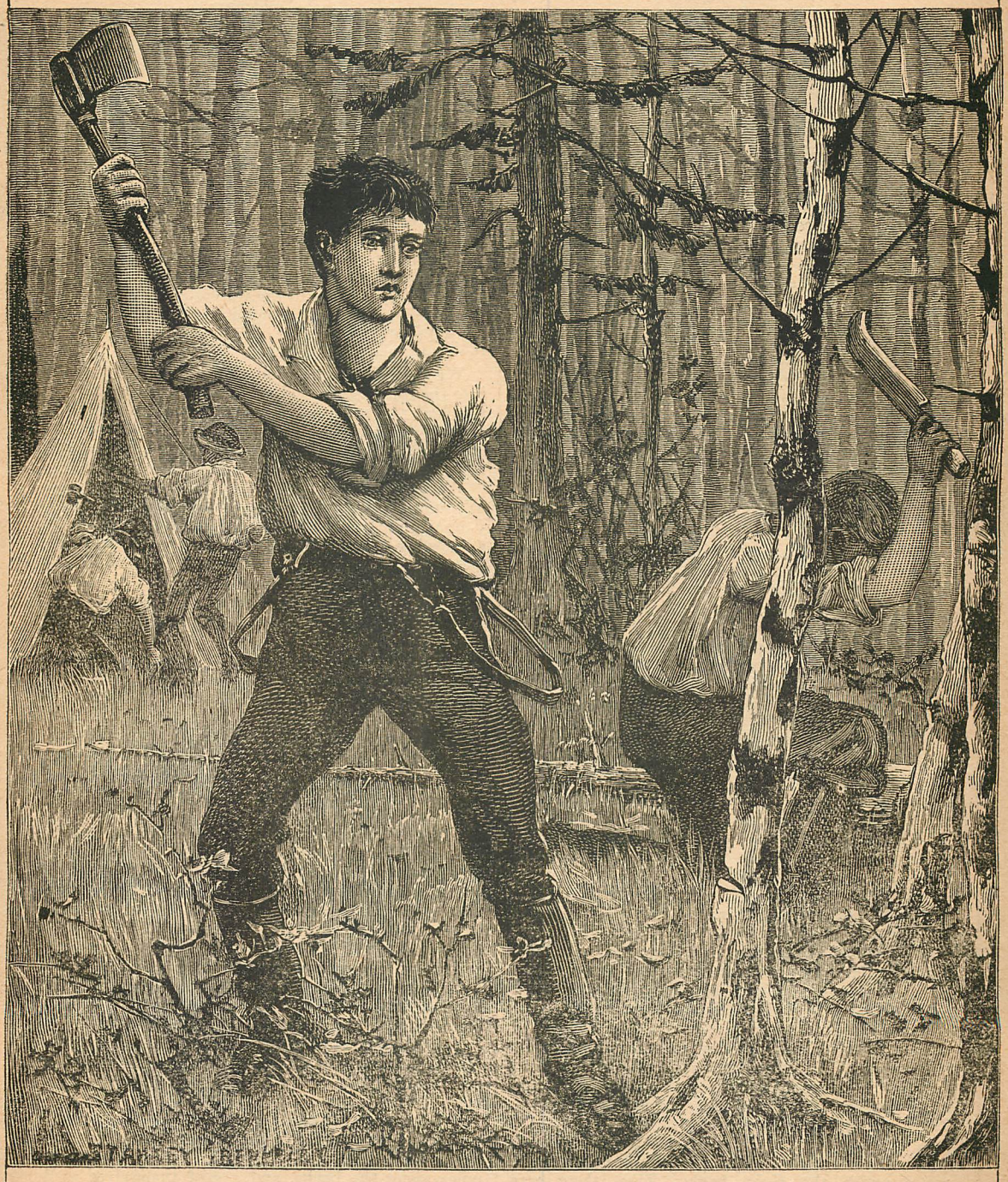
BROWNSWOOD.

[*Answers at page* 79.]

DOGS AND BONES.

TWO dogs were in a room together. The larger one had a bone, and when he had left it the smaller one went to take it; the larger one growled, and the other retired to a corner. Shortly afterwards the large dog went out, but the other did not appear to notice this, and at any rate did not move. A few minutes later, the large dog was heard to bark out of doors; the other dog then, without a moment's hesitation, went straight to the bone and took it. It would seem that she reasoned—'The dog is barking out of doors, therefore he is not in this room, and it is safe for me to take the bone.' The action was so rapid as to be clearly a consequence of the other dog's barking.

Dogs and Bone.



Felling the White Birch and setting up the Tent.

THE MOOSE HUNTERS.

(*Continued from page* 67.)

CHAPTER X.

IT was after sunrise before we were astir, and nearly eight before we started for the boat. We left the old shanty as good as we found it, save for the blackening of the splits and several buck-shot holes through them, where Scott had fired at our nocturnal disturber.

The morning was beautiful, cloudless, and mild, with a lingering breath of summer in the breeze. The sun shone warmly, yet softly. We were in uncommon spirits, and sang and whistled for pure love of the thing. Times came when we had to do it to keep up our spirits. But none of those things troubled us that morning. We made the old boat shoot through the water, and laughed at the current. But currents are things that hold their own better than exuberant spirits.

We had rowed perhaps two miles, when a low roar of rushing waters began to be heard. It grew more distinct, till, rounding a bend, we saw where the stream pours in great force between two ledges, not more than forty feet apart.

'The Narrows!' said Fred. 'Now for something like work.'

At the foot of the cascade there is a great eddy, flanked by reaches of dead water. We pulled up into the eddy within a hundred feet of the bottom of the rapid, then we stopped to take a look and deliberate.

The length of the rapid is not over twenty yards, and the descent not more than four or five feet. Yet the current was wonderfully swift, and sucked through the narrow passage with a strength that we had not quite expected.

'Can we run it?' said Farr, doubtfully.

'Well, we can try,' Fred replied. 'We're fresh this morning. It's a mere question of muscle. There are no rocks in the way, and it isn't a long pull.'

'All right,' Scott exclaimed. 'Draw wind for it!'

As usual, I had the stern seat and steering paddle.

'Head her right straight into it,' Fred advised. 'Don't let her swerve a hair. Punch her nose right through it! All ready. Now go at it!'

We struck, every one together, and with full strength on. The boat went into it like a steam ram. We could feel her head going up.

'She's mounting!' Fred shouted. 'At it!'

Plash—plash! dipped the oars. The downward current gurgled loudly against us and put out all its mighty strength to drive us back. We struck hard and fast to conquer it, and gained, though more and more slowly, till we got into the narrowest place. There we stuck as in a vice.

A minute of utmost exertion—then back we went, turned in the eddy, and lodged in the dead water under the right bank. Then there was panting and puffing, and cooling of burning palms in the water. I had raised a blister in less than two minutes!

'Isn't that a strong draught?' Scott exclaimed.

'A regular suck-hole,' said Farr.

'What do you think of it now, Fred?' I asked.

'It seems as though we ought to do it,' said Fred. 'The place is so short—we ought to get up it.'

'Yes, it's short—but, O Moses!' laughed Farr, 'there's one way, and only one way; that is, to get up full speed before we strike into the sluice-way there. We must back her down below the eddy, then start and get the boat under full headway. If we do that, and pull like mad, we may go up.'

This seemed reasonable. We rested some minutes and got breath, then we dropped down with the current fifty or sixty yards.

'We'll drive her up this time,' Farr said.

But first we shifted the load somewhat in order to bring the nose higher in the water.

'Are you all ready?' Fred demanded of us.

'All ready.'

'Well, then,—*Hi! Hi! Hi!*'

We dashed through the eddy at full jump, went into the rapid again, and climbed up, up, up, almost to where the smooth black stream bent downward. Every muscle now!

'Wake up!' yelled Fred. 'Wake up! One yard more! One more!'

We should have done it, I am sure we should. We *were doing it*, when I let the nose swerve a foot—no more. I couldn't help it. It was done quick as a wink. Another moment and we were overmatched, and swept back into the eddy, and in the selfsame place under the right bank.

'That was almost, but not quite,' exclaimed Fred.

'If you had only kept her head straight,' lamented Scott.

Yes; I knew that as well as anybody. Such a blunder cuts a fellow awfully. Neither Fred nor Farr found a word of fault, but the thing spoke for itself.

'What say you to trying the line?' Farr proposed. 'We don't want to lay on too many blisters at one heat.'

'We had a sixty-foot line, taken along for such emergencies. It was got out. We then pulled up to the foot of the rapid on the left bank, and landed Farr and Scott. One end of the line was now knotted into the ring in the bow, and the other end thrown to them. It was a rather ticklish business. Fred and I had our hands full to fend off with our oars, and hold the boat from being dashed against the jagged sides. But 'slow and steady' did it.

Once in the smooth water above the rapid, we coiled our line and went on, a little chagrined, however, at having had to use it. When a fellow sets out to go by water, he naturally wishes to do so.

That afternoon we emerged from the evergreen forest, and saw, stretching off to the north of us, a great tract of open land, set here and there with large elms.

'The meadows!' said Fred.

We had reached the foot of those famous natural meadows of the Magalloway which extend for twelve miles along the banks, and are of themselves well worth a visit. Some enterprising farmer, with a few

thousand dollars' capital, might put this whole tract into good grass and make a fortune in hay; for hay in this region often sells for thirty dollars per ton at the logging camps. Cranberries, too, might be cultivated on many hundred acres of this meadow, with profit, no doubt.

'If we cannot make money any other way, we will just come up here and settle,' Fred said.

The current is swifter through the meadows than we had generally found it below. It much increased the labour of rowing, and at some points was about as much as we could comfortably breast.

Soon after entering on the meadows we began to hear the 'kiff' of robins, and saw scores of these birds all about on the elms. It seemed a robins' paradise. As we went on the air fairly resounded to their sharp notes. They were feasting on the great banquet of round-wood berries which nature has here set out for them. There were thousands of robins about the meadows, and their presence gave the locality a great charm for us. There can be no doubt that many robins winter here, whenever it is a good season for round-wood berries.

As we drew near the head of the meadows, we saw numerous bluffs covered with fir, and spruce, and pine. These were, no doubt, islands of the old-time lake. It was getting near sunset, and we resolved to camp on one of these, past the very foot of which the river ran.

The boat was hitched to a stout sapling, and while Fred and Scott set up the 'A' tent, Farr and I felled a white birch and split an old pine stump. From the bark of the former and the *fat* splinters of the latter a cheerful blaze was soon crackling.

The reader can easily guess of what our supper consisted, so I have no need to print the bill of fare, though it was by no means a long one. Fred took a dipper, however, while Farr was frying meat, and going down the bank gathered a dessert of high-bush cranberries. I liked the taste of these pretty well; Scott detested them. Thus do tastes differ.

After supper we cut more wood, built a glorious fire, then made a grand bed of the boughs. On this, with the flap of the tent buttoned back, we lay enjoying an after-supper hour of rest.

There was a glorious yellow twilight glowing over the black evergreen ridges and peaks to the west of the valley; we watched it die off, and not very long after died off ourselves—in profound slumber. If owls saluted our fire we heard them not. Whatever savage eyes glowered at us in our white tent we recked not of them. We were, to use Farr's phrase, 'putting the slumber into ourselves,' slumber being an article that must be taken in like water and food.

(To be continued.)

LONG-TOED SHOES.

THE long-toed shoes, fashionable at one time among court gallants, were invented by one of the Counts of Anjou, who had a swelling on one of his feet which he wished to conceal. These toes were so long that they had to be fastened to the knees with gold chains, and were carved at the points into some fanciful shape, such as a bird, animal, or flower. A. S. C.

THE DYING CHORISTER.

RAISE me a bit, my mother;
And let me look again
At the dear old abbey yonder—
Maybe I'll forget my pain.

And open the window, mother,
For in the twilight dim
I love to hear their voices
Singing the evening hymn.

I shall never again sing with them,
And all the fellows said
They'd say a word for me to-night
When the prayer for the sick was read.

Instead of the cloisters, mother,
I shall walk in the streets of gold;
I shall 'see the King in His beauty,'
And the far-off Land behold.

Instead of my soilèd surplice,
Pure white my robe shall be,
Washed in the blood most precious
Of Him Who died for me.

Instead of earthly anthems
(Unworthy though I am),
My voice shall join in singing
The 'new song' of the Lamb.

A Chorister of Heaven
I shall for ever be:
I must go first, sweet mother,
And you will come to me. IVY.

COURSING.

THE pursuit of poor Puss by dogs trained for that purpose has long been a favourite amusement of the English sportsman, who studies very carefully the breed and training of his greyhound. The game is followed by sight instead of by scent: the method pursued being to hold a meeting in a district well frequented by hares, to enter on the lists the competing dogs, and to select a judge to decide upon the merits of each. A man called 'a slipper' holds the animals in leash, ready to start them at the appointed signal. When a hare has been found, the judge allows it about 100 yards 'law' before he gives the signal to release the dogs.

Then the pursuit begins in earnest, the poor hare going off at a great rate, the judge and others following the excited animals, and carefully calculating the number of 'points' made by each dog—a 'point' being any meritorious achievement performed; such as outstripping the other, or turning the hare, and causing it to double. When the chase is over, the victory is not always given to the dog which has killed the hare, but to the one which has made the most 'points,' and exhibited the finest qualities of speed, sagacity, and endurance.

Coursing is of very ancient date, and its popularity does not seem to decline.

Coursing.

COUNTY CHATS.

No. XXV.—NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

THIS county, they say, is full of spires and squires. We shall find much in it to interest us. It is fortunate in having two such buildings as Peterborough Cathedral and Burleigh House, and such sites of historic interest as Naseby and Fotheringay.

The Cathedral has the finest West front in the kingdom. The centre tower has been taken down, and is being rebuilt. The interior is very grand and touching. Who can pace that long Norman nave and not think of those who have paced there long ago? Here is a curious old picture of a bygone sexton named Scarlett, who had the strange fortune to dig two graves for two Queens, both unfortunate. Queen Catherine of Aragon died at Kimbolton (see 'County Chat' on Huntingdonshire), and Queen Mary of Scots was put to death, as we shall see, in this county, at Fotheringay. Peterborough would have been a roofless ruin like Fountains Abbey—the robbers would have carried

VIEWS IN NORTHAMPTONSHIRE. By W. H. J. Boot.

Naseby Village.
Queen Eleanor's Cross.
Burleigh House.
St. Peter's Church, Northampton.
Peterborough Cathedral.
Northampton Castle.

off everything of value—bells, lead, and timber; but whimsical King Hal decided that it should be a Cathedral, and have a Bishop, and so it was saved from the clutches of the King's courtiers, who got so much Church property. The ceiling of the nave is very curious. It is painted wood.

Now, fly away from the grey minster and its spires, and let us look at Brackley. It was once a very important place, a centre of England's staple, wool. It sent up three merchant staplers to a council of trade at Westminster, in the reign of Edward III. How did these Brackley burghers travel, and who was President of the Board of Trade? The town was, but is not now, a borough. It has still a Mayor and Aldermen, and 400 houses or more of unhewn stone. St. John's Hospital has 105 blazoned shields in its hall. The estates were given to Magdalen College, Oxford, on this curious condition, that a priest should be maintained to say daily mass for the repose of Lord F. Lovel's soul. At the Reformation the mass was given up, and the money which maintained the priest went to a schoolmaster.

Between these two places is Northampton—a place of great note in history. It owed its fame to its strong castle, now no more. What waves of battle have raged around and beaten upon those old towers! Barons and Kings, White Rose and Red Rose, Charles and Parliament, have squabbled for this once important place of strength, and now, there is hardly one stone left on another! But the round Church still shows its quaint beauty, and the rich chevrons of St. Peter's are still there after seven or eight hundred years of wearing time; and an Eleanor's Cross at Hardingstone, close by, remains to show how old John de Bello could use the chisel. Fifteen such crosses once existed, but only three have survived the storms of six centuries; the name of Charing Cross remains, but the cross itself is gone. Charing means the *Chère Reine*, the beloved Queen. Eleanor died of a lingering fever at Hardby, in the parish of Clifton, Notts, not far from Tuxford, November 28, 1290. In an old book we can yet read how, on October 28, one mark was paid at Lincoln for medicine, and how the Queen was attended by Master Leopard, her physician. When she was dead, her body was opened, and portions of the intestines buried at Lincoln. The body was then filled with barley, and embalmed; after which it was carried up to London, and laid in Westminster Abbey. There was a causeway made from Northampton to the Cross.

Burleigh House by Stamford town is the finest seat in the shire, and one of the finest in all England. At a distance it looks like a little town. The chapel has a spire. The gardens are full of wide terraces, and stone balustrades, vases, and statues. The house is famous for its state beds. The new state bed is the grandest in Europe. One is called Queen Elizabeth's. On each side of the chapel are life-size bronze figures. In the kitchen is a picture of a huge piece of beef. One of the Lords of Burleigh, it is said, went and lived in retirement, as Mr. Jones, in a far-off part of Salop. Here he fell in love with a most beautiful girl, a farmer's daughter, whom he married without letting her know who he was. When the wedded pair arrived at the lodge gates, and the young wife saw the old porter bending low, and when, at the entrance of the hall, the other servants stood and bowed before them, she began to suspect whom it was she had married. We are sorry to add, she could not bear the burden of an honour unto which she was not born, and—

'So she drooped and drooped before him,
Fading slowly from his side;
Three fair children first she bore him,
Then, before her time, she died.'

The Castle of Fotheringay had a mournful connexion with the violent death of Mary, Queen of Scots. It is now utterly gone, for James I., who was Mary's son, ordered the castle where his mother died to be demolished. Mary's last hours were spent in prayer, and in comforting her servants, who were deeply attached to her. She met her fate in a dignified manner, worthy of her rank. She was dressed as a widow, and held a crucifix and a book of prayers. She bade a tender farewell to Andrew Melvil, and said, 'May God forgive those who have sought my death.' And to her sobbing maidens, Joan Kennedy and Elizabeth Curll, she said, 'Instead of weeping, rejoice: I am very happy to leave this world, and in so good a cause.' Mary's last words were, 'My God, I have hoped in you, I commit myself to your hands.' Poor Queen! Hers was a life of bitter suffering and sorrow, and closed at forty-five in such a way!

In the leafy month of June, 1645, or fifty-eight years later, another luckless Stuart lost his throne. This was Charles, Mary's grandson. He lost his throne on Naseby field in this county. The Parliament's army held the village, and the King's troops marched up the rising ground to drive them out; but the King, we know, was beaten, and had to fly to Leicester without drawing bridle, a ruined man. There is a pillar on the field with an inscription.

Another interesting Northamptonshire place is Catesby Hall, or all that is left of it, viz., a gateway. Catesby was a leading member of the conspiracy known as the 'Gunpowder Plot.' The room over the gateway is yet called the 'Plot-room.' Our old friend Guy was a soldier. His lantern is still preserved at Oxford. On a paper is written, 'The very lantern that was taken from Guy Faux, when he was about to blow up the Parliament house.' It was given to the University in 1641, according to the inscription on it, by 'Robert Heywood, Proctor of the University.' Catesby and Winter were shot dead, while attempting to escape. 'Stand by me, Tom,' cried Catesby, 'and we will die together.' And presently, as they were standing back to back, they were both shot through the body with two bullets from one musket.

Empson, Henry the Seventh's favourite, and a great miser and screw, was the son of a sieve-maker at Towcester; and near that old, and once important town, is Grafton Manor, close on the borders of Bucks. Here was born Elizabeth Woodville, the bride of Edward IV. She was the first Englishwoman who, after the Conquest, shared the throne with any king. Hers was not a happy life. Her first husband, Sir John Grey, was killed in battle, and as a distressed widow she flung herself at King Edward's feet one day, and implored his pity. He was amazed at her loveliness, and married her secretly

on the first day of May, 1464. At Michaelmas she was declared Queen at Reading Abbey, with much pomp. The favours shown by the King to the Woodvilles angered the old English nobility, and troubles thickened around the Queen. Her husband died; her brother, Lord Rivers, was killed by Crookback, and her little boys were murdered in the Tower. Very, very touching was her farewell to her younger son. 'Good-bye, my own sweet son,' said she. 'God send you good keeping. Let me kiss you ere you go, for God knoweth when we shall kiss together again.'

Daventry was once called Dwy avon tre, or the 'Town of the Two Rivers,' Leam and Nen. The Conqueror gave it to his niece Judith. At Weedon Beck the nation has large barracks, and immense military stores. Holdenby House, a fine mansion built by the 'grave lord-keeper' Hatton (of which nothing but a few ruins remain), was the spot where Charles resided as a sort of prisoner. Here he played at his two favourite games, bowls and chess; and here Cornet Joyce seized him, by order of Cromwell, and carried him off, more a prisoner than ever.

G. S. O.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES NOS. 33 to 61.

33. Cam, Wasa, Nile, Dan, Ai, Forth, Tyre, Howth, Thebes.

34. Small cheer and great welcome make a merry feast.

[*Key:* One good turn deserves another—
abc defg hijk lmnopqrs tuvwxyz.]

35. Temple Church—

T u n i C
E a c H
M U
P e e R
Lethargi C
Enoug H

36. A pig, for it is killed first and cured afterwards.

37. Two shillings and two pence.

38. Bridge of Air—Ayr, Scotland.

39. Three bottles. 8 pints, which we call A. 5 pints B. 3 pints C. Pour out of A into C till it be full, which pour into B. Again fill C out of A. So there are now 2 pints in A, 3 pints in B, and 3 pints in C. Then pour from C to B, so that there are now 2 pints in A, 5 pints in B, and 1 pint in C. Now pour the 5 pints in B into A. There will then be 7 pints in A, nothing in B, and 1 pint in C. Pour the 1 pint in C into B and out of A fill C, which when poured from C to B will, with the 1 pint already there, make 4 pints. Thus the fluid is equally divided.

40. Crosses are white, noughts are black men—

xxxx ooooo xx o xxx o x oo xx ooo
x oo xx o.

41. Number thought of 5
Ditto multipled by 4 20
Add 8 to it 28
Divide it by 2 14
Deduct half the number added 4

The remainder is 10, or *double* the number thought of.

42. One is an old air and the other is a fresh air.

43. Cork—Ireland.

44. Seven.

45. See-saw.

46. Queen Victoria.

Q
T U G
T R E N T
D I L E M M A
P O T E N T A T E
U N I N V I T E D
M A T R I M O N Y
I N D I C A T O R
A L T I T U D E S
O S B O R N E
P A R I S
F I G
A

47. Y—the River Wye.

48. O.

49. Muslin—Docility—Dogmatical.

50. Tay—Dal, Min—Dee.

51. Oh! on old towers, thou gloomy owl,
Thou lovest to hoot, thou lovest to howl;
Or on old oaks your hollow tone,
So lost, so solemn, sounds alone
So mournful, no one loves to go,
Or of your hooting howl to know.

52. A merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

53. If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again.

54. We mark the four cardinal points, W $\frac{N}{S}$ E.

Transposed we are converted to NEWS.
Until the seams SEWN
No fashion is shown.
Or garment adapted to use.

55. Because the cattle (cat'll) eat it.

56. Br and y.

57. Bee—read—bread.

58. By placing 0 after the 100.

59. Co—nun—drum—conundrum.

60. Chatter—box—*Chatterbox.*

61. The ocean.

CONUNDRUMS.

62. My *first* should be avoided by mariners; my *second* is worn by fashionable people; my *third* is an article of food; and my *whole* a princely residence.

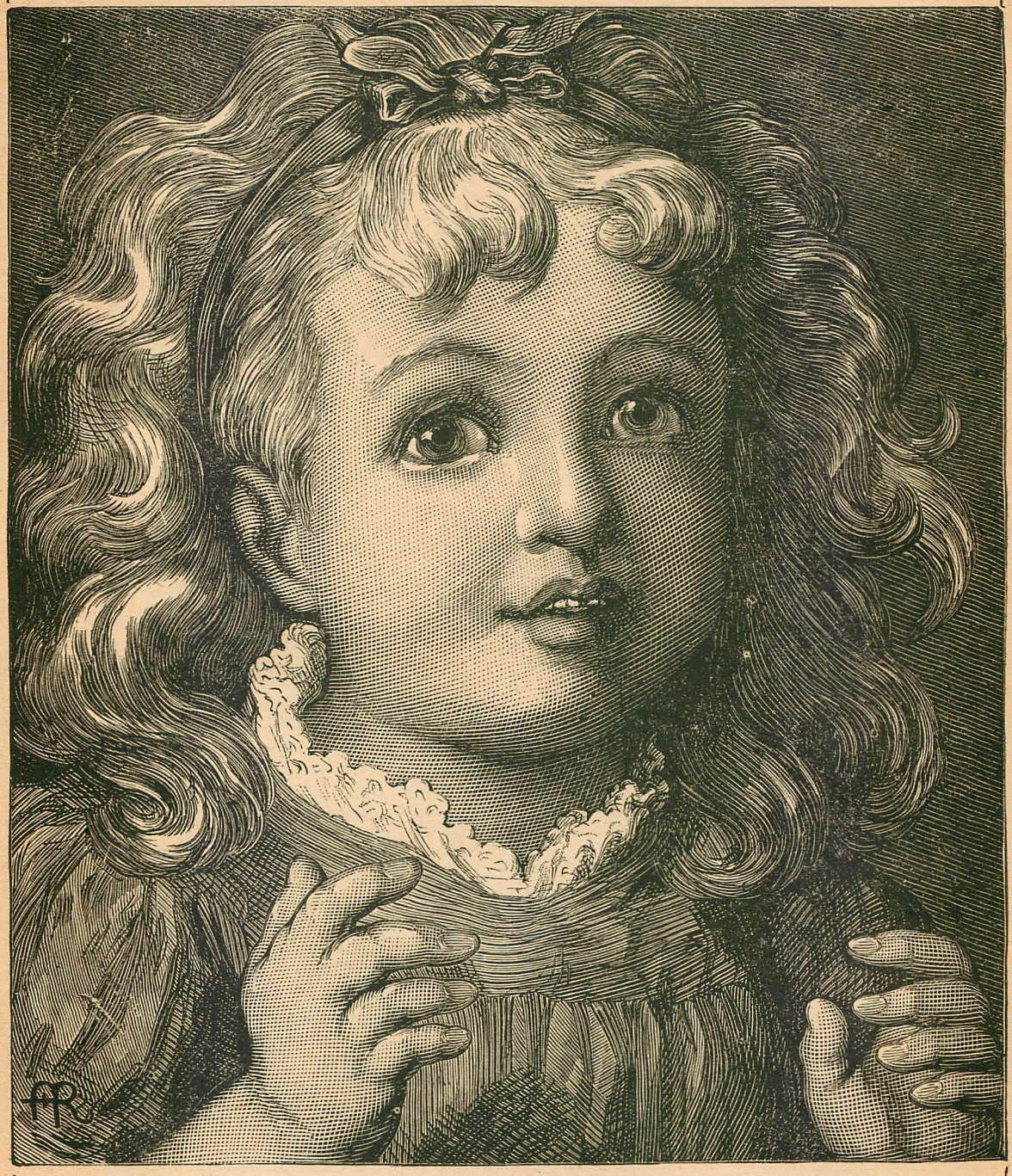
63. I AM masculine now as I stand,
Add one letter and I'm feminine made;
Add another my manhood returns,
Add three more and again I'm betrayed.

64. My *first* is a decided negative; my *second* the essence of evil; my *whole* indicates inexperience.

65. I AM proud of my train, and well I may be;
By my train all I'm worth is supplied.
It seems strange, but it's true
That my worth's nought increased,
No matter by what multiplied.

BROWNSWOOD.

[*Answers at page* 110.]



LITTLE CHATTERBOX.

THEY call me 'Little Chatterbox,'
My name is little May;
I have to talk so much, because
I have so much to say.

And oh! I have so many friends—
So many! And, you see,
I can't help loving them, because
They every one love me.

Difficulties in our Path.

THE MOOSE HUNTERS.

(*Continued from page 75.*)

CHAPTER XI.

FRED kindly got up and built a fire next morning before waking the rest of us, and this was only one of his fatherly ways. It seemed like a late April morning; there was that in the air that reminded us of spring; the same light gauzy mists were rising from the ground, and out on the elms the robins sang as in nest-making time. The illusion was almost perfect, only the red cranberry clusters and round-wood plums marred the fancy. We breakfasted immediately and went on. Two miles more of meadow and we had again entered the fir-woods, leaving the meadow with its robins behind.

'Now, bowse ahead, fellows!' Fred exhorted. 'On to Parmachenne! We ought to reach the foot of the lake to-night.'

'Bowse ahead,' I may remark, had been our motto all the way up. It is not, I am aware, a very elegant one; but in tight places we found it expressive, more forcible than mere 'go ahead.' And we had need *to bowse;* for immediately after leaving the meadows we found ourselves in a very long and tiresome rapid, though not a very violent one. Before we reached the more moderate water above we had taken the morning kinks well out of our muscles. A mile above are the great 'rips.' These we reached twenty minutes later. The banks on both sides are here very unfavourable for using the tow-line, and to get up without it was quite out of the question.

'We shall have to take to the water,' Fred declared at a glance.

The 'rip,' or rapid, is a hundred yards in length, and the water runs pretty roughly with a clearly defined roar; all these descents have each a distinct and peculiar voice, some harsh, gruff, and ominous, others mellow, and still others cheery, though brawling.

'How deep is the water?' Scott asked; 'and will it not take a fellow off his feet?'

'Pull up to the foot of it,' Fred said, 'and we will soon find out. It doesn't look deep.'

He jumped out; it was about to his middle.

'I'll hold the boat,' said he, taking hold of the nose. 'Fix the line, Farr.'

Farr knotted one end of the tow-line into the ring.

'Now then, pile out,' says Fred. 'We'll Indian-file it up the centre.'

This was our first experience of wading. Below, the stream had been far too deep. Scott hesitated a little about stepping overboard, till seeing the rest of us laughing at him he leaped out. Nothing like a little—not too much—ridicule to bring a fellow out.

Fred went ahead and picked the way; Farr followed next, Scott and I brought up the rear. It did not draw very hard. We walked steadily up. The water did not, even in the holes, come above our waists; it was rather strong. It took Scott off his feet once, but he supported himself by the rope. We were not more than ten minutes getting up. After the first chill the water did not feel cold at all; on the whole I rather enjoyed it. Of course it left us with wet pants, but these are things one does not mind in the woods if the weather be not cold.

A hundred rods above this place are the Forks, with the Little Magalloway, which joins the main stream from the north-west. The Little Magalloway is not more than one-third the size of the main river; it is a very pretty stream, running over bright yellow sand and pebbles. A boat can be run up for a number of miles. We had been told that a boat could be towed up the Magalloway proper as far as 'The Great Eddy,' one mile above the Forks; but the rips looked so formidable and continuous that we concluded to land here and take to the carry-path. Accordingly we pulled into the Little Magalloway, and after proceeding from sixty to eighty rods, we landed at the place where many former voyagers seemed to have moored their boats, and where, indeed, Godwin had advised us to land at the outset.

Here were the traces of numerous camp-fires. Trees had been felled for fuel. As it was near noon we determined to have dinner before attempting to cross 'the carry.' From this point to the foot of the lake it is four miles, so called. It seemed ten before we got our boat across it next day.

Above the 'Big Eddy' there are continuous falls clean up to the dam at the lake. There is a fairly-defined carry-path through the woods, though trees have fallen across it in many places.

Here, as at other places, the trees had a good deal to say. One large spruce declared, 'This is a fine wild country, but lacks good food and ladies' society.' Another fir swore fearfully about the length of the carry and the tree-trunks across it; Scott indignantly rebuked it—with the axe.

As soon as dinner was got and eaten we drew up the boat out of the stream in order that it might get dry for to-morrow's task of carrying it up to the lake. Our traps, bags, &c., we then carried to a little distance and hid in a thicket of firs. We did not deem it probable than any one would pass, yet there might somebody come along; and from the profanity of the trees we gained a poor opinion of the morals of the place generally. Our blankets, kettles, tin-ware, and raw provisions for several days, were then packed up, each pack weighing from twenty-five to thirty-five pounds. Of these we gave Scott the lightest one. Each adjusted his pack to suit his own back. We took also our guns in our hands and the ammunition in our pockets. By the time we were ready to set off it was two o'clock. The path, which could only be followed by close attention, wound in and out among a heavy spruce growth with an occasional lofty pine.

Often these pines were five to six feet in diameter, showing a clean trunk for sixty or seventy feet. Immediately we began to find trees, spruce and fir, across the path, just as they had fallen, lying at breast height. Over the first of these we climbed without noticing the inconvenience, but after getting over a dozen or more it began to grow a very wearying business. If any reader wishes a practical idea of it, let him take a weight of thirty pounds on

his shoulders and a gun in his hand and climb over a gate twenty or thirty times. It takes a very fair allowance of time to go a mile under such circumstances. It was three o'clock when we reached the point where the path from the 'Big Eddy' joins the main carry-path; here a pine announced in red chalk that it was three miles to the dam.

'Bowse ahead!' Fred exclaimed; 'it will be pitch dark before we get there!'

We walked and climbed on as fast as we could. It was a tolerably dry path, however; there were only two sloughs. At intervals we could hear the roar of falls, but the path had diverged from the river, which comes down a ravine to the east of it. The latter portion of the way was not so badly cumbered with fallen trees as we had found the first part, else we should have got quite discouraged. Nevertheless, dusk was falling over this whole wild region, and the deep recesses of the spruce woods had grown dark enough when a turn of the path led us out to the brink of a great gorge, partially cleared of trees.

'Parmachenee!' shouted Fred.

The lake was not in sight, but we could plainly hear the plunge of the waters at the dam, and far down at the bottom of the gorge, near the foaming torrent, we could dimly discern a small log camp.

'Parmachenee at last!' Farr exclaimed; 'Parmachenee gorge and camp!'

The path led down the side of the gorge, but it is amazingly steep and difficult. Half stumbling, half running, we made our way down. The old camp was of spruce logs chinked up with moss and mud, and roofed as usual with 'splits.' It emitted a rather peculiar odour. Like the camp above Escohos Falls, it contained a stove, a very large, and withal a very rusty one, with an 'elevated oven.' There were two barrels of pork, a barrel of beans, about a third of a barrel of flour, tea, pepper and salt. These were the remains over and above the wants of the last logging gang. The stores had been standing here two years and over. The flour was musty, the beans were *caked*, and the pork was in that rather precarious condition which Fred termed '*sprung*.' When fried in a spider it frothed and foamed, and the smell of it invariably put Scott to flight.*

We had no lamp or candles with us that night, and Fred had immediately set to work to provide a light by frying some of the pork to get the fat for oil. This lard-oil he put in a pint basin, then cut a button from his waistband, and through the holes in the button he passed a bit of string for a wick. This contrivance for a burner he first floated on the fat, then lighted it, and, lest the fat should cool and harden, he set the basin on the elevated oven of the stove. It burned well and steadily, giving a fair light. We got our supper and ate it; tired and hungry enough we had become.

As in the lower camp, there was a long bunk across the back of the hovel. It was not without misgivings as to the possible population of the old fir-bough bed that we turned in on it, yet we were too tired to get a fresh supply of boughs.

I sincerely hope that none of our readers have bethought themselves that the day now just passed in hard labour up the river, and harder tramping over the long carry, *was Sunday!* It is almost incredible as well as unpardonable that we had none of us thought of it. We had somehow, in the newness of the life we were leading, lost a day. I thought it was Saturday, so did the others. It was not till we were rolled up in our blankets that this fact came out.

Said Fred, 'Let's see, how many days have we been getting up here? Started Monday; six days, isn't it?'

'Yes,' said Scott. 'First night down there in Grafton Notch, second at the Lake House, third at Moll's Rock, fourth in the old house below Escohos, fifth in the shanty above Escohos, sixth down there in—why, fellows! this is *the seventh night!*—isn't it? Hold on, let me count again.'

We counted again. It was the seventh night, sure.

'Then to-day's Sunday!' cried Scott, self-convicted.

'Can't be!' we exclaimed.

'Well, I declare, we're worse than a pack of heathen,' I could not help saying. 'We had better get a lath and make notches if we can't remember better than this.'

'What's to be done?' said Scott, laughing in spite of himself.

'I don't see as anything can be done *now*,' said Farr; 'the day's gone.'

'Might keep to-morrow,' I suggested.

My comrades reflected a moment.

'Oh, that would be mere fanaticism,' said Scott at length. 'The only thing to be done is to try to remember better next time, for I believe in keeping the Sunday as much as any one.' And so we went to sleep.

(To be continued.)

* It is customary for trampers in these wilds to help themselves to whatever stores they find in these old camps.

CHINESE FOOD.

THE Chinese use as food almost every living creature that comes in their way. Dogs, cats, owls, eagles, and storks, are constantly eaten, and when these are scarce, rats and mice, or even snakes, are used instead. Plenty of young puppies are always to be found on their meat-stalls, where they fetch a good price, as dogs' flesh is considered a great delicacy.

A story is told of a young Englishman in business at Canton, who was one day invited to dine at the house of a wealthy merchant. As he was curious about Chinese cookery, he determined to test it for himself by tasting most of the dishes which were handed round. One dish, in particular, he thought so good that he ate nearly all that was put before him.

Afterwards, when on the way home, his companions inquired of him how he had enjoyed the feast, and then puzzled him by barking and whining like dogs.

At last they told him that the dish which he had apparently liked so well was composed of stewed puppies! The idea of eating dog disgusted the poor man, and he felt both angry and sick; but other Europeans have been known to say they were glad they had conquered their prejudices, as they considered that such food, properly dressed, was a real treat.

A. S. C.

MONT ST. BERNARD DOG AND PUPPIES.

AMONG the many noble Mont St. Bernard dogs who have distinguished themselves, the name of one deserves to be held in special remembrance. This dog, named 'Barry,' in the early part of this century, was the means of rescuing by his own exertions no fewer than forty persons from certain death on the mountain. His most wonderful achievement goes to the hearts of us all. It was the rescue of a little boy whose mother had perished in an avalanche, and who, having been discovered by the dog alive and unhurt, was induced in the gentlest manner to mount on his back, and so conveyed to the shelter of the Hospice, where he was warmly received by the wondering monks, who speedily found for their little visitor a home and friends. The skin of this sagacious dog is preserved in the museum at Bern.

THE OLD FARM-HOUSE.

WHEN I was but a wee-bit country lass, and running home from school,
I used to pass by the old farm-house with its porch so deep and cool;
Where the honey-bees droned, and the shadows danced, and the painted butterflies
Went fluttering, fluttering, here and there, like blossoms blown from the skies.

Ah, me! it was bonny—bonny and sweet! the dear familiar place.
I mind me when Ralph, the farmer's boy, ran out with his laughing face
To tell me the wonderful news, that the beautiful scented hay
Was all to be tossed and gathered, and then to be carted away.

Oh, how happy, how bright, how fresh, was that sunshiny day in June!
All laughing we tossed the fragrant hay, from morning till burning noon:
Then up on the top of the loaded cart, as it lumbered on its way,
We rested our hot and weary limbs on that beautiful summer day.

But, ah! that was long ago! And now I sit at the farm-house door,
While my children's children laugh and shout, just as Granny did before,
In the auld lang syne, when her eyes were bright, as on that summer day,
When the farmer's boy with the sunny smile came to tell her about the hay.

The farmer's boy! Oh, my own old man! He sits in the porch just now;
He still has the cheery smile, though the hair is silvered on his brow.
The little ones love their old Grandad, for as kindly is his tongue
As it was nigh sixty years ago, when Ralph and I were young.

Oh! why should the heart grow old because the back is bent with years,
And the once bright eye is somewhat dim with life's so frequent tears?
Why sadden the childish hearts, o'er whom life's shadows are not yet flung?
Far better to keep the cheerful trust that we had when we were young.

MIGHTY RUINS.

ABOUT forty miles north-west of Damascus, in a well-watered and pleasant plain, stands a small village, the people of which do not number more than a few hundreds. But hard by the modern dwellings are the ruins of great palaces, beautiful monuments, and once refreshing fountains. Huge columns here and there raise themselves into the air, whilst the ground near them is covered with the remains of their fellows, and other parts of the buildings which they helped to support. When travellers examine closely the stones which once formed the base of these erections they are amazed to find great blocks, which in some cases are sixty feet long and ten or twelve feet thick. These are the ruins of a large town once known as Baalbek, and later on by the Greek name of Heliopolis. Of its early history but little seems to be known, save that it was always a great seat of the worship of Baal, or the Sun God. Its vast Temple, the ruins of which can still be traced, was said once to have contained a golden statue of Apollo, which on certain festivals was carried through the streets on the shoulders of citizens. In the eighth century the city fell into the hands of the Arabs, and six hundred years later it was sacked by Timur Bey. After this it gradually lost all its magnificence and importance, until the once glorious city became as now—a mere heap of ruins.

A. R. B.

A GUESSING STORY.

MAY I have the pleasure of introducing myself to you? though whether you have thought of me much or not, you ought to know me well, since I am your constant companion.

You may imagine what a great admirer of you I am, for I pay you what is said to be the highest compliment—that of imitation. I try to copy your every movement. When you take up a book, you may see one in my hand; when you dance, I dance; when you walk, I walk; when you sit still, I sit still.

I imitate the cut of your clothes exactly, but not the colour, for I am always in mourning, and wear a quiet suit of dark grey or black. You need not guess from this that I prefer gloom and darkness, for you will not see me in the dark at all.

No; being grave and sombre myself in disposition, the light attracts me by the law of contrast, and when the sun comes out, out come I. It does me good; I get stronger directly. The only time when I do not like him is when he is too uppish, as one might say, and looks down from the loftiest height he can reach upon everybody; then his haughty ways displease me so much that I shrink away under your feet. The power I have of growing big or little is very useful to me in that way. I am fond of all light, whether moonlight, electric light, gas or candle-light. The cheerful blaze of the fire is so inspiriting to me, that when the flames dance I dance too.

One of my strongest characteristics is humility. You will find me taking my place humbly at your feet, and allowing you to tread on me as I lie on the ground. Sometimes, however, I get up, for a change, and lean against a wall. I am silent as the grave, even when my lips are seen to move. Wheels may pass over me, but I never utter a cry. You will see me as you go walking or running before, behind, or at the side of you, but yet I never get in your way. I attend on beasts, birds, and fishes as well as on human beings; yes, and on inanimate as well as animate things.

I am both a good portrait-painter, especially in profile, and am also an important element in art, for the pictures of painters would be dull and insipid without me. Artists possess one curious power over me, for without using a spark of fire they can make me warm or cool at their will. In general I am of a cold habit, so that people like to be in my company on a hot, scorching day.

An event has been related by a biographer of mine, though I do not myself remember it, of a man who was so foolish as to part company with me for ever. But it certainly did not answer, for it is said he missed me so much that his life became a burden to him, so I advise you to accept my company and make the best of it.

EDITH C. RICKARDS.

A LITTLE STUDY IN ANATOMY.

HOW many bones in the human face?
Fourteen, when they're all in place.

How many bones in the human head?
Eight, my child, as I've often said.

How many bones in the human ear?
Four in each, and they help to hear.

How many bones in the human spine?
Twenty-four, like a climbing vine.

How many bones in the human chest?
Twenty-four ribs, and two of the rest.

How many bones the shoulder bind?
Two in each—one before, one behind.

How many bones in the human arm?
In each arm one; two in each forearm.

How many bones in the human wrist?
Eight in each, if none are missed.

How many bones in the palm of the hand?
Five in each, with many a band.

How many bones in the fingers ten?
Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend.

How many bones in the human hip?
One in each; like a dish they dip.

How many bones in the human thigh?
One in each, and deep they lie.

How many bones in the human knees?
One in each, the kneepan, please.

How many bones in the leg from the knee?
Two in each, we can plainly see.

How many bones in the ankle strong?
Seven in each, but none are long.

How many bones in the ball of the foot?
Five in each, as the palms are put.

How many bones in the toes half a score?
Twenty-eight, and there are no more.

And now all together these many bones wait,
And they count, in a body, two hundred and eight.

And then we have in the human mouth,
Of upper and under, thirty-two teeth.

And now and then have a bone, I should think,
That forms on a joint or to fill up a chink—

A Sesamoid bone or a Wormian, we call.
And now we may rest, for we've told them all.

A SMALL German Baron once had occasion, as it seems, to see Baron Rothschild, of Frankfort. The great financier was writing away for very life when Baron X. was announced. He did not even lift his eyes, but said, 'Take a chair, sir.'

The Baron, with true German touchiness about titles, said, 'Sir, indeed I think M. le Baron did not hear my name. I am a Baron also—the Baron X.'

'Ah! a thousand pardons,' said the banker, still writing; 'you are a Baron—take two chairs, then, if you will be so kind and wait till I have finished this letter.'

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

CONUNDRUMS.

66. My *first* is a vessel much used in regattas;
My *second* a spouter, who scolds and who flatters;
My *third* was a Duke, though a pirate by birth;
My *fourth* has the lovliest lakes upon earth.

Read my *first* letters down, for an old English town;
Then my *last* letters pray, just in the same way;
For a town of the past, which was taken at last,
After years had been spent, and bows had been bent,
And helmets were riven, and war-horses driven,
And thousands lay slain, on its world-famous plain. MOTHER SPHINX.

67. WE are heard at early morning and late at night; we proclaim your joy as well as sorrow; in fiercest conflagrations we call aloud; and at every ball we create sensation.

68. WHICH is greater—the quarter o a foot cube, or the cube of a quarter of a foot?

69. I NEVER had life, yet I was hung. I gave sustenance and name to my creator. I represent much wealth. I have outlived my owner, and posterity adds to my value. BROWNSWOOD.

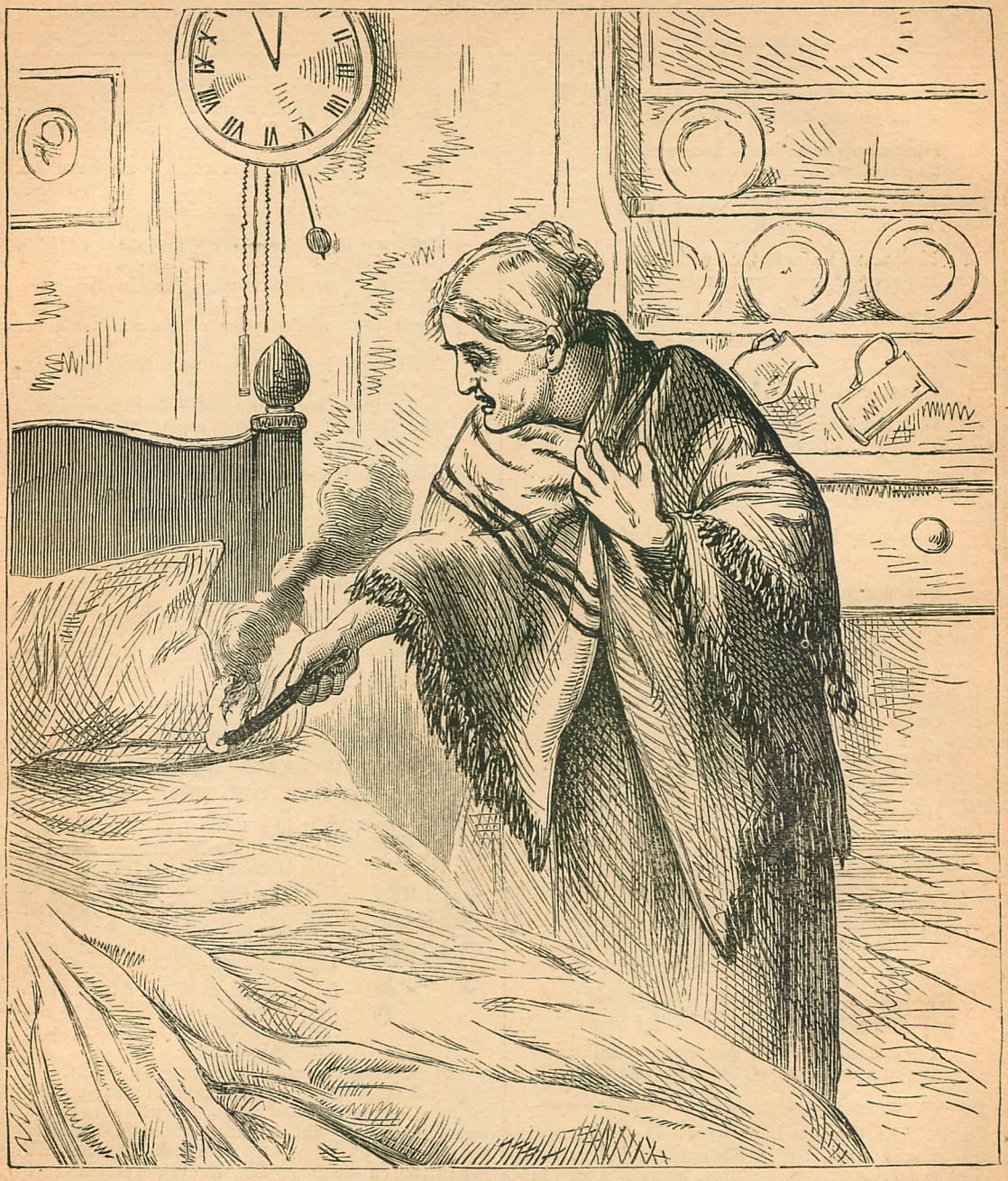
[*Answers at page* 110.]

THE OLD WOMAN WHO SET HER HOUSE ON FIRE.

HUSUM is a town on the west coast of Slesing, on the North Sea. Any one who is fond of oysters should go to Husum. It is always very cold in winter, and plenty of ice is there. But once it froze so hard that the inner harbour was covered with beautiful smooth ice. The Husum folk rejoiced at this. All who had legs to carry them hastened to the ice. The little oyster-town was quite deserted.

The people had a grand fête; tents were built, and there was much pleasure and amusement; they played, laughed, danced, ate and drank, and glided over the smooth ice. They did not notice the white cloud in the sky, and they forgot the poor sick old woman in her cottage on the dyke. But she did not forget them as she looked from her sick bed and saw the cloud, and she knew that it meant danger, for in her younger days she had had many a fishing and oyster-catching trip with her husband. She saw that one little cloud followed by others, and that they formed themselves into one great black cloud. She knew that if a storm arose all those people on the ice would be drowned.

In half-an-hour it would be high tide. The old woman cried as loud as she could, but the merry folk



The little old Woman setting fire to her House.

on the ice neither heard nor saw her. Only a few minutes, and perhaps the rising sea would bury hundreds in its waves.

Then the old woman put forth all her strength. She struck a light and put a firebrand to her bed, and with difficulty escaped from the burning house. In a moment the bright flames darted upwards; they were seen on the ice. All rushed to the land to the rescue.

The last foot had scarcely left the ice when, with a terrible crash, the rising waves broke the ice; but all were safe. The people wished to save the little old woman, but she in her wisdom had been the means of saving them.

It is needless to tell how grateful the people of Husum were to the little old woman, and how they provided her with a dwelling, with food, and with many comforts.

Carrying our Boat.

THE MOOSE HUNTERS.

(*Continued from page* 83.)

CHAPTER XII.

NEXT morning, before I was awake, Fred had potatoes nearly roasted in the 'elevated oven.' For our breakfast we had roasted potatoes and butter, a bountiful mess, too, of which Fred exhorted us to partake largely. 'For,' said he, 'we've got a tough day's work before us to get that boat up here and launched in the lake above the dam.' We had no doubt of that.

At a quarter to eight next morning we set off to re-cross the carry, and, climbing the side of the gorge, entered the path again. The woods were full of red squirrels, now in the midst of their morning antics; and so great a din did they keep up that little else could be heard. Scarcely had we gained the top of the ridge, however, when Farr spied three spruce partridges running in the path ahead of us. Scott had taken our little rifle. We fired at them and killed one. Fred hung it up on a bough overhanging the path that we might take it on our return.

About half way across the carry Farr, who was ahead, suddenly drew up. 'Look here,' said he, pointing to a large hoof mark in the mud: 'moose track! A moose has been along here since last night. Isn't that a moose track, Fred?'

Fred said it was one for certain.

That was the first moose sign we had seen. The animal had walked along the path for some distance. The track was as large as the track of a large ox. Fred also pointed out to us where 'saple' (marten) had dug in the moss in several places. These signs rejoiced us greatly.

'We'll have a "saple line" on both sides of the lake,' Farr planned.

Just before coming out to the Little Magalloway, where we had drawn up our boat, we stumbled upon a second flock of partridges—five of them; Scott fired, but missed them.

I do not know how many pounds our boat weighed, but I should set it, for a guess, at four hundred. There were four of us to carry it. At first thought this does not seem a very heavy load per man; but when the length and obstructed character of the carry are considered I imagine that the reader will agree with me that we had anything but an easy job before us. Two sticks were hewn from a fallen spruce with handles at each end. These were not more than three feet long, and were nailed transversely, one across the nose of the boat, the other across the stern, near each end, so as to allow the ends, or handles, to project far enough to take hold of. The boat was turned bottom up. It was then ready for carriage; we had only to take it up and go on.

Fred took the left-side handle at the bow; I took the other side, opposite him. Farr and Scott had the stern handles, the former on the right and the latter on the left. We changed places afterwards. Farr carried the little rifle slung across his back. It was ten o'clock when we were at length ready for a start.

'Pick him up,' was the word from Fred.

We picked *him* up. I for one was not in the least deluded in my first impression. It picked up heavy at the outset. I knew we had a big job on hand, and collected my strength, and tried to use it economically.

'We won't make long heats,' said Fred. 'We won't go more than twenty rods at once without resting.'

'That will make sixty-four heats for the four miles,' Scott reckoned. But, as a matter of fact, we had nearly two hundred heats!

The path was barely wide enough to admit of our carrying it the way we had chosen. Often it grazed against the rough trunks on either side. And then the climbing over those countless windfalls across the path! Ah, me! that is a task long to be remembered. We worked hard four hours, not including the half-hour of rest we took at a little after noon. It was nearly three o'clock when at last we set the old thing down before the camp door.

We resolved to have something to eat, and then to carry the boat above the dam and launch it. For my own part I felt as if I might drop at any moment, but I determined to keep my legs as long as possible. Fred made some strong coffee, and baked more biscuits and potatoes. It came on dark before we had finished eating, so the boat lay over for next morning.

There is such a thing as being too tired to sleep well, or even at all. Scott did not go to sleep, he told me, till long past midnight. As for myself, I slept, but I was still carrying the boat till toward morning, when a good nap succeeded. On getting up next morning we were quite used up, Scott especially, while Farr and even Fred complained a good deal of lameness and soreness. It made us wince and groan when we came to carry the boat up to the dam—a hundred yards. Scott declared that it was like putting a knife betwixt his ribs to lift his side of the boat, and he came rather near profanity on this wise. Said he, 'Do you remember what that hemlock-tree down at the forks said about the carry?'

We did, distinctly.

'Well,' says Scott, 'I wish I had let that stand as it was!'

This peculiar mode of putting it set the rest of us laughing, but this hurt us so horribly that our guffaws were speedily turned into howls.

The dam at the foot of the lake is built of spruce logs, and has five gates, set in ponderous, hewn frames. There is a machine, consisting of iron cog-wheels and levers, for hoisting these. Brown, the agent of the Lumbering Company which owns the dam and the land about the lake, had told us that the gates were up. We were, therefore, somewhat surprised to find three of them closed. Some one had either let them fall for mischief, or else to better the trout-fishing at the foot of the dam. The next day, before setting off up the lake, we raised the gates.

That forenoon, after launching the boat, we unpacked some fishing-tackle—hooks and lines—and taking pork for bait, we went up to try our luck at trout-fishing. There were several long alder poles

lying about on the dam. To these we attached our lines and dropped them in. The trout did not rise to the pork bait readily, though after fishing for a half hour Farr hooked a two-pounder. Fred, meantime, put on a red 'fly,' of which he had brought three from Upton. The trout rose to this in numbers, but would not snap; after fishing for some time, however, he caught one nearly as heavy as Farr's, and a few minutes after, a larger still.

In the afternoon we went down the carry again, to get the remainder of our provisions and traps. (Scott, I should add, was left in the camp, as he was very seedy). We brought up this trip everything, save the potatoes; and of these we had brought rather over a peck the previous evening.

Scott surprised us, and rendered us not a little uneasy, by announcing that he had seen a man—a rough-looking customer—up at the dam while we were gone down the carry. The fellow had a double-barrelled gun, and, as Scott thought, a belt with a dirk-knife.

Immediately on catching sight of Scott down at the camp he made off. This looked suspicious: and fearing lest he might steal the boat, Scott took his gun and went up to the dam, in sight of where the boat lay. But he saw nothing more of the woodsman.

This information disturbed us all a good deal, and Fred especially. He let out to us that the woods in this section of the State had borne a bad name, as being the resort of a gang of rough fellows, who had made the settlements too hot for them, on account of various trespasses.

'But I was in hopes we should steer clear of them,' he added.

For fear the boat might be stolen in the night, we went up, took it out of the stream, and brought it back to the camp. There was something very unpleasant in the idea of being watched by such human beasts of prey.

(To be continued.)

A VAGUE ADDRESS.

THERE are many stories told illustrative of the quick perceptions displayed by the officials at the Post Office in conveying vaguely addressed letters to their proper destinations.

The following is told about Bishop Wilberforce's practice of writing letters and dating them from railway carriages.

It seems that the Bishop having dated a letter so written,— 'Rail,
Near Reading,'
the person to whom it was sent being ignorant both of the sender's identity and of his habit of writing whilst travelling, addressed his reply to,
'S. Oxon, Esq.,
Rail,
Near Reading.'

In spite of the absurdity of this address, the letter was delivered within a few posts at the Bishop's London house. The envelope was preserved by his family for many years as a proof of the clear-headedness of the Post-office officials. R. M.

CAUGHT AT LAST!

COME along, you young varmint! I'd have you to know
That orchards are not to be robbed with impunity;
Nor urchins like you be permitted to go
A-stealing as oft as you find opportunity.

'Tis nonsense to twist and to turn like an eel,
You can't escape me—so don't think it, my beauty;
And when the birch falls on your shoulders you'll feel
'Tis best to be honest and mindful of duty.

You thought it so clever to climb on the wall,
And swallow them plums that was meant for your betters!
Now don't go a-whinin', it won't do at all,
Why weren't you at Board School a-learning your letters?

'Policeman,' says Mary, so gentle and fair,
As she watches this scene with a heart full of sorrow,
'I don't grudge the plums, I have plenty to spare,
Pray let the boys go, they'll do better to-morrow.'

'Can't do it, miss, begging yer pardon, ye see
Them culprits must learn all the rules of society.
But after a taste of the birch, it may be
That we'll see them behaving with perfect propriety.'

D. B. McKEAN.

COUNTY CHATS.

No. XXVI.—NORTHUMBERLAND.

LET us begin at the sharp point at the extreme north of our country. Here is the famous town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, a once rich and populous place; and one of the four royal Scotch burghs. It is unfortunately placed for times of international warfare, and we are not surprised at reading of its many sorrows from fire and fury. We will mention one curious incident. When King Edward and an English army were once besieging Berwick they constructed a wooden machine on wheels, which was filled with armed men and moved up to the ramparts. It went by the nickname of 'The Sow,' from its being shaped like one. The Berwickers then had a famous engineer, who had made a huge sort of catapult. When the sow drew nigh, the catapult discharged a mass of rock at it. The rock flew whizzing over the sow, and hurt no one. Again flew a mass—this time not far enough. The third shot was well aimed, for the sow was shivered to atoms, and many of the unfortunate men were killed. Those who were able leaped down and ran away, and the Scots said the sow had a litter of pigs. After many changes of fortune, the town surrendered to the English in the reign of Edward IV., and has been a part of England ever since. The first cannon ever let off in our country was fired at the walls of Berwick. The roar nearly frightened the garrison out of their wits.

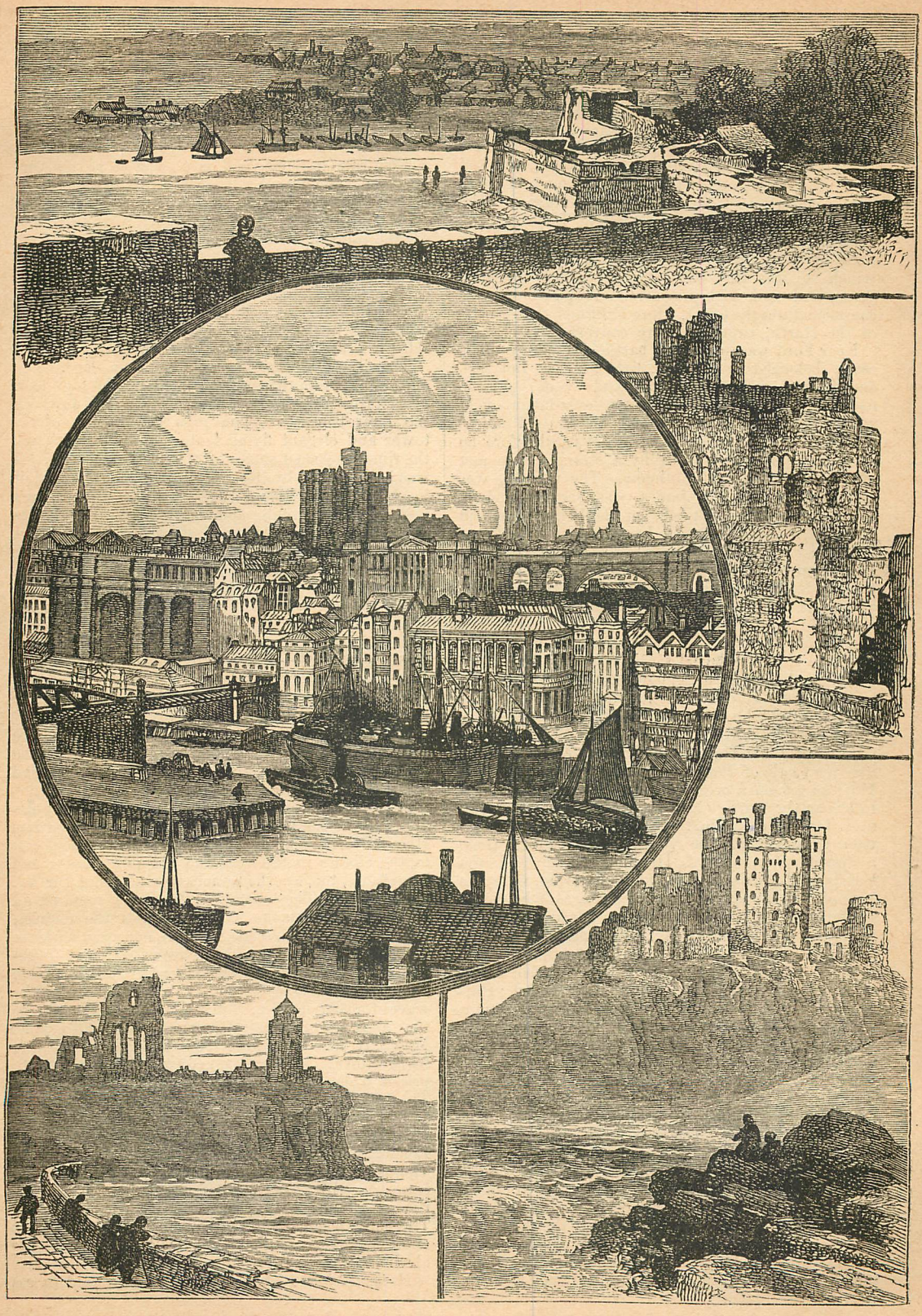
Not far away is Wark Castle, which on one occasion was taken by some English soldiers, who

Caught at Last!

crept up a sewer from the river into the kitchen. Burnt—taken—re-taken—destroyed—such is the history of Wark.

Holy Island got its name from having been inhabited by monks. Twice a-day you can cross the sands, when the tide is low. On the mainland just opposite the Island are the ruins of Lindisfarne Abbey, anciently the seat of a Bishopric. The famous St. Cuthbert was once Bishop here. About nine miles away from Lindisfarne is Farne Island, where Cuthbert made himself a cell, and nearly opposite are the battered walls of the old Castle of Bamborough. The coast here is dangerous, and wrecks are common.

Every one has heard of the noble Bamborough girl, Grace Darling, who risked her life in the storm, that she might rescue drowning men. A monument has been raised to her memory on one of the islands. She died of comsumption, aged twenty-six. The castle is very old, and has a draw-well 145 feet



VIEWS IN NORTHUMBERLAND. By W. H. J. Boot.

Walls of Berwick.
Newcastle.

The Keep, Alnwick Castle.

Tynemouth Priory.
Bamborough Castle.

deep. It is now converted into a very useful place. Here, boys and girls are educated—signals and life-boats are kept—and should any shipwrecked mariner scramble out of the surf, happy that his life at least is spared, the old frowning castle offers him bed and board for several days for nothing, until he feels strong enough to look out for himself again. The nation owes this to a good Bishop of Durham.

Wooler was anciently Willover. At Yeavering hard by was the battle of Geteringe, in 1415, in which it was said 430 English discomfited 4000 Scots, and took 160 prisoners. A pillar of stone commemorates the event. Here Paulinus, the Apostle of the North, baptized many converts.

Near Ford was fought the battle of Flodden. The castle belonged to the gay, light-hearted Delavals, and it stands nobly, amid hills and woods. At the foot of a fir-crowned rise is the ever-famous field where James of Scotland and his bravest nobles fought and fell. It is said he was warned before he set out on his fatal journey by a stranger who met him in a church at Linlithgow. The warning was unheeded, and King James was sorely handled. The Earl of Surrey got between the King's army and Scotland, and the Scottish King, accepted battle at four o'clock in the afternoon. The result was that he left on the battle-ground one king, two bishops, two mitred abbots, twelve earls, and thirteen barons. 'There is scarcely a name in Scottish history, of note, which was not represented there.' The King died under the ban of the Church, and no priest dared to read the burial service over his body.

Dunstanborough Castle, like Bamborough, is on the rocky shore. It used to belong to that Thomas, earl of Lancaster, who was put to death by Edward II., in revenge for his having had a hand in the murder of Piers Gaveston. Lancaster was tried in his own castle of Pontefract, and condemned to die. He was set on a wretched pony, and led forth to a hill near the town, where he was despatched. The most famous castle in this county is Alnwick. Sixteen towers flank the walls. Once on a time, a brave man, named Hammond, delivered the beleaguered garrison. He rode out alone, with the keys of the castle on his lance point, as if he meant to deliver it up. The Scotch king advanced to meet him, and Hammond thrust his lance through the monarch's breast. Strange to say, Hammond escaped. A cross marks the spot where King Malcolm was slain. In the ravine tower is a recess called 'Hotspur's Chair.' Here Harry Percy, called Hotspur, used to sit and watch his soldiers. The 'bloody gap' was a breach in the walls, where many a Scot perished in a vain attempt to enter.

Not very far away to the south is Warkworth Castle. This used to be the favourite home of the Percies. Two centuries ago, the chief part of it was unroofed. Near the castle is a famous hermitage, cut out of solid rock. The original hermit was one of the Bertram family, who slew his brother in a quarrel, and, heart broken, retired hither to spend the rest of his days in prayer. After his death a priest was kept here for many years by the family.

Near Rothbury, one of the real old borderers' towers, belonging to the Umframvilles, has been turned into a Rectory. Holystone reminds us again of Paulinus, the good 'Apostle of the North,' who here baptized many Christians. The well is called 'Our Lady's Well.'

Off Blyth are 'the Sow and Pigs' rocks. It enjoys a very safe harbour, and is a good place for fish. Morrison, the Chinese missionary, was born at Morpeth. This town was burnt, like Moscow, by its own people, out of hatred to King John. Near this place are the ruins of Mitford Castle. The Mitfords are a very old family, for one John Mitford held land here before the Conquest. Mary Russell Mitford, author of *Our Village*, came of this stock.

Widdrington reminds us of one of the heroes celebrated in the ballad of *Chevy Chase*. An eight-sided tower of the old castle still remains.

The city of Newcastle is a smoky, busy place. You approach it from the south by means of the high level bridge, from whose dizzy roadway you look down on the river beneath. You soon catch sight of the tower and elegant flying lantern of St. Nicolas, and the time-blackened stones of the grim old castle. It was built either by Robert, the Conqueror's son, or by his brother Rufus. The castle is square, and about 100 feet high, and of three stories. In its thick walls are galleries and staircases. When you are in this strong tower, think how many of our kings have held their court here, and dispensed judgment. This fine old relic is now in first-rate order; and is a credit to the good folk of Newcastle. Jesmond, a township, is a corruption of Jesus Mount; a place much visited by pilgrims in other days. Newcastle was a very religious place, formerly, and was called 'Monkchester.' At the Grammar School were educated Lord Collingwood, Akenside the poet, and Lords Eldon and Stowell.

Between Newcastle and Hexham are the fine ruins of Prudhoe Castle, the ancient home of the Umfranvilles. These time-worn walls are perched on a rock, 'Proudhead,' sixty feet above the Tyne.

Between Newcastle and the sea is a large population, and the signs of human labour without cessation. Here is North Shields, opposite to South Shields, up to the elbows in the coal and shipping trade; and hereabouts, too, are the famous workshops of Sir W. Armstrong. The sound of hammers goes on all day, amid the smoke which canopies the district. You wonder at the scene, and are not sorry to leave it behind you to enjoy the sweet quiet of Tynemouth, a beautiful sea-bathing place, where people seem to have nothing to do but throw sticks into the waves for big dogs to fetch back again. It was to the altar of Tynemouth Priory that Robert de Mowbray fled for refuge from the violence of the savage Rufus. He was dragged away, and thrown into prison, where he languished more than thirty years. The last prior was Robert Blakeney. He and his monks were turned adrift, and the old priory was plundered of everything valuable. The bells went to London. Seaton Delaval came to that family in 1121. The beautiful hall was designed by Vanbrugh, and furnished with great splendour, and here for a long time the Delavals 'kept it up' with great liberality. The house was built in 1707, and burnt down, like so many fine mansions, in 1822. The only relic of the old Delaval castle is the chapel—a pure bit of Norman.

Hexham was a Roman station on the famous old

wall. There were Bishops of Hexham once upon a time. The place was often plundered and burnt by Dane and Scot; and it shows its vitality by existing at all. The old priory church is a very interesting place. The nave was burnt down by Scotch 'knaves' in 1296, and never rebuilt. Near this town Queen Margaret was met and protected by the generous robber, after the fierce battle of Hexham in 1463. As she fled from the field, she lighted on a robber in the forest—a fierce-looking ruffian with a drawn sword. She suddenly resolved to appeal to the robber's good feelings, and so she said, 'Here, my friend, I commit to your care the safety of your King's son.' The robber, much struck with her words, vowed to do her and her son no harm, and to devote himself to their service. By his help, they reached the coast and got safely to Flanders. Dilston, or Devilstone, was once the property of the Radcliffes. One of them (the Earl of Derwentwater), lost his life and his all in attempting to restore the Stuarts. James Radcliffe was about the same age as the 'Pretender,' and they were sworn friends. He was a Roman Catholic, but no bigot—kind to all at Dilston. When in August, 1715, the son of James II., was proclaimed in Scotland as James VIII., Radcliffe was not one of the first to draw the sword for him. But his wife, a burning Jacobite, urged him on. So, in October, 1715, James was proclaimed king at Warkworth by a gentleman named Foster, in the presence of Radcliffe and others. But the redcoats of King George proved too strong for the poor Jacobites. They surrendered at Preston; and on the 9th January, Derwentwater was tried at the bar of the Lords, and sentenced to death. Great efforts were made for a reprieve, but without success, and he died on the 24th of February. His estates were given to the Greenwich Hospital.

At Otterburn was 'the hardest, cruelest, and best-fought action that ever was,' in the words of the old chronicler Froissart—the battle of Chevy Chase.

The curiously named town of Haltwhistle has a tomb to John Ridley, brother of the martyr. Roman remains are found here, as in all the district around about. Indeed, in Roman remains Northumberland very far surpasses any other English county.

Walltown, and Wallsend (famous for coal), remind us of that great work accomplished by the energetic Romans; viz., a wall defended by forts and turrets, stretching from Newcastle to the Solway. Many traces of it are to be seen on or near the high road from Newcastle to Carlisle. G. S. O.

A PECULIAR SIGN.

THE lover of fun is not unknown among the serious-looking Celestials, who during the last few years have been collecting in some parts of our Australian colonies. A shopkeeper, wishing to advertise his articles in the Chinese language, engaged a Chinaman to paint him a sign, expecting, of course, that it would be a very enticing one. It did not answer his expectations, however, for the only effect it had on 'the relations of the sun and moon,' as the Chinese term themselves, was to excite a laugh. At length the shopkeeper, by a bribe, obtained a translation in English of the advertisement, and found it to be as follows: '*Don't buy anything here. Shopkeeper a rogue!*'

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

CONUNDRUMS.

70. Poor brothers we are,
And great burdens we bear,
Lowly our lot's doomed to be;
We can never aspire,
Or hope to rise higher,
Such a down-trodden race are we!

71. My *first* is a letter in the alphabet; my *second* is seen on the human face; my *third* is a part of speech; and my *whole* is to be found in 'Telemachus.'

72. I am the mariner's friend; I am the making of a man; and I swim where others would sink. Who am I?

73. Which is the proudest year of a man's life? and why?

74.

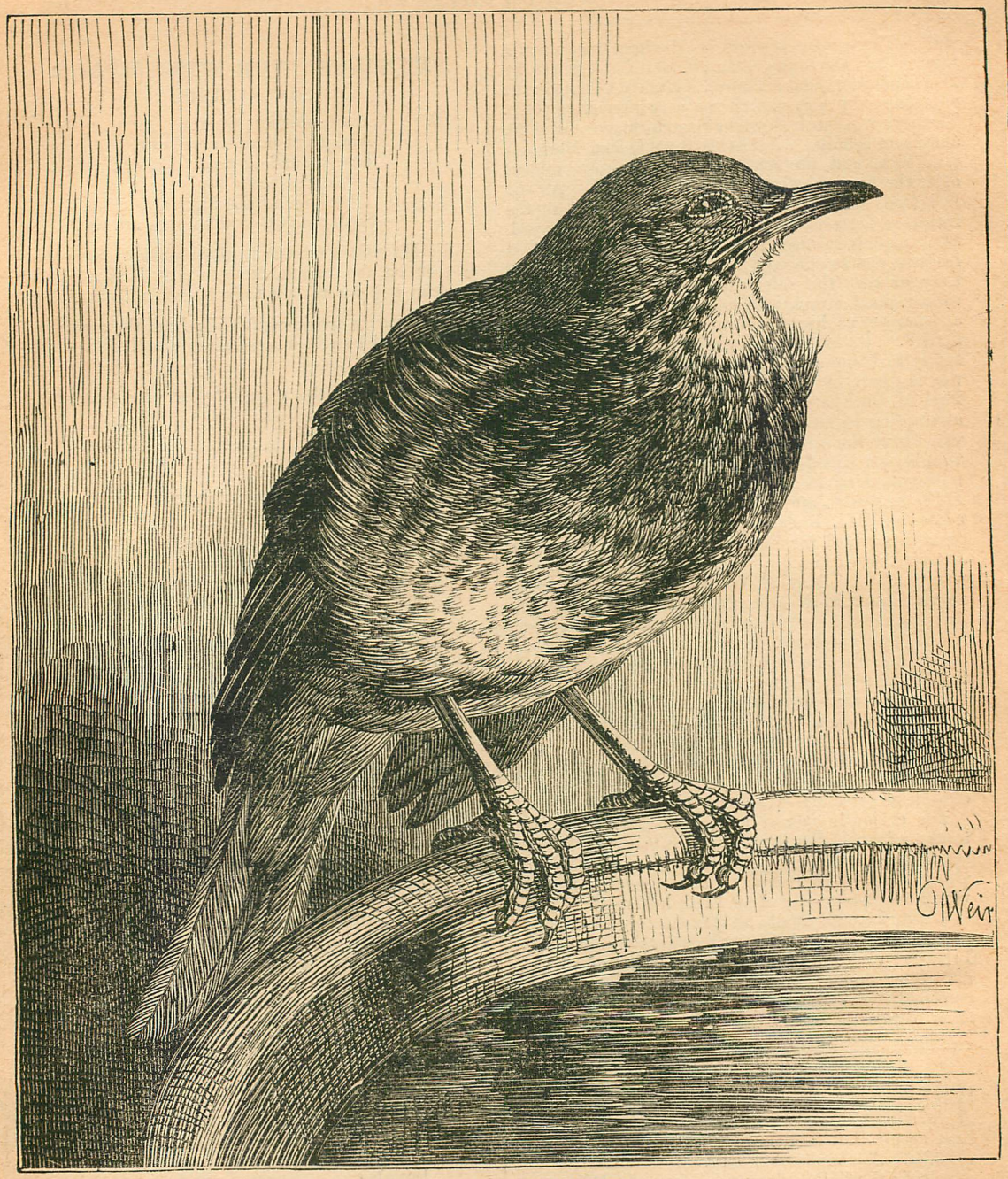
1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24

My first is of its class nineteen,
My second is the same;
Third's number one upon the scene,
Four has a double frame;
My fifth they tell us we must mind.
My sixth it names a tree,
And seven's the same as you will find;
Who has my eighth can see.
The ninth and tenth make up a limb,
The next is meal the third;
And twelve is found in every hymn,
Yet never never heard.
Thirteen's myself, yourself fifteen,
While fourteen and two eights
Bespeak a bag with nothing in,
Or dog and cat-licked plates.
We tell you plain seventeen is N,
To break your puzzle fetters,
Eighteen's the middle of a hen,
Myself the two next letters.
In the last line, place side by side
With half great Basan's chief,
Initials two of England's pride,
And that of every thief.

Arrange in fours from left to right,
And you will surely find
Four travellers, whose constant flight
Bring blessings to mankind.

Mother Sphinx.

[*Answers at page* 110.]



THE SICK THRUSH.

ONE day, while taking my usual walk, I saw a young thrush in the road; he was injured and unable to fly. I caught him and carried him home, and I turned him loose into the stable, where he had plenty of room, light, and air.

There he hopped and fluttered about for more than a month. He increased in size, health, and strength very quickly. He was fed chiefly on earthworms.

When he was able to fly he was set free, and I saw with deep regret the beautiful and graceful creature depart for the wild woods and to sweet liberty again.

The number of worms eaten by this bird—which were carefully counted every day, amounted to over 4100 during its captivity. This will show what great good is done in the garden by themselves.

"'Don't fire!' said Fred."

THE MOOSE HUNTERS.

(*Continued from page* 91.)

CHAPTER XIII.

THE next morning, as soon as it was light in the woods, Fred and I set off to bring up the potatoes. Farr, meantime, took his double-barrelled gun and went off up the side of the outlet and lake to reconnoitre. We were desirous to know whether there was a gang camping anywhere about. By going up to 'Loon Point,' where the outlet leaves the lake proper, Farr thought he might detect the smoke if there was a party at the head of the lake. Scott remained in camp, as guard of our property.

Fred and I got back up the carry at a few minutes before eleven. Farr had come in. He had seen no signs of a party, but he had run among a flock of partridges, of which he shot three at the first fire, and a fourth with his second barrel. And he had come upon the last August camp of a sporting party from New York city.

There was a raft drawn up near the camp. This party had not taken their boat over the carry, but had preferred to leave it down at the 'forks,' and build a raft for the lake.

Farr had poked about and found a pile of potatoes —nearly a bushel—at the foot of a tree, on which was written, 'A free gift to whoever wants them.' They were, to use a young lady's adjective, *splendid* potatoes, brought from Upton or Magalloway, probably—localities noted for the excellence of their potato crop. The rains had washed them clean and white. Farr had at once determined to avail himself of Monheimer's offer. There was little doubt that we should need all the potatoes we could secure. After being brought all the way from Upton and 'sacked' over the carry, they were really valuable.

Dinner was prepared and eaten. We then decided to set off for the head of the lake without further delay. That was the place where we wished to have our headquarters; and unless there was another party there, the sooner we took possession the better.

The boat was again carried up, put in the stream, and loaded with all our effects. We took from the supplies in the shanty a few pieces of the 'sprung' pork, four quarts of beans, a paper of pepper, about a quart of salt in a box, and a small quantity of tea. These articles we thought we might need, and when we returned down the stream we could account for them to Brown; this is a customary procedure. This done, we bade adieu to the camp in the gorge, and pulled off up the outlet above the dam.

We stopped at the Monheimer camp to take in the potatoes. It was just the place for a picturesque camp. No doubt Monheimer and friends enjoyed themselves. We were grateful for the potatoes. On the east side of the outlet, a forest fire had killed the growth far up the ridge. The dead trunks were falling across each other. It was a picture of vegetable ruin. Fire is the great devastator of our forests, and has destroyed more pine in Maine than all the lumbermen have cut off.

When near the lake, the outlet bends sharply to the west, around a bushy point. It was not till we had doubled this that the fine expanse burst on us. Farr had been up here already in the morning. I saw that he was watching the rest of our faces with a certain air of triumph.

'What do you say to this?' he exclaimed, as we rounded the bushes and caught sight of the lake.

We all turned round, and sat gazing for a long time. This, then, was Parmachenee. I do not know what the name signifies, but it ought to mean Beautiful Lake. The Indians named it; and I cannot but think, from the well-known fitness of their terms, that this silvery word has a beauteous significance. Its whole length does not exceed five miles; and its greatest breadth, from the mouth of Moose Brook on the east shore to the foot of Bose-buck Cove at the south-west corner, is not more than four miles.

The most of our Maine lakes are long and narrow; Parmachenee is an exception. It fills a natural basin, walled about by high, wooded hills, some of which are mountains of note. Bose-buck, for example, at the foot of the cove of the same name, is one of the finest cone-shaped peaks in New England.

Two hunters, with their dog Bose, were skirting the lake,—so the story has it. For some days they had shot nothing, and were suffering for food. As they passed the foot of the cove Bose started a buck, which ran directly up the side of the mountain till the dog overtook and pulled it down. So they named the peak *Bose's-buck*.

Over all the hills which border the lake shores, a heavy mixed growth comes down to the very water's edge; spruce, birch, and maple, mainly, with here and there a grand old pine rising head and shoulders above everything else.

On the west side, above the cove, there is a grand slope leading up from the shore, for a mile, to the height of land.

'What a place for a farm!' Scott exclaimed, as we remarked it. 'A fellow might make a paradise for himself on that slope! And what a view he would enjoy all his life long!'

There are no islands in the lower part of the lake. Toward the northern end there are numerous curious floating islands, some of an acre in extent, which rise and fall with the lake surface. They are covered with water-grass and a few low shrubs. These are the favourite haunts of the musk-rat; the islands are studded with their mud huts. The head of Parmachenee Lake is probably the best place for musk-rats in the State of Maine. But the poor little creatures are scarcely worth hunting; for some years their skins have brought no more than fifteen and eighteen cents. The afternoon was very pleasant; there was no breeze; the lake lay smooth as glass before us; a soft haze rested on the mountains, and the sunlight was mellow and warm. It was the poetry of October weather.

As we rowed on, we spied a very large flock of sheldrakes, and gradually approached them; but when within a quarter of a mile they saw us and began to swim off. Fred took up the little rifle and fired after them. We could distinctly hear the whizzing of the slug, so still was the air. It struck a little short, and went skipping in among them, at which there was a prolonged *quacking* and flapping of wings; but they did not rise. Reloading quickly, Fred fired again and again, without striking any of the flock. It was not till the fifth or sixth shot that they rose. There were not less than fifty. They circled about for some

minutes, then settled on the lake again at a distance of a mile or over.

We had heard that there was a logging camp on the Magalloway, at a little distance above the lake; and there we had had it in mind to take up our abode.

After pulling along for some hours, Farr was the first to spy the camp.

'Here we are!' he sang out, pointing in, past a great yellow birch trunk.

'Two camps,' said Scott.

'One's the ox-camp,' Fred explained, 'and the other must be the man-camp.'

We landed, to explore our prospective home. It was close upon the bank of the stream—not more than twenty yards from it: a great ark of a camp, big enough to accommodate forty men, as thick as they usually stow them in a logging shanty. We were a little dismayed to find the roof broken in at one end; heavy snows had done it. The end next the door was sound, however, for twenty feet or upwards.

'Well, there is enough of it left for us, as it is,' said Fred, after he had surveyed the ruin.

This camp, unlike the most of them, had a double roof. Evidently, it had been in its day a sort of palace among shanties. There was a floor of hewn planks, and a stove with two broken legs lying partially under the wreck of the roof. There was also a grindstone, where the men sharpened their axes, and an anchor and anchor-line four or five hundred feet in length, used in warping rafts of logs down the lake.

In one of the logs in the end of the camp there were cut the words, 'Cleaveland's Camp.' This Cleaveland, Fred told us, had been a noted lumbering 'boss' in this region.

We at once proceeded to set ourselves up in housekeeping, in the habitable end of the camp. The roof had broken down in such a way as to keep out the weather, even from the ruinous end. It looked as if we might make ourselves comfortable. The old stove was extracted from the fallen splits, two stones took the place of its broken legs, and a hole was cut through the roof for the bruised and battered funnel.

In order to have bait for our mink and otter traps, Fred and I went back down the stream to the lake (having first unloaded the boat), to set traps for musk-rats on those floating islands.

In setting these traps for musk-rats, we took no pains to conceal or cover them; simply staked them down and left them uncovered in the paths made by the rats. On some of the islands there was a perfect net-work of these paths; and I counted not less than twenty huts. These latter are on the same plan as those of the beaver, only smaller and not so well finished. But the principle is the same. In both cases the entrance is from beneath and under water.

The musk-rat lives mainly on water-grass, roots, and twigs. It is seldom seen out by day. We saw nothing of them, not so much as a glimpse, that afternoon. They were asleep in their huts, perhaps.

The larger floating islands bore our weight readily; but the smaller ones would begin to settle gradually, deeper and deeper under the water, till we were glad to leap into the boat to avoid going over our boots.

The upper end of the lake, above Indian Point, was a very curious place, with its floating islets, covered with waving grass and populous with rat-huts, inclosed in a dark border of evergreen forest. By slightly magnifying the huts, in imagination, one could fancy that he had come upon some pre-historic settlement of the early human times,—a colony of rude lake-dwellers, living here in seclusion and peace. We had invaded their long-secure retreat; and, alas! we were bringing only war and death for them. But such ideas have no business in the minds of trappers and hunters. We set sixteen traps and went back to camp. Rain begun a little after sunset.

Farr and Scott had got everything under cover, and had the stove hot and supper cooking.

Before the shower had begun to fall Scott had brought in a great quantity of boughs, of both fir and spruce, for a bed. We drew the boat out of the stream, so that it could not be stolen without our hearing something of it. There were no signs of a party having been about the camp here, and we had seen nothing more of the prowling man at the dam.

'He may have been only some straggling hunter,' Fred said.

In the ox-camp, which was placed about a hundred feet from the other, Farr had found as many as twenty axes stowed away in a grain box. This ox-camp was a dreadfully dirty hole, dark and stinking. It was roofed with sods and dirt to the depth of two feet. In winter it may have been warm, but now it dripped constantly.

As it grew dark we heard the cries of many wild creatures — some near, some at a distance. The wilderness clearly had its dwellers. Night called them out. We were, as we now began to feel, in the very heart of the wild lands. Not a single human habitation within thirty or forty miles! If there were savage beasts in the forest at all, they were here, no doubt, and these were their cries.

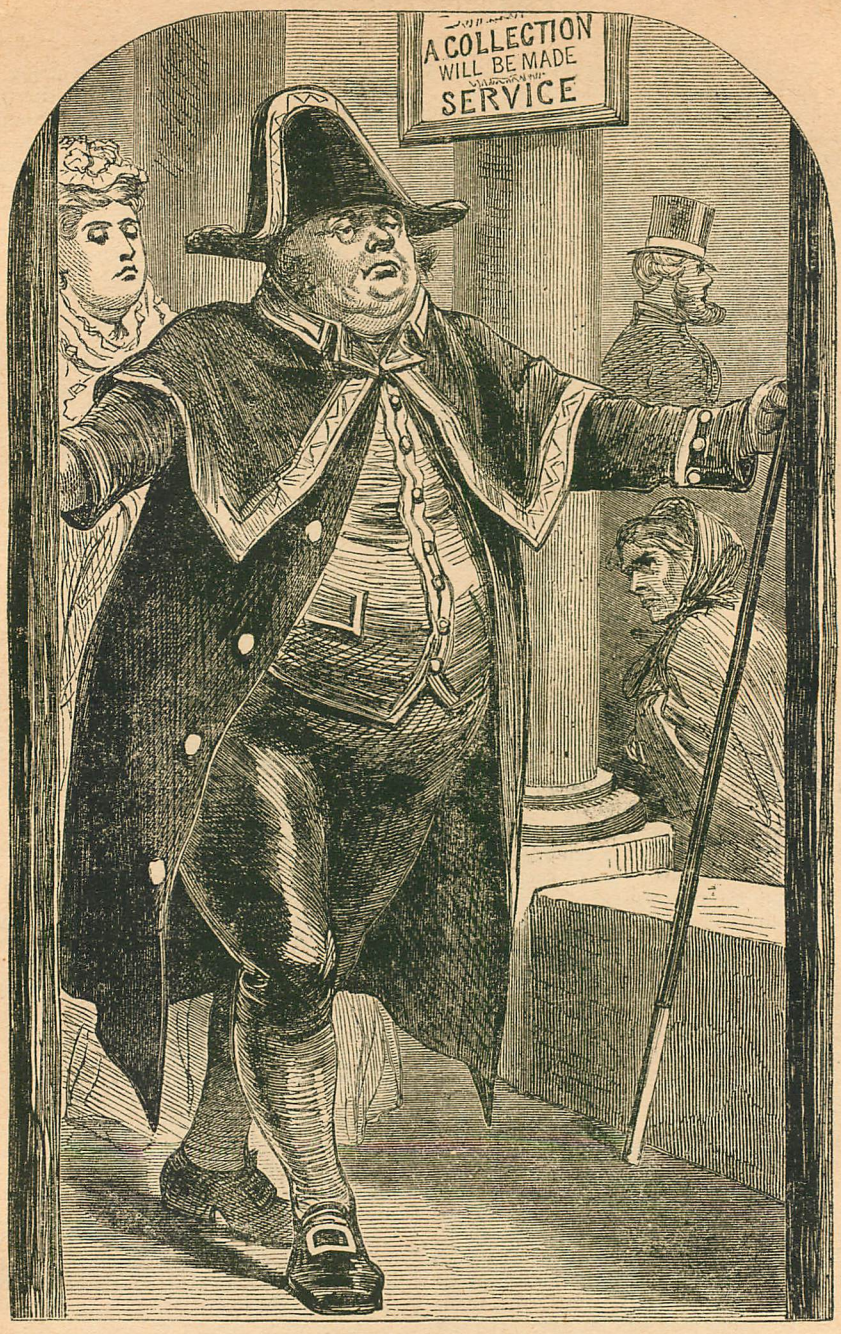
From up the river the roar of falls came borne on the still air. The rain had ceased for a time, though it was very cloudy and the air was thick with mist; objects had a wild gloom about them. We were not afraid, but this impression clung to us. Then there came the thought of the woodsmen, who had likely as not been observing our movements; this was the only real dread we experienced. The presence of man, or at least men of this sort, brought no feeling of companionship. So far from the settlements and the protection of the law, crime knew no restraint. Deeds, however dark, could not be punished. Here we must look out for ourselves, and make our own rights good by force, if necessary. So used do we grow to the protection which the laws give us, that it is a bewildering thought to know for the first time that one is beyond their reach, and that his safety lies in his own strength and courage. At first it sends a strangely insecure feeling over a person; afterwards he comes to enjoy it and feel the freer.

There were plenty of owls here; and as the evening advanced we heard a loud snort, followed by others, from the east bank of the stream. Scott took up the rifle to fire in the direction of them.

'Don't fire!' said Fred.

Scott desisted readily. We fastened our door securely. As for Spot, we could never get him out of the camp after dark; he was the most inveterate coward I ever fell in with—for a dog.

(To be continued.)



LONG AGO.

"By pride angels have fallen!"

I STOOD on Sunday morning
Before a large church door:
The congregation gathered
And carriages a score.
From one out stepped a lady
I oft had seen before.

For her the obsequious beadle
The inner door flung wide;
Lightly as up a ball-room
Her footsteps seemed to glide:
There might be good thoughts in her
For all her evil pride.

"'Good morning, my son,' said the Dwarf."

THE DWARF'S GIFT.

ON the borders of one of the great forests which once existed in Germany there stood, many years ago, the little village of Brönlich. It lay in a pretty valley between two mountains, which were clothed to their summits with tall pine-trees. A little brook came tumbling down between the two, and ran through the village. Across the brook lay the bridge of rough pine-logs which old Fritz, the woodman, had made. The logs were green with moss and lichen, but the bridge, like Fritz himself, though clumsy and old, was very strong, and on its timbers the children would lie for hours, dropping pebbles between the logs, or listening to the sound of the water as it rushed over the stones beneath.

The houses were low, and on the outside painted black and white; inside, though the rooms were small, everything was neat, clean, and comfortable. The best building in Brönlich was the schoolhouse, where Herr Winkler, who, in his youth, had been a blacksmith, taught about thirty boys. The boys, however, got more flogging than teaching, for though the master could not teach them much, he would have thought that he was neglecting his duty if he had not flogged them regularly, so that the boys were whipped when their master asked them questions which they could not answer, and they were whipped when they asked questions which *he* could not answer. Notwithstanding this, most of the lads were good and quiet, came to school regularly, and

really tried to learn something. The only one whom the schoolmaster could not manage was Hans, the woodman's son. Hans was a sturdy, active lad, but thoughtless, and so fond of fun that, as we shall see, it sometimes made him cruel, and on one occasion it brought him into great trouble.

As his mother was dead, and his father generally away from home all the day, Hans seldom troubled the schoolmaster, because he liked to ramble among the great rocks on the mountain sides, listening to the echoes, pelting the squirrels with fir-cones, or wading in the pool, much better than he liked the dingy schoolhouse and its daily canings.

But in all his wanderings Hans had never hitherto gone very far from home. One day, however, he heard in the village that the great fair at Waldstein (a town about ten miles distant) was to be held on the following day, and he resolved to go there.

Early next morning Hans awoke, and, after dressing hastily, he slipped quietly out of the house, putting a great piece of coarse brown bread in his pocket. He ran up the path behind the house, through the tall ferns and purple heather. After climbing two or three miles of steep mountain path, Hans reached a pine-wood, and feeling tired and hungry, he sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, and ate the bread which he had brought with him and some raspberries which he plucked from the bushes around. Hearing the sound of running water somewhere near, Hans pushed his way through the bushes, and found himself in a dreary, desolate-looking spot. At a little distance there ran a small stream, finding its way among some huge boulders which seemed to have rolled from the overhanging crag. Hans did not care to stay long in such a place; he quickly made his way to the stream, knelt on the ground to drink, and was hurrying away, when he was startled to find that he was being watched. A few yards away, on the edge of a great stone, sat a man whose long white hair and wrinkled face showed that he was of a great age. Hans stood still a moment, wondering how it was that he had not seen him before, and then he noticed that the old man was beckoning. Hans walked slowly towards him. When the old man saw him coming he jumped from his seat as nimbly as a boy, and Hans then saw that he was not more than three feet in height.

'Good morning, my son,' said the dwarf, in a squeaky voice. 'Thou hast risen early this morning, and, no doubt, thought that nobody knew where thou wast going. Well, thou hast a long walk before thee yet; hurry on, but don't forget to bring my fairing when thou dost come back.'

Hans did not need to be a second time told to go, as he remembered the tales he had heard of the fairies and other queer folk who were said to live among these mountains; though he scarcely knew whether he was amused or frightened at what he had seen.

When Hans resumed his journey the sun had been some time risen. Every drop of dew on the grass sparkled like a diamond, while the only sounds which disturbed the silence were the songs of the birds and the rustle of the tall ferns in the breeze.

From this point the road began to descend. As it neared the town it was easier to walk upon, and Hans made more rapid progress, so that in an hour after his interview with the dwarf he was walking the streets of Waldstein, which, early as it was, were already full of stalls of all kinds of merchandise, and of shows and swings. These, with the wide-paved streets and the tall houses, filled Hans with wonder.

Hans had never before been outside his native village, and there was much to amuse and to interest him, so that long before he had seen all that he wished to see the descending sun warned him that it was time to return. Hans suddenly remembered the dwarf's request, and, being rather afraid to pass through the fir wood without taking a present with him, he quickly chose a pair of pretty velvet shoes, for which he paid all his remaining money, and, slinging them across his shoulders, he set out for home. Hans soon found that he would not be able to return as quickly as he had come. His wanderings in the fair, with his previous walk, had quite tired him, so that when at last he reached the fir wood it was almost dark. Wondering whether the dwarf would meet him, he passed into the shade of the trees. He had not taken very many steps, however, before the dwarf leaped over the bushes which grew by the side of the path, and stood before Hans. When the old man saw the shoes which Hans had brought he took a tremendous leap in the air, and, turning a somersault, alighted again on his feet.

'Thou art a good lad,' said he to the startled boy; 'stay here till I come back.' And away he went. Hans peered through the bushes, and saw him disappear among the rocks, where he had first been seen. In a few minutes he appeared again, carrying in his arms a fiddle, and a handsome but old-fashioned coat, trimmed with gold lace.

'Take these,' said he to Hans, 'in return for my fairing. They will give thee much amusement. The sound of this fiddle will make all who hear it dance to the sound of its music, and when thou wearest this coat it will shield thee from mortal sight. Use them well.'

'Thanks, good father,' said Hans. 'I will call on thee whenever I come this way.'

Once more the dwarf leaped over the bushes, and Hans saw him no more; but as the night was fast falling he ran home as fast as he could.

Before many days had passed Hans took his violin to a quiet spot on the hillside. It had once been a quarry, but no stone had been got from it for many years, and it was overgrown by heather and young trees, in which the game found a shelter seldom disturbed by any intruder. Hans seated himself on a large stone cushioned with beautiful moss, and woke the echoes with his music. He had not been playing long when he became aware of a movement among the bushes, and stood up to see what the cause was. The head of a rabbit was bobbing up and down in a ridiculous fashion among the heather, evidently keeping time with the music, while its long ears flapped against its sides. When Hans saw what it was he burst into a loud laugh, and, throwing himself back on the ground, he rolled over and over. By-and-by, when he had recovered, he stood up and played again; but the rabbit was gone, and, though he played loud and long, he got no more dancing to his music that day. On many a day afterwards, however, the

people in the village noticed the cattle in the fields cutting curious capers, and could not understand it; but perhaps if they had asked Hans, he could have explained the matter. Having thus proved the power of his fiddle, Hans became anxious to test his coat also; and one night, when he lay awake, he laid a plan which was carried out next day.

Putting on his wonderful coat about school-time, he walked down the street, and was pleased to find that nobody noticed him, or seemed to see him, as the dwarf had foretold. Thus encouraged, he took his stand by the school-house door, and presently he saw Herr Winkler and his pupils coming. They all passed in, however, without seeing him. He waited outside a short time so that they might get to work; then he quietly raised the latch, walked in, and shut the door behind him. The schoolmaster looked over his big spectacles when he heard the familiar click of the latch, but he could see nothing unusual. Hans walked quietly across the room and crept underneath the table, round which master and scholars were seated. Herr Winkler was cutting a stick, his pupils were puzzling over a multiplication sum of three figures, and nothing was heard but the scratch of the pencils.

Suddenly there was a scream; and the biggest lad leaped from his seat, sending all the other occupants of the form sprawling on the floor.

'Somebody stuck a pin in my leg,' said he.

'What's that?' said the astonished Winkler; then grasping his stick, he added, 'Come here, sir,' and he belaboured the unfortunate lad about the back; this done, he whipped all the other lads for tumbling, and, warning them not to do it again, he returned to his seat with the air of a man who had done his duty. Just as he was sitting down, however, invisible hands drew his chair aside, and down went the pedagogue at full length on the floor. A titter came from the back of every slate.

'Who did that?' he roared. 'I'll give every one of you ——'

At that moment the table, with all it held, was overturned upon him, and before the master could free himself, Hans made his way between the grinning boys and escaped unseen.

'What fun!' he said to himself as he walked home.

(*Concluded in our next.*)

SCRAPS OF BIOGRAPHY.

DERRICK, a man of note in the time of Dr. Johnson, published a collection of poems, and amongst them there was one in praise of Dublin, his native city. In it, after some lines about his being numbered with the forgotten dead, there came this *stanza*:—

'Unless my lines protract my fame,
And those who chance to read them cry,
"I knew him! Derrick was his name,
In yonder tomb his ashes lie!"'

An impromptu parody of these lines was uttered by Home. It ran thus:—

'Unless my deeds protract my fame,
And he who passes sadly sings,
"I knew him! Derrick was his name,
On yonder tree his carcase swings!"'

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ENIGMAS.

75. THERE is a word the letters of which must be numbered from 1 to 13. Then by placing its letters in the following order they will form the annexed meanings:—

1, 9, 3, 2, a foreign fruit; 6, 9, 10, 4, a wife; 9, 1, 11, 3; a passage underground; 1, 4, 6, 11, half; 9, 2, 5, 11, 2, a nest of hawks; 3, 2, 9, 10, the dug of a beast; 1, 9, 6, 4, a lady; 13, 2, 9, 5, not far off; 6, 4, 10, 2, to measure; 11, 5, 3, what remains?

76. THE boat went down for the ( ) was rough,
A clever boy this, for he's ( ) snuff;
A weak little chap, for he can't say ( );
Grim ( ) fills every house with woe;
Brave Joan of ( ) was a maiden true;
Our hours are many but ( ) are few.

Fill up the blanks as best you may,
Then read the *first* letters downward way,
Then over the *last* your upward eye
Carry, and you will soon espy
A rendezvous that's good for you!

MOTHER SPHINX.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

77. A SNAIL wants to get up a wall 20 feet in height; during the day it climbs 5 feet but slips back 4 feet every night. How long would it take him to reach the top?

78. TWICE nought remains nought,
The wiseacres say;
But then they are not always right:
For twice nought makes my all,
And I need nothing more,
All my wants are provided for quite.

[*Answers at page* 110.]

THE PRINCE AND THE POOR WIDOW.

A POOR widow, who had recently lost her husband, waited on a German prince of small means to beg his help, as her husband, who was a musician, had left her in want. The Prince, who was very fond of music, listened to the widow's request as she stood before him with tears on her pale cheeks.

'How much money do you want, good woman?'

She hesitated, but at last said, 'Five thalers would save me.'

Only five thalers did you say? Well, you shall have them. The Prince hastily sat down at his desk and wrote a few words on a piece of paper, which he gave to the widow, saying, 'Take this to my paymaster.'

With feelings of gratitude the widow presented the paper to the paymaster and was astonished to find that he counted out upon the table fifty thalers, saying, 'give me a receipt for the money.' The widow was astonished when she saw so much money. 'Sir,

"Take this to my paymaster."

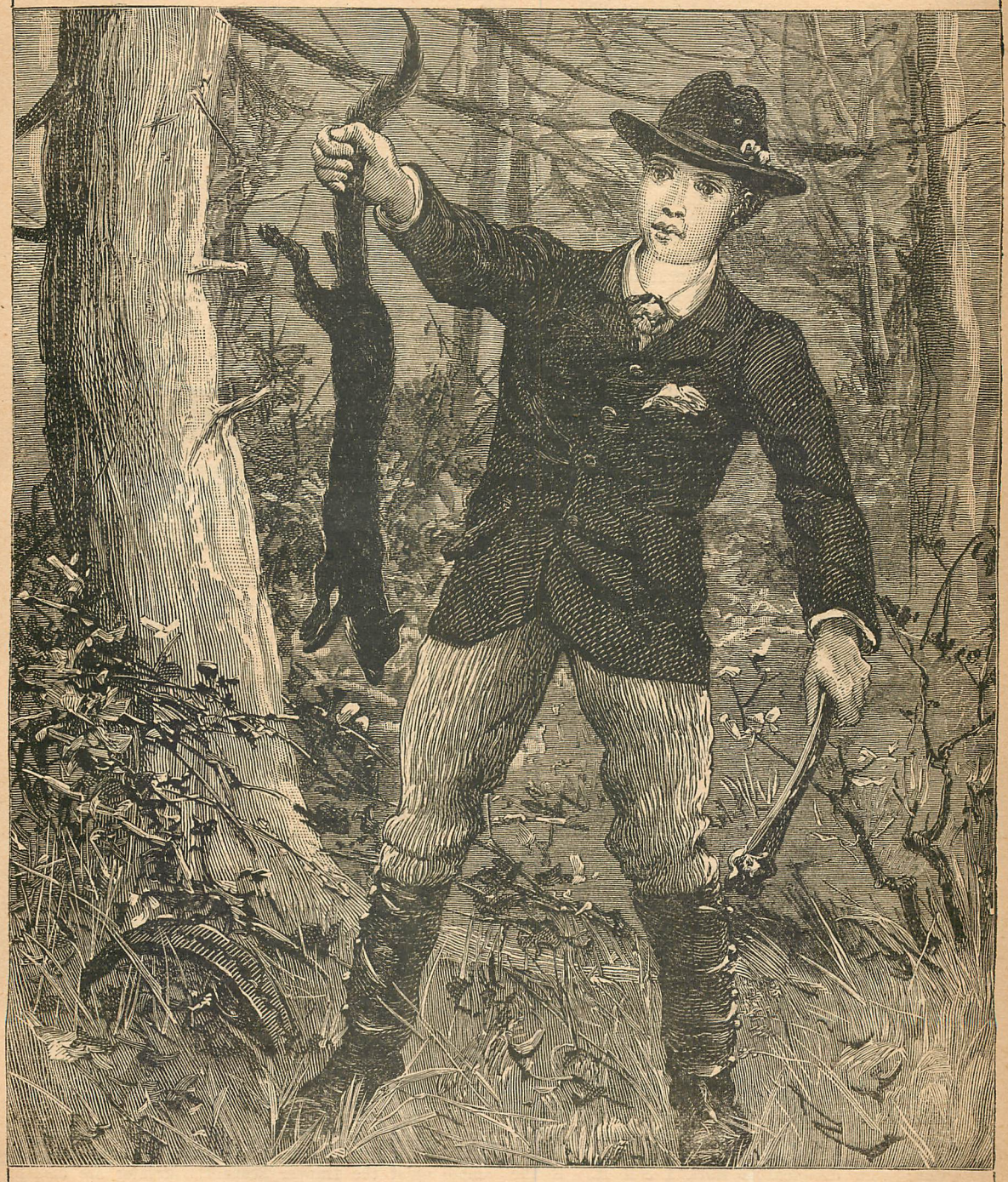
said she, 'surely there is a mistake here. I asked for *five* thalers and you have given me *fifty*.'

The paymaster shook his head and showed the paper, on which was written fifty thalers.

'It is an error, surely,' said the widow.

'Wait a few moments,' said the paymaster, 'and I will ask the Prince how much money he wished me to give you.'

'Yes,' said the Prince, on looking at the paper, 'I have made a mistake. I have written fifty instead of *five*. Would that I were rich and I would make the amount five hundred. But give the good woman one hundred thalers, for such honesty is not often found. The paymaster obeyed, and with the hundred thalers the poor widow began business, which prospered, for God's blessing was on the money.



Our first Marten.

THE MOOSE HUNTERS.

(*Continued from page* 99.)

CHAPTER XIV.

I WAS waked early by Fred.

'Let's go and look at our traps,' he said; 'we must be up early now; time is precious. Farr and Scott can get the breakfast.'

We launched the boat and paddled down the river. The mist felt cold. It was barely light. There was frost on the wet dead leaves and on the water-grass. I shivered till warmed by the exercise of rowing.

Some creature swam the stream at a distance below us, and partially around a bend. We heard the splashing, but could see nothing distinctly. Fred thought it might be a deer, or possibly a moose. There was a snapping of brush as it ran off on the east side. Evidently, there was game enough about, if we were smart enough to take it.

It was the dream of young sportsmen, particularly those from the cities, that in these wild regions game of all sorts is plenty—so plenty that, by just going out and walking for a few miles in the forest, deer, bears, and even moose, can be frequently shot. But the fact is, that all these larger wild animals are exceedingly shy, and their senses are so acute that an amateur sportsman might hunt in these forests for weeks together and never have even a glimpse of them. They hear, see, or smell, and are off long before he is aware of their presence. It is only by the utmost caution, and by overmatching their natural keenness by stratagem, that game of this sort can be taken.

It was with a good deal of expectation that we drew near the musk-rat colony on the floating islands. We could see them hopping about in the traps amid the grass, while yet at a distance.

'I set it at six,' Fred said.

I thought four would be nearer the mark.

There were eight of them, hard and fast by the legs, leaping about and gritting their teeth. One was caught round the body and squeezed to death. In two traps we found only *toes*. 'Footed themselves,' Fred said, meaning that they had gnawed off their legs to escape. Minks also do this frequently.

Some of the larger ones, the old male rats, jumped at us ferociously when we approached to *tap* them on the head, and when struck they uttered a curious squeak. It seemed too bad, but then 'business is business.' With as little waste of time as possible we reset the traps and pulled back to camp, keeping attentive eyes to everything stirring, or the least signs or sounds of game: this is the hunter's art.

Farr and Scott were up and getting breakfast. Fred began to skin rats at once. I made 'stretchers' for him out of the dry pine splits off the roof. We took the skins off *whole*, and immediately stretched them on the shingles as I prepared them. Skinning musk-rats, or any other sort of game, is work not play; very disagreeable work I call it. If the reader's nose has never realised the odour that a musk-rat emits while under the knife, he must imagine it, that is all; for my own part I would much sooner imagine it than smell it. But it is a job that has to be done, none the less.

As soon as breakfast was despatched we set off up the river with traps and bait to explore the falls and put down mink-traps, if there were *signs* of mink. It is rather over a mile up to the falls—'Little Boy's Falls' they are called.

An Indian with his family were once crossing above the falls when a pappoose tumbled off their raft and was carried over. They got the little monkey out alive, however. Hence the name of pappoose, or, as it is more commonly called, 'Little Boy's Falls.'

A little below the fall there is a bark shed, built by some trapper perhaps. It is only large enough to shelter two at most. Past it runs a little brook that flows into the stream from a pond only a few rods from the brook—so near, indeed, that we drew out the boat, and carried it across to launch it, but we were deterred by what we saw in the sand on the shore. All along the water's edge the tracks of deer were as plenty as are sheep-tracks when a large flock have passed. Among these, too, Fred pointed to more than a score of great hoof-prints.

'Moose,' said he in a whisper.

We carried back our boat without a word. It was too promising a locality to be spoiled by premature hunting, or even by showing ourselves on the shore.

On the west side of the falls a bluff rises almost perpendicularly. There are shelving rocks and many old roots with holes under them. These holes were nearly all worn, as if by animals passing in and out. Here we set five traps for mink in the holes. We staked these and carefully covered them over with leaves and earth. The bait Fred generally placed under the trencher, so that the animal would dig for it through the dirt and leaves. Fred had brought a bottle of the oil of anise, with which he *perfumed* the traps themselves to take away the odour of rusty iron, which both mink and otter are quick to detect and instinctively avoid. This occupied the forenoon.

In the afternoon we went off to set otter traps—we had four large enough for otter—at a little pond to the west of the Cleaveland camp. Farr had explored it the previous afternoon while we were setting for musk-rat. He had found what he called two otter slides, and they may have been such; the bank, indeed, was worn smooth, as if by something sliding down it. We set two traps under water at the foot of one of these and another at the second. If the otters should be minded to slide here we supposed that they might possibly slide a leg into the traps. That was Farr's idea, at least.

Along the farther shore of this pond we saw, as at the pond above, a vast number of deer tracks. In some places the ground was trodden hard, and there were occasional moose tracks here too. In all our movements here we used care to make as little noise as possible, and refrained from all loud conversation and from firing the guns. It is a very easy matter to frighten off game from any given locality. The more quiet the trapper keeps the greater are his chances for success. Animals do not readily leave their accustomed haunts unless rudely scared. But a

continuous discharging of guns will rout them in a very few days. This is especially the case with beaver and to a less extent with otter.

The next morning we had seven musk-rats; and on going up to Little Boy's Falls we found that a mink had been in one of the traps, set in a hole under a birch root; but the trap had not held him—for some reason. We knew it was a mink from the hair left on the trap jaws. This was vexatious enough, for a mink is now worth from five to seven dollars, and mink were our great expectation.

The day after, and also Monday and Tuesday the following week, we were employed in setting up a 'saple line,' to catch martens. We set it clean around the lake, going down the east shore and coming back up the west shore; and keeping the height of land on the hills above the lake from half a mile to a mile back from the water.

The pine marten is moderately plentiful in these forests, though rarely seen. Fred tells me that one day while hunting near the Richardson Lake he sat down to rest on a stone, and a few minutes after saw a marten come out in sight following his track. He had a bunch of partridges in his hand. The marten had smelled them and followed him. But the instant it caught sight of Fred it vanished like a sun-ray—before even he could cock his gun. They are very shy little creatures.

Our 'line' consisted of a hundred and thirty-one traps in all, set at intervals of thirty-five and forty rods. These were all wooden traps, mostly of the kind known as 'figure-four traps.' The entire length of the line was from fifteen to seventeen miles. It was a pretty good day's work to 'go over the line,' carry bait, reset such traps as were sprung, and carry home the game if there was any. Then there was the drag to draw. Two of us always went together on this round. It was not quite safe for one to go off alone for so long a trip through such a wilderness, even if he was sure of getting round before dark.

To set up a hundred and thirty-one traps of this sort was something of a job, as much as we could well do in three days, all four of us. Farr and Scott went ahead. At the place where it was desirable to build a trap they fell to work, and either cut up a quantity of stakes from saplings of the required length—about two feet—or else cut into the trunk of a fir or a spruce and split out thick splinters to serve as stakes.

It was my duty to shape out the trap by driving three stakes into the ground on three sides of a little square, a side of which would generally measure about fifteen inches. Besides the stakes, it was the duty of Scott and Farr to provide two poles for the 'fall' and two heavy chunks of wood for weights. Fred brought up the rear, drawing the 'drag' of musk-rat carcases and bringing the bait. He carried also a pine 'split,' out of which he made with his pocket-knife the spindle and 'figure-four' arrangement. With him rested the care of the baiting and setting the traps ready for the martens. It was my duty to *spot* trees at intervals of a hundred yards along the whole line, in order that we might be able to follow it without difficulty in future.

There was an enjoyment from this work such as I cannot hope to make plain to the reader. It came to us out of the free, boundless forest, from the exercise itself, as well as from the hope of game to be captured.

In the wooded valley above Mount Bose-buck on the west of the lake we found the partridges so abundant that a dozen could be shot by simply walking the 'line.' This was about five miles below our camp, and we decided to do all our bird-shooting here, within the compass of a couple of miles. The firing would not be heard at the head of the lake. A few martens might be frightened off, but then we must have partridges.

While making our trips through the forest we had kept a sharp eye to another possible source of profit, to wit, spruce gum. Farr had even dug a few pounds as an experiment. On the ridge and mountain sides where the spruce form nearly the entire growth gum was to be found in abundance: of this fact we soon satisfied ourselves. There would be no great difficulty in digging a hundredweight.

Rough gum was worth, we had learned, from seven to twenty cents a-pound, but pure 'purple gum,' all cleaned and ready for chewing, would bring seventy cents, and even a dollar a-pound in the cities.

First we had resolved to try trapping and hunting thoroughly, then, if game got scarce, we would go to digging gum and make what we could from that. For the week in which we set up the saple-line we took forty-three musk-rats.

Farr was the first to bring in a mink. He found it in one of the traps at 'Little Boy's Falls.' How we doted over that slim mink! Almost black it was, with a beautiful gloss on its fur and a tail that fairly glistened in the light of the basin-lamp, as Fred skinned it. This tail made to our eyes a very fine contrast with the bare snake-like tails of the musk-rats, of which we already had a long row hung up on one side of the camp.

'Good for six dollars,' said Fred, as he hung it up to cure; 'worth thirty-six of these rat-skins.'

Scott and I were the first to find marten in the traps. Fred and Farr made the first round the second day after we had set up the line. They found nothing, and were not a little chap-fallen. But two days after Scott and I found two martens on the east side and one on the west side of the lake. Ah, that was a proud return to camp that night—three 'saple!' It made Farr shout for glee.

These martens were a third, yes, a half, larger than a mink. Over the back and sides their colour was much like that of a fox. Beneath they were a reddish white. Their fur was very thick, and though lithe, they still had a chubby look, with the nose and head wonderfully slim, *sly* and beautiful. The tails were much more bushy than that of the minks. We reckoned the three martens worth seven dollars and fifty cents.

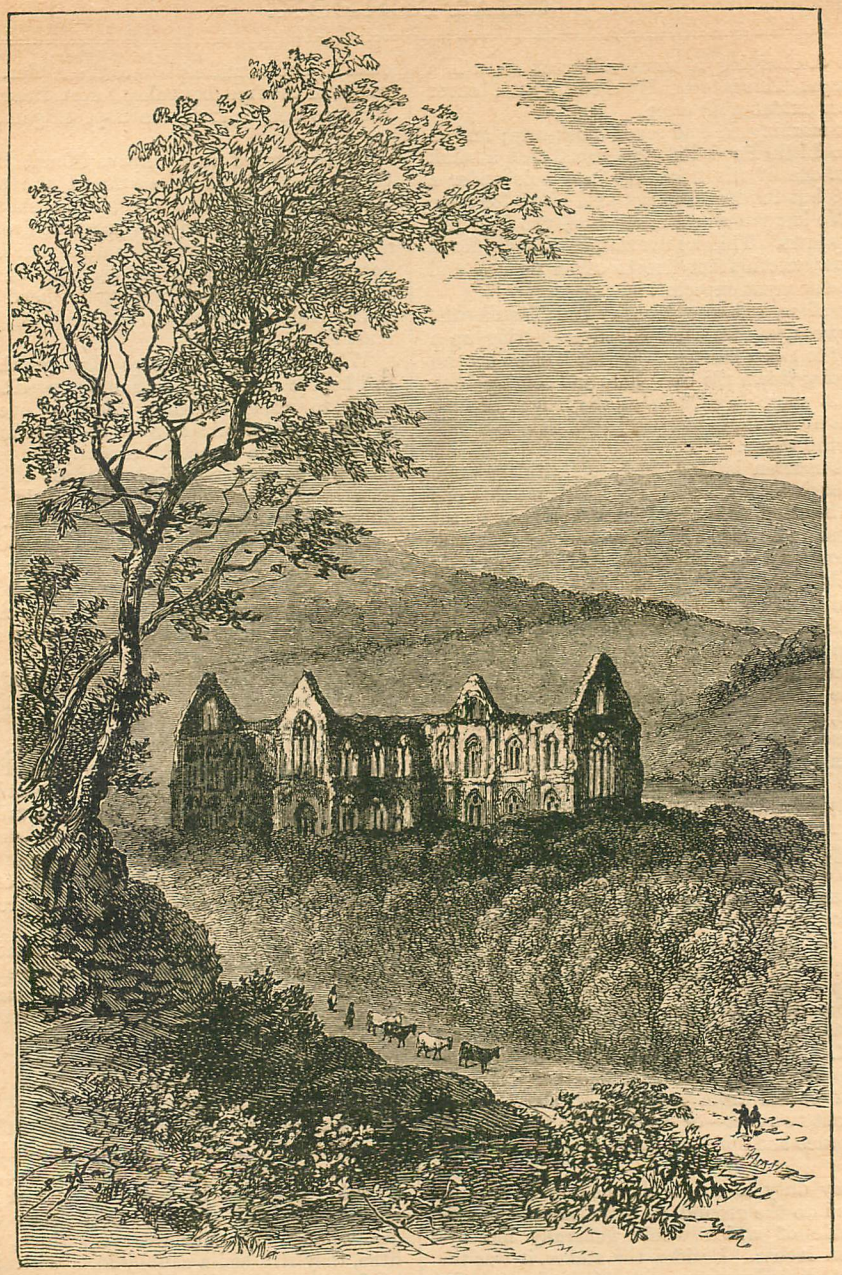
That night, while sitting in the camp eating supper, I think we heard what sounded to me like the report of a gun at a distance. It startled us.

'Gun, wasn't that?' exclaimed Scott.

'Gun, or a tree broke and fell.'

'There's no wind,' said Scott.

We were puzzled. Farr thought it was a tree. Fred declared he could not tell which it was. The



Tintern Abbey.

more we thought it over the more readily we believed that it might be a tree. But our first impression was that it had been a gun, and first impressions of such sounds are generally best.

'I don't believe we had better leave our fur here in the camp while we are off in the woods,' Fred said at length, 'or our provisions either. It would be a very easy thing for some prowling party to come along and *go through us*.'

We had planned to go up the stream above 'Little Boy's Falls' the next day.

(To be continued.)

TINTERN ABBEY.

TINTERN ABBEY is situate on the banks of the Wye; it was founded in the year 1131 by Walter de Clare. It is supposed that a battle was fought on its site in early days, when a Christian King of Glamorgan was slain, and that the abbey was built to mark the spot. It is now a beautiful ruin, and is often selected by artists as a subject for painting. The total length of the church is 228 feet. Beautiful as is Tintern Abbey by day with the sun shining on its crumbling and ivy-covered stone, it is still more beautiful when seen in the pale moonlight.

THE PHEASANT.

FROM Phasis and its banks we came,
A river, oh, how pleasant!
And that is why we have the name,
The pretty name of Pheasant.

Some heroes sought a golden prize
Beside our river Phasis,
And as we stalked before their eyes
They much admired our graces.

They thought we looked so sweet and gay,
Those rowers of the Argo,
That some of us were borne away
Among the other cargo.

And now, it's said, we show our crest
In every king's dominions;
In every forest, east and west,
Are heard our whirring pinions.

For many months we're nursed and fed,
And watched by jealous keepers,
Until the leaves are turning red
And fields are clear of reapers.

Then come our sorrows, when, alas!
Before the guns we tumble,
And lie in heaps upon the grass,
Too still in death to grumble.

Stripped of our plumes when we are dead,
We grace the rich man's table;
Roasted and served with sauce of bread
Before my Lady Mabel.

Or, at your door a knock is heard,—
'The Squire has sent a pheasant!'
You eye with joy the lovely bird,
And thank him for his present.

Perhaps you've thought him over-nice
About his birth and station;
The pheasant changes in a trice
Dislike to admiration.

We serve mankind in many ways—
In meat, in sport, in feather;
But this I think our highest praise
To bring cool hearts together.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES NOS. 62 TO 78.

62. Sand—ring—ham—Sandringham.

63. He, Her, Hero, Heroine.

64. No—vice—novice.

65. Figure 9, the product of whose multiple is always 9.

66.
Y a c h T
O r a t o R
R o l l O
K e r r Y

67. Bells—belles.

68. Cube of a quarter of a foot is 27", quarter of a cube foot is 432 inches.

69. A painting by J. M. Turner, R.A.

70. A pair of boots.

71. K—lip—so—Calypso.

72. A buoy—boy.

73. When he is forty. Because in that year he is bound to XL.

74. No. 1 is S, the nineteenth letter of the alphabet; 2 is the same; 3 is A number one in the alphabet; 4 is W; 5 is P (we are told to mind our p's and q's) 6 is U, a yew-tree; 7 is U; 8 is I, an eye; 9 and 10 are R M, an arm; 11 is T, Tea; 12 is N, never sounded in hymn; 13 is I; 15 is U; 14 and 16 are M T, or empty; 18 is E, the middle letter of hen; 19 and 20 are ME; 21 is G, half of O G; 22 and 23 are R. N., Royal Navy; 24 is R, first letter of rogue. The four words are Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter.

75. Determination.

76.
S q u a l L
U p t O
N O
D e a t H
A r C
Y e a r S

77. At first it seems clear that 20 days is the answer. But the first day it climbs 5 feet and loses 4 feet at night=1 foot. The second day it climbs 5 feet and loses at night 4 feet=1 foot; so that in two days it has climbed 2 feet. On the 15th day it has climbed 15 feet, and on the 16th day it arrives at the top.

78. Figure 8 is formed by placing 0 upon 0.

ENIGMAS.

79. I CANNOT call the sea my home,
Nor do I live on air,
Nor do I o'er the green fields roam;
I love the sunshine fair.
I have no bed wherein I lie,
And yet I oft repose;
And when I sleep I never think
Of pulling off my clothes.
I have no wings, nor wool, nor hair,
But I've a famous coat,
Which fits me nicely everywhere
And wraps around my throat.
I'm oft invited by mankind
Some dainy bit to eat;
Though first at dinners, I ne'er find
The richest dish a treat.

80. YOUNG ladies delight in us; schoolboys ill-use us; and we lie motionless after the battle.

81. MY *first* is a dog's name; my *second* is connected with melody; my *whole* is found in the heathen mythology.

82. WRITE a word of five letters three times with only twelve letters.

[*Answers at page* 143.]

THE DWARF'S GIFT.

(*Concluded from page* 103.)

HANS' success encouraged him to attempt other tricks. By-and-by the fair-day at Waldstein came round again, and Hans planned more mischief. He waited until evening, when he thought that the people would begin to return; he put on his coat, and carried his fiddle to a place about a mile out of the town, where there were large meadows on each side of the road, intersected by deep ditches. In one of these meadows Hans sat down to rest and wait. Presently he saw a group of men coming along the road from the town, each carrying a bundle. They were, as Hans guessed, pedlers returning from the fair with their unsold goods.

'Now this company shall have a right merry dance,' said Hans to himself.

When the four Jews, for such they were, came near enough, he struck up a lively air. The men stopped, looked around, and then began to shuffle their feet. As soon as Hans saw that they felt the influence of the music he moved further away from the road, and the Jews followed him across the field.

By-and-by, Hans came to a hedge of briers, through a gap in which he scrambled, and walked on. When the Jews came to the same place they did not notice the gap, and tried to break their way through. As soon as Hans saw that they were in the midst of the thorns, he stood still and fiddled furiously. The poor beings stuck fast in the bushes were forced, though much against their will, to caper vigorously till their clothes were torn to rags and their jewelry was scattered on the ground. When at last they struggled through, they looked such queer figures that Hans could no longer contain his amusement, but burst into a loud laugh and lay down on the grass.

The men heard the laugh with terror. They now felt quite sure that they were the sport of some evil spirit. However, as Hans rolled on the grass his coat, which had always been much too large for him, slipped from his shoulders and showed the pedlers that their tormenter was not a spirit but a grinning lad.

With a yell they all, with one consent, ran after Hans; but he was too sharp for them, and he would certainly have escaped had it not been that in leaping a ditch he missed his foothold and tumbled headlong into the mud. Hans had now to cry for help to the men whom he had treated so badly. Presently they came up to the ditch into which Hans had tumbled, and after some trouble they managed to get him out. They let him wipe the mud from his face; then one of them took him by the coat collar, and after administering sundry kicks, they turned their faces to Waldstein, still keeping firm hold of him. In crossing the field Hans managed to pick up his fiddle, but the coat he never saw again.

On the road, Hans began to think what would come of his folly; for he saw that the Jews intended to give him up to the law, and, somewhat alarmed, he begged that they would release him, promising never to repeat his offence. But it was all in vain. He only got another kick as a hint that he must move on.

The arrival of the company in Waldstein, which was still crowded with sight-seers, created a commotion; and many were the inquiries and the jokes as the mud-besprinkled youth and his ragged captors made their way through the crowd.

A few days later, Hans was brought up for trial. The court-room was crowded, and many people were unable to obtain admission. Some neighbours were there from Brönlich, among whom Hans' father and Herr Winkler were conspicuous.

Hans, by this time, had repented of his evil habits: he saw the great danger to which they had brought him, and when he came into court his face was pale with terror. He looked round the court, as if hoping to see some one who could help him; but though there were many who looked upon him with pity, there were none who could give him help. And when he was charged with attempting to cause the death of the four men he had waylaid, it was with a sinking heart he pleaded 'Not guilty.' Then, as if in a dream, Hans heard the evidence of each of the pedlers, who declared that he drew them from the highway against their own will by magic, and by the same means almost tore them to pieces in the bushes. Hans felt how hopeless his case was, and when the judge asked him if there were any one in court who could speak in his favour, he knew that it would be useless; he knew, too, that if any one who had been his neighbour were to speak, he could only tell of Hans' evil character in his native village. So, in answer to the judge's question, Hans could only shake his head. Then the judge, amidst a solemn silence, sentenced the prisoner to death, the sentence to be carried out on the following day. There was a murmur of excitement in the court, and Hans was led away.

Next day the town was astir at an early hour; and long before the time for the execution arrived the neighbourhood of the gaol, and the large square of the town were crowded.

At eleven o'clock a procession passed out of the gaol-yard. First, came the judge and his attendants; next, other officers of the law; then, Hans, carrying his fiddle, as he had begged leave to do; behind Hans was the executioner.

Hans' accusers were there; but experience had made them wise, and when they saw that Hans carried his fiddle they begged the bystanders to tie them to a great post which stood in the square. By the time this was done the procession was getting near the square where the execution was to take place. Hans looked anxiously into the square, and saw that it was crammed with people; then, raising his violin to his chin, he began to play, not a funeral dirge, but a dance, and with such good-will that in a few moments the whole of the vast crowd was moving to its strains, swaying to and fro like a field of corn before the breeze. Hans played faster and louder.

It was almost impossible for the procession to get any further, for the people were pressing in on every side, and each moment becoming more excited. The judge shouted to Hans to stop, but Hans only played the more merrily.

The ropes, which had been put up to keep the people within bounds, were broken, and judge, prisoner, and guards were in the very midst of the seething multitude.

For an hour or more Hans kept up the merry tune. The judge alternately pleaded and threatened Hans, until he, like the rest, was utterly exhausted; and seeing no other way out of the difficulty, he promised to give Hans his liberty (as in those days the judge had power to do) if he would stop. This Hans consented to do, and as soon as he was set free he made his way out of the town and homewards. Though greatly pleased at the success of his manœuvre, he had been taught a lesson which he never forgot.

Hans grew to manhood, and for many years he lived at Brönlich; but a more industrious, quiet man there could not be found, and many times he told the story of his strange gift and its results, in the hope that others might learn wisdom from his folly.

J. M. Bottomley.

Hans moving further away from the Road.

The Stowaways.

THE LITTLE STOWAWAY.

THE parting bell had rung, and then
The steamship slowly glided by,
While cheers from those who stayed behind
Resounded over earth and sky,
And those on board, with wistful look,
Their last farewell of England took.

For them life's battle had been hard,
Though fought with honest heart and hand;
And now, both sick and sore at heart,
They watched the dim receding land;
For though they could not wish to stay,
Yet must they weep to go away.

Sad-hearted emigrants and poor,
In search of work and daily bread;
For wives and bairnies both were there,
And all these dear ones must be fed;
And so to dear Old England's shore
They said 'Farewell for evermore.'

And then they settled down a bit.
A close and crowded host were they;
'I've thirteen hundred souls on board—'
'Twas this they heard the captain say.
But ah, the captain never knew
He had on board yet other two.

Two little stowaways were there,
Two wretched starving city boys;
But no one saw them come on board,
They neither made nor stir nor noise;
By hunger and distress made bold,
They hid them in the vessel's hold.

And in that dark abyss they lay
So close together, hand in hand,
And 'Brother,' said poor little Dick,
'D'ye think we'll ever see the land?
It's awful cold and dark down here.'
Said Geordie, 'Hush! and never fear.

But, Dick, we must be still as death,
And lie as close as close can be;
For if they found us, who can tell
What they might do to you and me?'
So creeping closer still they lay
Through many a darksome night and day.

They had some cheese and crusts of bread,
George portioned it with careful hand,
For well he knew that it must last
Until they reached that foreign land,—
That land of hope, and help, and food,
America, so grand and good.

So dark it was that scarce the boys
Could tell when it was day or night;
So fierce and bold the rats became
That for their food they had to fight.
And oh, the bitter, bitter cold
Down in that dark and noisome hold!

Poor little Dick (he was but ten),
His heart sank low with cold and fear.
And as the dismal days crept past,
And nothing came his heart to cheer,
Unceasingly he moaned and wept,
Until from weariness he slept.

And then he grew so strangely still,
And never seemed to care for bread.
George took him in his loving arms
And gently held his aching head;
'Cheer up, old Dick, I hate to see
You lie so silent on my knee.

We'll soon be there, it can't be long,
And then, oh, Dick, we'll get some food;
I've often heard that folk out there
Are always merciful and good.
And who can tell but you and I
May both grow rich yet, by-and-by?'

Said Dick in accents low, 'To-day
I dreamed that you and I had wings,
And that we flew so far away
To where we saw such lovely things;
And oh, the sun was shining bright,
And every place was warm and light!

Oh, Geordie, you would scarce believe
The lovely things that I saw there!
I heard some children singing, too,
It sounded sweetly through the air.
But, George, just think, you would not stay,
I saw you slowly fly away!

It grieved my heart that you should go.
But some one took me by the hand,
And said, "Put all your tears away,
For now you're in the better land,
And George will come, but scarcely yet;
So, little Dickie, do not fret."

And then I seemed to fall asleep,
And all the sweet dream passed away.'
Said Geordie, 'Hush! I hear a voice,
Keep silent till that man's away.'
But in a moment George was caught,
And roughly to the light was brought.

'You little varmint! Caught at last!
How many more are in the hold?'
But Geordie, dazzled by the light,
And speechless both with fear and cold,
Stood trembling at the sailor's word,
Until another voice he heard.

'Hand up the boy,' the captain said;
'Now, boy, look here, attend to me.
Whose plan was this? How came you here?
What made you wish to go to sea?'
But Geordie said, 'Forgive poor Dick,
He's down below and very sick.'

The captain gave the order then,
'Go down below, and see who's there.'
But silently the men return
And carry to the upper air
The little body, pale and cold,
For Dick had died down in the hold.

They wound him in a ragged sail.
The captain read a prayer that day.
And many a mother's heart was sore
To see the little stowaway
Cast down beneath the ocean wave,
For there poor Dick had found a grave.

But may we not in fancy see,
Among God's little ones above,
The boy, who never knew on earth
But one to look on him with love?
Yes, Jesus, from His Heavenly Throne,
The outcast City child will own.

D. B. McKean.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANAGRAMS.

83. The letters composing the following words may be rearranged to form other words having reference to the originals.

(1.) Old England.
(2.) Radical Reform.
(3.) Presbyterians.
(4.) Parishioners.
(5.) Penitentiary.
(6.) Telegraphs.
(7.) Astronomers.
(8.) Revolution.
(9.) Catalogues.
(10.) Lawyers.
(11.) Parliament.
(12.) Midshipman.
(13.) Matrimony.
(14.) Masquerade.
(15.) Impatient.
(16.) Sweetheart.
(17.) Astronomers.
(18.) Encyclopædia.
(19.) Immediately.
(20.) Elegant.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

Rearrange the following letters to form the names of places:—

84. A A A S S B I—a kingdom in Ethiopia.

85. B B E E L L A I V—a city in France.

86. E E E A D N B R—a town in Scotland.

87. Q Q E E U U U R A A B L—a town in Spain.

88. A A A S S L E N R I D—a town in Italy.

89. E E S S N N U D G—a Cape on the coast of Kent.

90. I I I I S S S P P M—a river in North America.

91. I I I L L L P E V H—a town of France.

92. A A A G U R P Y—a large town of South America.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

93. The moon it shone bright, yet long was the road,
My horses were weary and heavy their load.
To pass the dull hours and enliven the way
To a friend at my side I did mirthfully say,
'Come, number to me as we travel the ground;
My wheel is a circle *twelve feet* in the round;
Twelve miles is the distance; now pray can you tell,
From the black pits of Tindal that stand on the Fell
How often that wheel round its axis will roam,
Till Armathwaite Bridge bids us welcome to home?

[*Answers at page* 143.]

COUNTY CHATS.

No. XXVII.—NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

NOTTINGHAM is nearly oval in shape, and its surface is gently undulating. It has no very high hills. It was once chiefly forest land, and it contains an unusual number of fine parks and mansions, with grand old forest trees which are almost without an equal.

Of Blyth, old Fuller says, 'this town took its name from the mirth and good fellowship of the inhabitants therein.' It has a grand old Norman church, which, we are glad to say, is being restored.

A yet more perfect Norman church may be seen at Worksop, with the ruins of a Lady Chapel close by. The Duke of Newcastle owns the manor on condition of offering a pair of gloves to the sovereign when crowned. The fine old manor-house looks now very melancholy, for it is dismantled. It used to be one of the seats in 'the Dukery,' as the district is called, from its having had four dukes living in it. In Worksop Park is the spread oak under which they say a thousand horsemen could find shelter. This seems hardly credible, but as the branches stretch 180 feet across it must be a very immense tree.

Another of the great houses in the Dukery is Welbeck Abbey. Here the late Duke of Portland spent many hundreds of thousands on improvements. There are several great rooms built in the ground. A long drive has also been made right under the lake. In the Park are some famous trees. The Greendale oak has a road right through it. It is at least 700 years old. The Duke's walking-stick is 111 feet high.

Then there is Clumber, where the Duke of Newcastle lives. The park was once covered with heath, and fit for little but the breeding of rabbits. It now grows much useful and valuable timber.

Thoresby once belonged to the Dukes of Kingston, but it is now the home of Lord Manvers. The Duke rebuilt the house in 1745 after a great fire. Here Lady Montague was born. Every one ought to know something about so witty a woman. She married a gentleman named Montague, who went as our ambassador to Constantinople. In that city she wrote the celebrated letters on which her fame rests. The descriptions of Eastern life given by her are clear, lively, clever, humorous, and deep. The first owner of Thoresby that we know anything about was Robert Pierrepont, one of Duke William's many seekers after good things. One of this family was made Earl of Kingston by Charles I., and he had the happy fortune to earn the title of the Good Earl. A curious fate befel him. He was a royalist at heart, and yet he did not approve of all Charles's doings. He wished, therefore, to be neutral. When urged to take part with one side or the other he said, 'When I take arms with the King against the Parliament, or with the Parliament against the King, may a cannon ball divide me between them.' Not long after this, as the Royal cause seemed to be getting the worst of it, Pierrepont joined the King's army with a considerable number of men. Whilst actively engaged he was surprised at Gainsborough, and sent to Hull in a

small vessel. His friends, hearing of this, attempted to rescue him. They shouted out their wish that he should be set free, and when his captors refused they fired on the vessel. The Earl went on deck to stop the firing, and he was cut in two by a cannon ball.

Retford, like other towns in Notts, has reference in its name to the red marl so common in the shire.

The roads about Tuxford are described as ways like birdlime. This place is called Tuxford-in-the-clay.

At Rufford Abbey there are some curious tapestries. Here King James used to come hunting in the forest, and heard the glades ringing with the musical voices of eager dogs.

At Clipston are the remains of a royal hunting park, once belonging to the kings of Northumbria. An aged oak commemorates a parliament held here by Edward I. Another oak is 27 feet 6 inches in girth.

Mansfield possesses one of the finest modern crosses in England. It is nearly fifty feet high, in rich Gothic style, and erected in memory of Lord George Bentinck, a great Conservative leader who was found dead in Welbeck Park.

Dodsley is, perhaps, Mansfield's most famous son, though but little known now. He was apprenticed to a stocking-weaver, and ran away and became a footman. He wrote a volume of poems called *The Muse in Livery*; then he produced a play, which set him up as a bookseller. His shop soon became the resort of the chief literary men about town. If you go into a good library, and ask for a volume of the *Annual Register*, you will see the Mansfield weaver's name at the bottom of the title page. This modest and persevering man was the first to encourage the talents of the great Samuel Johnson.

The Miller of Mansfield is an historic personage. Mansfield is in the very midst of the ancient forest of Sherwood, so dear to all English boys as the scene of Robin Hood's exploits. This miller feasted Henry II. after meeting him in the forest, where he took him for a thief. When accosted, the King said, 'I have missed my way, and should be glad of lodging and food, which I am willing to pay for.' The miller took him to his home, and after some questions asked and answered, gave him some supper. At the supper there was a venison pasty, and the miller, little dreaming who his guest was, told him they made bold with the king's deer, but they would not for twopence the king should know it. The stranger promised he would never tell the king and then, after a drink of ale, and roasted apples, the king was allowed to go to sleep with the miller's son. Next day the grand lords of the Court came to Mansfield to seek their master, and they spied him at the miller's door as he was mounting his horse. When the miller knew who his guest was he expected to be put to death at least, for the king drew out his shining blade; but instead of having his head cut off the king tapped him on the shoulder and said, 'Rise up, Sir Richard, and come and see me in London.' When the miller went to see the king, as he did, he complained of all the fine dishes on the table, and said a black-pudding was worth them all. 'Yes,' replied the king, 'if one could but get a black-pudding.' On this, the miller's son plucked one from his hose and held it out at full length. The king then asked the young man to look round and say which of the court ladies he would like for his wife. 'Sir,' replied he, 'Judd Grumball at home; she with the red head is my love, and her only will I have.'

Robin Hood was born in this county, at a place called Locksley, about 1160. Wild and extravagant when a youth, he was outlawed for debt, and made his home in the woods. His chief friends were Little John, Will Scarlet, George Green of Wakefield, a miller's son named Much, and Friar Tuck. In course of time he commanded a hundred archers. He was very kind to the poor, and he took toll of those rich men who happened to fall into his hands. Like the miller of Mansfield, he made very free with the king's deer, but as the king had so many he did not miss them. No doubt Robin Hood was a robber, but one cannot help having a sort of liking for him. Friar Tuck performed the daily worship, at which Robin was always present, though he seems to have disliked bishops, abbots, and clergymen generally. When he was a very old man he went to Kirklees, in Yorkshire, to be nursed, and the cruel prioress caused him to be bled to death. His last words were:—

'Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head,
That they may say when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood.'

Newstead is for ever connected with that remarkable genius Lord Byron. The abbey is a beautiful old place, founded by that king whom the miller of Mansfield entertained. When the dissolution of abbeys took place it came into the possession of the Byron family. The poet has well said about this abbey:—

'One holy Henry reared the Gothic walls,
And bade the pious inmates rest in peace;
Another Henry the kind gift recalls,
And bids devotion's hallowed echoes cease.'

There is a fine lake here of thirty-six acres, where Lord Byron learnt how to swim and how to manage a boat. He died abroad, but his body was brought home, and buried in Hucknall Church near Newstead.

Annesley Park is also connected with Byron, for here lived Mary Chaworth, whom he loved so dearly, but who was destined to be the bride of another man. In a beautiful poem of his called *The Dream*, he speaks of this. The first Lord Byron and his seven brothers all fought for King Charles; and they are all buried at Hucknall-Torkard.

Southwell deserves a visit on account of its magnificent church. It is the mother-church of the county, and now, happily, a bishop's seat. There was a church founded here by Paulinus in 627. In this town, now a city, Charles I. yielded himself up to the Scotch army at the Saracen's Head. The 'Roundheads,' as they were called, used the old minster nave as a stable, and destroyed all the old records. Cardinal Wolsey spent some time in the old palace while his fortunes were declining, and Cromwell and his soldiers utterly destroyed it.

Newark-upon-Trent stands on the ancient Foss Way. It has the remains of a once fine castle overlooking the Trent. One of the Byron family held it for Charles, who knew this place well, being brought hither after he had surrendered at Southwell. In one of the chambers of this old castle King John ended his

VIEWS IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. By W. H. J. Boot.

Newstead Abbey. Newark Castle. Nottingham Castle. Sherwood Forest.

miserable life, though Shakespeare says he died in the orchard of Swineshead Abbey. Newark Church is one of the largest in England, and one of the most beautiful.

We have several times mentioned the Foss Way. It was a road made by the Romans, and it is called the Foss Way from its having had a ditch (fossa) on each side. It began at some Roman station near Grimsby, and ran by Lincoln and through the heart of England to Bath, and then to Ilchester, Exeter, and Totness. Between Newark and Leicester in one place the old pavement may yet be seen, formed of great blue flag-stones laid edgewise very carefully, the breadth being one hundred feet or more. In other parts the way has been paved with flints.

The county town is a far-famed place, on the silvery Trent, in a very pleasant country. The word means 'the home of caverns.' Peveril of the Peak had a castle here, and here a castle still rears its head on a commanding rock. Through a cavern staircase Edward III. ascended into the castle and surprised Roger Mortimer, the criminal lover of Queen Isabella, called the she-wolf of France. Edward, only eighteen years of age, burst into the room where the traitor was, and, in spite of his mother's cries, 'Have pity, fair son, on gentle Mortimer,' sent him to the Tower of London, and had him tried for high treason. He was condemned to be hanged in Smithfield, where his body was exposed two days and two nights. In 1832, the rioters burnt the castle. The market-place is the finest in the kingdom, and the Saturday market is one of the largest and most important in the midland counties, and the racecourse is one of the finest; nor can the Trent Bridge cricket-ground be easily beaten, nor the cricketers who play on it.

Let us return for a moment to the castle, once the greatest stronghold in all the Midlands, and now a very pleasant lounge where you may spend a happy afternoon. Its scenes of intrigue and disquiet are things of the past, and the Briton of the nineteenth century may, for a penny, enjoy the beautiful views from the lofty cliff, or turn in and feast his eyes on pictures and other works of art. Kirke White, a youthful poet, who has found his way into many a heart by his sweet words and untimely death, was born here.

The portrait of brave Sir Hugh Willoughby—frozen to death in 1554—hangs in Wollaton Hall. This fine place is a good specimen of the manner in which our forefather's used to build three hundred years ago. Mr. Timbs gives an amusing account of the worthy Sir Thomas Parkyns of Bunny Park, near Nottingham. He used to engrave Latin sentences on various seats and door-posts near his house. He was an ardent lover of wrestling, and he would try a fall with any strong man for the gold-laced hat he offered as a prize. All the servants he engaged were the strongest men he could get, and his coachman and footman were specially chosen because they had wrestled with him and given him a fall. Another curious feature in the worthy baronet was his love of stone coffins. He had a coffin made for himself, and had it placed in the chancel of Bunny Church, to remind him, wrestler strong as he was, that he would soon have to wrestle with grim Death, and go down to rise no more in this world. G. S. O.

THE MOOSE HUNTERS.

(*Continued from page* 108.)

CHAPTER XV.

EARLY the next morning, as soon as we had got breakfast under way, Fred carried the flour, meal, potatoes, and meat, off into a thicket at some distance below the camp, and covered them over with the tent and the rubber blankets. The fur he then hung up on the back side of the ox-camp. It was a dark hole in there; and Fred stood up old boards and piled up the grain-boxes in such a way that a person would not be very likely to see the skins, even if he went in. But our wool blankets and the tin ware we did not think it worth while to remove.

Immediately after breakfast we set off in the boat, pulled up to 'Little Boy's Falls,' and cut a path through the bushes about them. Over this we carried the boat and launched it in the stream above.

There is dead water for half a mile above, or at least the current is not strong. Then come short rips, where the stream is so very shallow that had our boat been loaded we could not have got up. As it was we had to lift it over two gravel bars.

About two miles above the falls we came abreast of another camp with its ox-shed—'Cleaveland's Upper Camp.' This is the upper limit of logging operations. Above this point not even the lumberman has penetrated.

At a place where there are black alder thickets bordering the stream we saw a deer, but not in time for a shot. It had started to bound away before Fred spied it. We thought it was of the species known as caribou.

A more interesting matter immediately claimed our attention. A stick of hazel, green, and with the bark entirely peeled off, came floating down. Farr grabbed it out of the water. The ends were cut smoothly off.

'There's somebody not far above here!' he exclaimed. 'This stick wasn't cut many hours ago!'

'Let me look at that,' said Fred, pulling in his oars. We examined it carefully.

'That *somebody* is *beavers*,' he said.

'Beavers!' Scott exclaimed. 'Good!'

'Yes, fellows,' Fred went on, looking critically at the stick. 'See the mark of their teeth—broad teeth. It is hard to tell it from a knife at first. But it's beaver sure enough; done last night, too. May be a mile or two above here though.'

We pulled on, making as little noise as possible and speaking in whispers. Presently we came to where the stream winds through a queer sort of tract, half-open bottom, filled with wonderfully tall water-grass and interspersed with thickets of alder and firs. The stream here grew so narrow that our oars would sometimes stick in the banks on both sides, but the channel was very deep with little current. And here, at a place where some thick and shaggy

firs leaned out from the banks—just after turning a bend—we came upon the beavers' own retreat! There were no *houses*, but the bank around the firs was worn and trodden smooth where it fell off into six or eight feet of water, and the stream had undermined the roots of the trees. All the hazel and alder bushes near the bank had been gnawed off and the ground was covered with bare sticks. Many of these were floating about.

'They live under that bank,' Fred whispered. 'I guess there are half a dozen of them!'

A little above we saw where they had felled a poplar, six inches across, so as to have it fall out into the stream. The small branches of this were completely stripped of bark.

During the summer and early fall beavers are seldom found at their winter houses. They wander about in families, visiting different streams, till ice begins to form, when they once more seek their homes. We supposed this to be some such family which had taken up their abode under this quiet bank for a few weeks.

We had taken along our one large trap; this we attached to a sliding-pole and set it on the bottom under the bank. Quietly then we pulled away and continued our cruise up stream.

About an hour later, I judge, and after pulling perhaps five miles above 'Little Boy's Falls,' we *crooked* our way into a pond. It was a pretty expanse of perhaps a square mile in extent, set about with the usual evergreen forest, and showing the tops of dark peaks over the woods at a distance.

There is a pleasure in exploring wild and unknown ponds and streams. Something of this we felt as we pulled out of the river and saw this *new* pond spread out before us.

In order to thoroughly explore it (from a trapper's point of view) we went up the west shore looking for mink and other signs, intending to return down the east shore. There are on the west side several little coves where small brooks make in. Into the second of these, with noiseless dips of the paddles, we were just turning when we heard distinctly several leisurely splashes as of a cow walking in a pool, just within the cove and around a thick bunch of black alders.

'Sh!' from Fred.

We reversed the stroke at once.

Scott was in the bow. He peeped with eyes round as a lynx's. But the alders were too thick. Fred crawled along beside Scott. They both peered eagerly. Then Fred's hand dipped cautiously in the water and paddled us forward a yard or more: both staring intently all the while, with Farr and myself craning our necks for a glimpse, one hand on our guns.

Suddenly Fred started and ducked his head. I saw his hand feeling behind for his gun.

'Moose!' he breathed to us behind his other hand.

Farr's eyes glistened. As for Scott, he had caught sight of the game at last and stared rapturously, never once winking, and evidently quite forgetful of the rifle.

Farr and I could not stand this. We were longing for a look. We began to crawl forward, regardless of the prayers in Fred's eyes. Seeing us coming he cocked both barrels, and hearing the faint clicks Scott grabbed for his own rifle; he had just thought of it.

Like two clumsy snakes, Farr and I crawled over the thwarts and partly on to Fred. Our four heads were now all in the bow. We were all eyes then. Ah! but wasn't that a picture for a hunter to see!

Up in the cove, close under a bunch of swamp maples that hung out over the water, and standing knee-deep among reeds and pickerel grass, and all in the shadow of the tall dark firs behind, there they stood, two of them. Perhaps it was sixty yards: not over that. They had not heard us, or at least they had not seen us. I could think of nothing but two great donkeys, or rather two enormous rabbits.

Neither of them had antlers, but they had prodigious flapping ears. They were nosing the water and the grass, and as I looked the larger raised its ungainly nose and cropped the twigs of the swamp maple. They looked to me quite black where they stood and seemed grotesquely ugly.

But poor Farr had not yet got a good look. He made a fresh effort to get farther forward; and in so doing he hit his toe against the tin bailer in the bottom of the boat. It rattled.

'You've done it now,' Fred whispered in disgust.

Instantly both moose started sharply, raising their huge ears. For an instant they stood cowering—trembling, I fancied—their great eyes dilating towards the alders.

'Fire, Scott!' Fred whispered. 'Let drive!'

One! spoke the little breech-loader.

A loud snort! A mighty splashing! *Bang—bang:* both barrels of Fred's gun. I had a long single-barrel, and fired the same moment through the smoke at what I took for the moose—one or both: and Farr let fly both barrels of his shot-gun—at random, necessarily. There was a smash of brush, a jar and pounding of the ground. Almost at the same instant a singular sound twice repeated, such as I once heard a young elephant at a menagerie make through his trunk.

'Pull in! Pull in!' Fred shouted.

Under our excited strokes the boat shot into the cove and plunged through the reeds into the muddy bank. We jumped out and looked for traces. There were deep hoof-prints in the soft black mud, and on the slime and beaten-down reeds there was a tinge of blood.

'Some of us hit!' Farr exclaimed; 'but they are gone.'

Fred was hastily reloading. Farr and I followed his example. Whether one or both were seriously wounded we could only guess. They had gone out of sight and hearing.

The prints of their hoofs were plainly visible, however, on the dead leaves. We followed in hot haste. Blood drops here and there encouraged us. For a considerable distance—a mile, very likely—the moose ran off up from the pond shore to higher land. They were keeping together. At places where the ground was moist we tracked both of them. Soon, however, the trail veered. The moose had tacked for lower ground again.

'Making for water!' panted Fred.

We ran on, in better hopes.

(To be continued.)

The wounded Moose "making for water."

Skinning the Moose.

THE MOOSE HUNTERS.

(*Continued from page* 119.)

'GOOD sign,' Farr said.

But we were in nowise certain that they were going for water.

A hundred rods farther on, we entered a great alder bottom full of grass and bushes. Here there was a very distinct trail; but it was slow work beating through the undergrowth. Tearing ahead, we came out upon a big brook, and almost at the same moment heard a crash of twigs, a snort, then another of those trumpeting squeaks. Fred was ahead. He fired.

'One of them!' he shouted. 'Gone like a streak! —Come on.'

We jumped into the brook waist deep, splashed through it, and were climbing up the bank, when Farr stopped short.

'Why! See there!' he exclaimed, pointing into the brush and water in the bed of the brook, a few yards above where we were crossing.

What seemed a great mass of wet *hair* and *hoofs* lay half under water!

'*If there isn't the moose!*' cried Fred.

There it lay, sure enough, flat in the brook, dead as a stone! The thing astonished us. After drinking, it would seem to have fallen dead in the water. The other had stayed about till we came up.

Fred was not at all sure that he had hit the second one. We could see no blood; and after looking along for twenty or thirty rods we gave it up; we felt very tolerably content.

This larger brook turned out to be the upper course of the main stream above the pond, and we at once began to take the moose in our boat. The carcase was so heavy that all four of us could scarcely raise it. Farr and Scott set off to bring the boat up the brook, while Fred and I stayed by the carcase.

Wishing to be able to state the actual size of the moose, I carefully measured its length, as it lay on the bank, with the tow-line, and indicated the measurements by knots. The entire length, from the roots of the tail to the end of its muzzle, was (as I afterwards verified it by a rule) ten feet three inches. Its height, from the tips of its forward hoofs to the top of its withers, was seven feet and an inch.

Scott and Farr were nearly two hours getting the boat up the stream to where the moose lay. And the getting back down to the pond with the heavy carcase aboard was a still longer task. We had to lift the boat over logs and 'jams' of brushwood; wading ourselves nearly the whole distance with our hands on the gunwale.

CHAPTER XVI.

AT the portage, on getting down to Little Boy's Falls, we had another difficulty. The moose was much heavier and more unwieldly to carry across than the boat; indeed, we did not carry it, but dragged it.

These labours consumed the time. It was after sunset before we were clear of the falls; and dusk was falling as we drew near the camp.

We had, I recollect, turned the 'big crook' and entered the long stretch of dead water that led down past the camp, when Farr stopped paddling and sniffed, quite on a sudden.

'Don't you smell smoke?' he exclaimed. We all sniffed, at that.

There was a very perceptible odour of resinous smoke.

'Pine burning,' Fred said.

We looked at each other in great uneasiness,—then began to paddle in haste.

'You don't suppose——' Scott began.

'Yes!' Fred cried out, standing up in the boat as we came down past the last thicket on the bank. 'It *is* the camp! Burnt up!'

Where the camp had been, there was a bright bed of coals and smoking logs! The suddenness of this catastrophe, coming so closely on our good luck, struck us quite speechless.

'Poor Spot!' Scott exclaimed, breaking the silence of our dismay.

'Burned up with it,' said I.

But Spot was not dead. A moment later, we caught sight of him standing out near the ox-camp; and hearing our voices, he came to meet us, limping, and with a blood stain on the white hair of his left shoulder. He wagged his tail in a sad sort of way when we spoke to him. His whole appearance and manner seemed to say,—'We've had an awful time here!'

Landing hastily, we went to look at the ruins. Not much to be seen: only coals and a few logs not wholly burned. Evidently the fire had taken place some hours before.

'What will Brown say to this!' Fred exclaimed. 'Camp's gone.'

'But I don't see how it caught!' Farr said. 'We left scarcely a spark of fire in the stove; and I shut it up close and tight the last thing before I came out!'

'Well, there it is—in ashes,' said Fred. 'Of course it must have caught from the stove somehow; a coal may have snapped out and got down between the planks of the floor, while we had our fire going for breakfast. But I don't see how Spot got out.—Here, Spot, come here.—He does not seem to be singed.'

'Oh, he dug out somehow,' said Farr.—'You weren't going to stay in there and be burned up, were you, old fellow?'

Spot looked volumes,—but said little.

'And our blankets!' said I.

'And all our plates and kettles and things!' Scott exclaimed.

'Lucky we took out our fur,' Farr said; 'and our potatoes and flour.'

Fred ran down to the thicket where he had hidden the provisions. 'Yes, they are all right,' he said, coming back.

Farr went out to the ox-camp to look to the skins.

'And there was that great grindstone, and anchor and anchor-line,' said Scott.

Fred was looking among the coals and logs.

'I don't see a sign of the stone or the anchor,' he said. 'Now isn't that queer?'

'Under the ashes and coals,' Scott suggested.

'But there lies the old stove,' said Fred. 'It doesn't seem to be broken up much, either.'

Suddenly Farr called to us from the ox-camp.

'Just come out here!' he said.

We ran out.

'Fur gone?' Fred asked, anxiously.

'No, the skins are just where you put them,' Farr said. 'But look in here!'

There was a small side shed joining the end of the ox-camp, where they kept the grain and other provender in great boxes. The door had a huge wooden button on it. Farr had opened it, and stood pointing inside. We took a hasty look within. *There lay the anchor-line and the anchor; and there stood the grindstone!*

'Did you bring those things out here this morning before we went off?' Farr asked.

'Why, no!' Fred exclaimed.

'No, indeed!' said Scott and I.

'Well, somebody has,' Farr replied.

We felt confounded at this.

'Somebody was here when the camp burned, and took these things out,' Farr repeated.

'And set the camp afire themselves!' Fred exclaimed.

'But I can't understand this at all,' Scott said.

'Well, I can,' said Fred. 'You see, there's some one—half a dozen, perhaps—lurking about. They came along here to-day and found us gone. As like as not they are trapping themselves, not far off. They want to drive us off. So they set the camp afire. But I suppose they thought it was rather too bad to burn up that anchor-line. It's worth forty or fifty dollars. Perhaps they mean to use it themselves; so they carried that and the anchor and grindstone out here.'

'But how about our blankets and tinware?' I said.

'Oh, they have stolen those,' said Fred.

'And Spot?' said Farr.

'I'll bet they tried to kill him,' said Fred.

'Shot at him or struck him. Poor doggy! did they try to murder you, Spot? But you got away from them, didn't you?'

We looked at the bloody stain on his back again. There seemed to be a cut through the skin; but it did not look like a shot mark. We could only guess how he received it, or with what sort of a weapon. The whole affair was more or less a mystery: there was something queer about it. Whoever had been there in our absence, they had left no trace; yet we knew that somebody must have been there.

'Well, shall we bring up the tent, or camp here in the grain-shed?' Fred at length asked; for it was growing dark.

As the grain-shed was a very comfortable little shanty, we decided to bunk in it, and use the tent in place of our wool blankets that had been either stolen or burned. The only objection to this arrangement was that it was rather too near the ox-camp; but we were not over-fastidious.

Among the ruins I found the long-handled spider; but the potato kettle was broken in halves, and the other had a big crack through it. Nevertheless, Fred cut some large thick slices of moose meat to fry; and our potatoes we roasted in the hot ashes and coals of the burned camp. We also scraped together a great heap of the coals, and cooked large 'hunks' of the moose sirloin in a still more novel manner: we thrust them through with a sharpened stick of green maple, and then setting one end of the stick in the ground, we let the meat hang over the coals, a foot above them. It cooked nicely so. Despite our vexation at the loss of the camp and our blankets, and the continual feeling of anxiety as to who and what were plotting mischief about us, we yet enjoyed that supper of moose meat.

The hide we carefully took off the carcase, and hung it up as a trophy of our first moose.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MAID OF NORWAY.

A Leaf out of Scottish History.

ON the death of Alexander II., one of the wisest of the early Scottish kings, he was succeeded on the throne by his son Alexander III., a boy of only eight years, when the unhappy country at once fell into all the troubles attendant on a long minority—intrigues on the part of England, dissensions at home, and invasions of Norsemen, who, having established themselves in Orkney, cast a longing eye across the stormy water to the mainland of Scotland. But the young Alexander, as he grew up to manhood, displayed great force of character, much firmness, prudence, and forbearance, by means of which he soon established order in the country, compelling the disaffected island chiefs to obey the laws and fall in with his wishes. At a very early age he had espoused a daughter of the King of England, though, in a spirited manner, he refused to do homage for his kingdom, over which the wily monarch (Henry III.) desired to have control.

As time went on Alexander gave his only daughter in marriage to Eric, king of Norway, and thus, at peace with both of these powers, he had leisure to devote himself to the affairs of his people at home. But troubles one after another were preparing for Scotland. Alexander lost his only son and heir, while much about the same time his daughter, the Queen of Norway, died, leaving one little infant behind her. His own queen being dead, Alexander formed a new alliance, but in a few months he was killed by a fall from his horse. Great consternation prevailed in Scotland at this time, the only direct heir to the throne being the young Norwegian princess, who after many negotiations was at length shipped off to her mother's native land. But the crowning disaster was yet to come, the Maid of Norway, as she was called, having been landed on the Orkney Islands, sickened there of a fever and died.

Surely no little princess was ever more sincerely lamented than this child, whose untimely death threw all Scotland into utter confusion. Several competitors at once laid claim to the throne, of whom John Balliol and Robert Bruce were the chief. The troubles that followed, and the interference of Edward I. of England, who claimed to be considered as Lord Paramount, are matters well known to every boy-student of history.

McK.

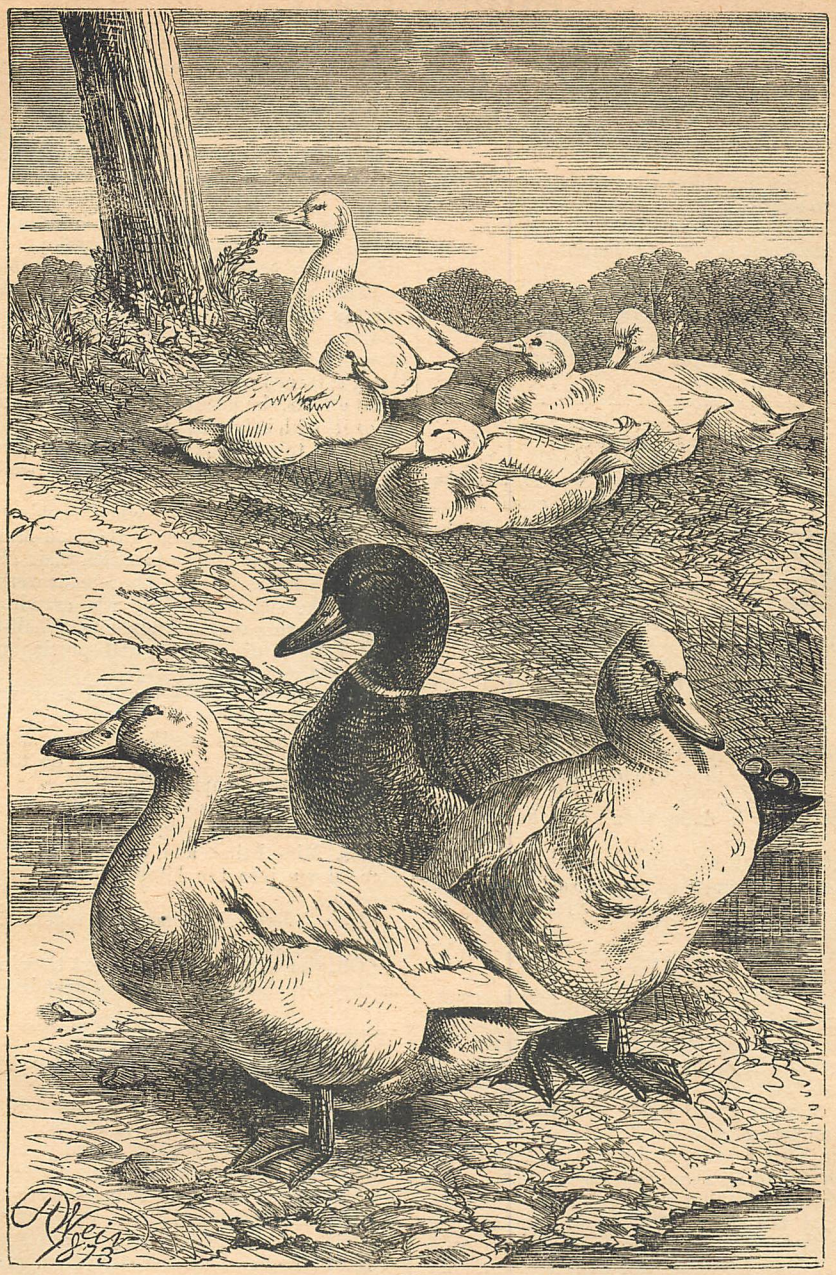
LESSONS FROM THE FLOWERS.

THERE'S not a yellow buttercup
Returning with the spring,
But it can boast a golden crown
As bright as any king.

The red rose and the lily fair,
That charm our summer day—
There's not a lady in the land
So finely dressed as they.

They feel no proud, no foolish thoughts,
Because they are so fair;
They wish for nothing, quite content
With sunshine and sweet air.

God gave to them their colours bright,
To us Faith, Hope, and Love;
And bade us leave the things of earth,
And seek the things above.



THE DUCK.

I THINK it was a stroke of luck
To come into the world a duck;
I fly, I swim, I walk, you see:
What other can compare with me?

I swim—far better than the swallow,
I fly—and beat old Dobbin hollow,
I walk—and thus surpass the trout
And other fishes, out and out.

But when did Envy ever lack
A word of ill behind one's back?

It makes me sick to hear them talk,
They say I waddle when I walk.

And when I fly with outspread wings
The swallows mock—the saucy things!
They say I dare not wheel nor skim,
Lest I should fall and break a limb.

And yesterday, a pert young chub
Gave me, he thought, a hardish rub;
'That swimming?' said he with a laugh:
'I call it only half and half.'

Well, let them talk, it won't hurt me—
They are not ducks and drakes, you see;
Our graces put them in a pet,
All grapes are sour one cannot get.

There's only one thing where I fail,
I try to sing—it's no avail;
I got a cold a long time back,
And never get beyond a 'Quack!'

I'll take some lessons of the lark
Next time I hear him in the Park,
Then won't folk listen with a 'Hush!
The duck sings better than the thrush!'

PANCAKES.

'MOTHER says that we may make our own pancakes!' cried Ethel Haughton, bursting into the schoolroom where her sister Mary was reading. 'Tom has come home, and cook has put a fire in the little kitchen for us: come along.'

Mary did not need a second bidding, and meeting their brother at the door, they all ran downstairs together. Cook was waiting for them, and after tying large aprons on the two girls, and showing them the flour, eggs, and milk, all placed ready on the dresser, she began to tell them how to begin.

'Oh, I know how to make them, cook dear!' said Ethel.

'We want to try all by ourselves,' added Mary.

'Any one can make pancakes,' remarked Tom, looking tenderly at the lemons and sugar. 'It will take at least ten to satisfy me.'

'Not of your own making, Master Tom, I think,' laughed cook as she departed.

'Now for the flour,' cried Ethel, seizing a spoon.

Tom poured it into the bowl with such haste that it blew up in his face and made him sneeze, so that he retired to get the fryingpan, while Ethel broke in the eggs, and Mary poured in the milk. At length the batter was pronounced ready, and though it was somewhat lumpy, none of the cooks minded that, as they were in such a hurry to begin frying the pancakes. They forgot all about putting any lard in the pan; so, of course, the first one was burnt.

'Let me fry the next, Ethel!' said Tom, as they scraped together the burnt pieces and put them on a plate. Ethel paused, she did not wish to give up her position as head cook yet.

'Well, you may,' she answered at length, 'and I will cut up the lemons and set the table.'

Tom refused to have any help from his sisters; he was quite sure he knew how to cook pancakes, so he put a lump of lard in the pan, and setting it down on the floor he carefully poured in enough batter to make six pancakes, and then he placed it on the fire.

'It is cooking beautifully! look how it bubbles!' cried Mary, watching it anxiously.

'Oh, it is very easy!' said Tom, proudly putting his hands in his pockets and whistling. 'Now I am going to toss it.'

Walking into the middle of the kitchen he gave it a toss; but alas! pride must have a fall, and Tom's pancake, instead of turning over and showing a nice brown side as cook's did, slid, lard and all, out of the pan, and lay in a greasy heap on the floor.

'Did you ever see such a stupid old thing?' he cried, red in the face with heat and vexation. 'Who would think a silly pancake took so much trouble!'

Ethel and Tom were now so hot with bending over the fire, and so tired of waiting, that they agreed they did not care so *very* much for pancakes, and sat down to cool and eat their lemons with plenty of sugar. Mary's turned out better; but then, after one or two faint efforts, she declined to toss it, and so they turned it over with knives and forks. When it was shovelled gently on to a plate, too, it did not look very bad, and they were able to eat a little piece of the edge, which tasted delicious.

Twenty minutes later, when cook's good-natured face peeped in upon them, Ethel and Mary were still trying to cook a proper pancake, their cheeks nearly as much fried as it was. The lemons were all finished, so was the sugar, and Tom was crawling round the floor gathering up the fragments of half-cooked pancake with a dirty knife, and putting them on an equally dirty plate.

The cook said, 'Have you had as many as you can eat, Master Tom?'

'I have not had one!' said Tom, dolefully lifting his smeared face. 'And if they do toss, it is only on to the floor—stupid things!'

'You had better go now, dears,' said cook, smiling. 'And never mind; your mother has been speaking to me, Miss Ethel, and you and Miss Mary are to come down into the kitchen once a-week to learn cooking.'

'How delightful!' they cried together. 'Then we can try again.'

'Oh, you will do very well next time,' replied cook, as they left the kitchen and ran upstairs. E. M. A.

A LIFEBOAT AND ITS CREW.

ON the 5th of January, 1857, an American vessel, the *Northern Belle*, was struck by a terrible sea off the North Foreland, and placed in imminent peril.

Immediately on this being perceived, the Broadstairs boatmen harnessed themselves to their lifeboat carriage, and dragged it with the boat a distance of two miles over a heavy and hilly country.

It was in the dead of a winter's night, amid hail, sleet, and rain, so that the exhausted men could not see where to launch their boat. When day began to dawn twenty-three poor fellows were discovered clinging to the rigging of the only remaining mast of the unfortunate ship. The sight put new vigour into the brave and daring boatmen, who immediately dashed off to the rescue.

Three trips, however, were necessary ere all the seamen could be rescued, and in this humane work another lifeboat came to their assistance. The quiet heroism displayed by the Broadstairs men was worthy of all honour. D. B.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ENIGMAS.

ENGLISH TOWNS.

94. A FOREST; part of an animal; a town in Durham.

95. A COLOUR and a harbour; a town in Cumberland.

96. A CONJUNCTION and a weight; a town in Westmoreland.

97. THE body of a ship; a town in Yorkshire.

98. A HEAD-DRESS; an article; a town in Lancashire.

99. THE soldier's profession; an ornament and a weight; a town in Cheshire.

100. A VOWEL and a valley; a town in Derbyshire.

101. A VEGETABLE; a town in Lincolnshire.

102. NOT old, and a weight; a town in Leicestershire.

103. A FAVOURITE amusement, and a Spanish title; a county town.

104. ONE of the signs of the Zodiac, and a cathedral church; a town in Herefordshire.

DECAPITATIONS.

105. WHAT country beheaded, another one will remain?

What country beheaded will show you what nobody likes?

What musical instrument beheaded, another one will remain?

What insect beheaded, a river near London will remain?

What bird beheaded, another one will remain?

What stone beheaded, a soft substance will remain?

[*Answers at page* 143.]

WINIFRED CARR.

'MARY, how do you like the new girl?' asked Florence Ashton of her friend Mary Foster; 'for my part I think she is quite horrid, so stiff, and so unfriendly. Oh, I really cannot bear her! I wish she had never come to our school.'

'I scarcely know her yet, Florrie,' replied her friend; 'she seems to me to have something on her mind. Perhaps when we know more of her than we do now we may like her better.'

'Never, never!' cried Florence, with decision; 'she is horrid. Why, she won't even play at tennis, nor do anything jolly. Oh, I do wish she had never come here, where we are all so happy!'

Now perhaps our girl readers may wish to know why Winifred Carr was so unpopular among her school-mates, for it must be confessed that the unfavourable opinion expressed by Florence Ashton was shared by nearly every girl in Miss Withers' school for young ladies.

Winifred Carr was indeed rather an unhappy girl both in temperament and position. Born in India, she had been sent home, when five years old, to the care of an aunt, who, not being used to children, found her young charge rather a burden. The child had no companions, and saw little of the outside world except through the railings of the dull London square, where she walked every day with her governess. At twelve years of age her mother died; but as she scarcely remembered her parents, this sad event did not make any deep impression upon Winifred, though a letter which she received from her father, written during the first days of his sorrow had a wonderful effect on her mind.

'You are now my only object in life, my little Winifred,' wrote the sad-hearted father. 'It may be long till I am able to go home, but when I do, you, my darling, must be all in all to me.'

Winifred laid down the letter, her face glowing with excitement.

'Yes,' she said to herself, 'I will be everything to him; he is my own, my very own! Oh, I am so glad I have no sisters, no one to come between him and me.'

In these words we have the clue to Winifred's character; she was intensely jealous, and could not bear to share anything she had with any one else. Not a happy disposition certainly, either for herself nor for those around her.

On her aunt's death she was sent to Miss Withers' school, where she kept quite aloof from her young companions, spending every spare moment in the library poring over books, the study of which she thought would make her a fit companion for her father on his return home. She made no friends, nor did she wish to have any, her whole heart going out to the future, when, her father having returned, she would keep house for him, and be his exclusive friend and only companion.

Judge then of her feelings, when one day she received a hurried letter from Mr. Carr, shortly announcing the fact of his marriage to a young lady in Calcutta, only five years older than herself, very beautiful, and so amiable, that, as he said, 'his happiness was now complete.'

Alas, for poor Winifred! So heart-broken was she at this sudden downfall of all her hopes, that Miss Withers felt obliged to reason with her pupil.

'My dear,' she said, 'when we truly love our friends, we rejoice over anything that adds to their happiness, even though we ourselves may not have a share in it. Winifred, I fear that your love for your father is but a selfish love after all.'

These words, it must be confessed, seemed hard at the time to the suffering girl, but after a while Winifred felt that they were strictly true. She learned to love and to trust in Miss Withers, and under this lady's teaching she improved greatly in every respect, no longer avoiding her young companions, but taking an interest in everything that made them happy. Four years after this doleful time, Winifred Carr went out to her father's Indian home, where, among the many friends whom she made for herself, none were so beloved as her young step-mother, her father's second wife. *McK.*

Winifred Carr.

A High Leap.

THE MOOSE HUNTERS.

(*Continued from page* 123.)

CHAPTER XVII.

AFTER what had happened we decided to keep guard in future, not only by night, but by day. That night we watched each two hours, in turn, as also the next night. It would have been much better for us to have stuck to this rule, as it turned out. But after three nights we knocked off watching, and all slept as before. By day, however, we did not leave the camp unguarded. One of us always stayed about, with a loaded gun; and this considerably interfered with our work, too; though Fred used to sometimes take a round of the 'saple line' alone. None of the rest of us went off so far alone. It did not seem quite safe. Besides, seventeen miles through the woods alone is not a pleasant ramble.

The next day after the burning of the camp Farr and Scott went down the lake, to the camp in the gorge, after tin plates, knives, forks, &c. We found it quite impossible to keep house without something of this sort; and save the frying-pan, we had lost our whole kit.

That day I watched the camp—with Spot. Fred went over the 'line' alone. I had the little rifle and one of the double-barrelled guns, all loaded and ready. I kept inside the grain-shed the most of the time, and turned it into a fortification by cutting loop-holes through the sides. If any of the supposed marauders came near, I meant to cover them through a hole with the rifle, and bid them stand and give an account of themselves; and if their account was not satisfactory, I meant to bid them begone in a terribly bass voice. In fact, I even practised a vocal series of 'begones!' and 'clear outs!'

If they did make an attack on the shed, I fancied I could make it hot for them. We felt terribly warlike for a few days after the fire: we missed our blankets at night, and had it not been for the tent we should have had very cold nights. At night we talked of little else save what we should do if we were attacked, or if we found any of them about the camp.

For this week, we took thirty-four musk-rats, three more martens, and toward the last of the week a mink at the falls; and on Sunday following a mink got into one of our traps below the dam at the foot of the lake. Farr and Scott found it there the next morning. But nothing was taken in the otter traps, nor yet in the trap which we set for beaver.

On the following Wednesday, Farr made a remarkable chance shot. He had got in the habit of loading his shot-gun—one barrel of it—with bullets. The shot-gun had a large bore, and he used (whether prudently or not, I shall not attempt to say) to put in two and three of these bullets, with a handful of shot to keep them steady, and powder enough to throw them. This barrel, thus loaded, he kept for emergencies, doing his ordinary shooting with the other barrel.

Wednesday afternoon we set off in the boat, Farr, Scott, and I, to shoot partridges down at the slope on the west side of the lake. We had doubled Indian Field Point, and were making our way down the shore, keeping close in, when Scott spied something moving a long way ahead of us. It was an animal standing partly in the water and in the shadow of the spruces, which there leaned out over the lake. Scott spoke to us of it. We stopped rowing; but he had some trouble to make us see it, the distance was so great.

Farr at length got his eye on it, and stretching out at full length in the bow, he took aim and fired the three balls and shot at it. Instantly the creature turned, bounded out of the water, and went out of sight into the woods. Scott and I laughed; so did Farr.

'We might have got a little nearer,' Scott said.

We had no thought that the creature was hit. It took us some little time to get down where the animal had stood. We passed close to the shore, to see the track.

'It was a deer,' said Scott, after a glance at the small hoof-track in the mud.

'I will just get out and take a look,' he added, jumping ashore.

He went up the bank, and was gone not more than three seconds when we heard him shout,—'Farr, you killed it deader than a nail!'

We both jumped out at that, and ran up the bank. There, among a clump of round-wood, lay a small deer, with its tongue out and one fore-leg in the air, dead. Farr felt not a little proud of his shot, though he owned that it was mere luck. We did not trouble to go farther after partridges that afternoon.

Again we revelled in venison; but the meat did not have the body and flavour of the moose meat. This latter was equal in quality to the best of beef, and to our palates (while up there) far superior in flavour.

I think it was the next morning after shooting the fawn that Spot came in while we were eating breakfast, with his nose full of hedgehog quills. In his morning stroll through the woods he had stumbled on a 'quill-pig,' as Fred terms them. To get out these quills, Farr made a pair of wooden pincers, by splitting a blunt stick of dry ash at one end. With this he pulled out the most of them; but we had to hold the dog down by main strength to do it. Next day his nose was badly swollen, and so sore he would not eat. It would appear that there are hedgehogs in this northern forest, though we did not see one.

Not more than two mornings after we had a very lively adventure with a wild-cat, or lynx. It was Scott's turn to guard the camp that day. Fred, Farr, and myself had gone down to the dam to look to the traps there and on the rapids below. We were coming back up the outlet toward the lake, when suddenly a great snapping of twigs and racing through dry bush began up among the dead growth on the east side.

'Hark!' Farr said. 'What's that?'

It was about the liveliest snapping and scampering I ever heard. It went *tearing* along the ridge-side. Presently there was a sound of nails in the bark of a tree, and we saw, first, a marten run up a dead hemlock, in sight from the stream, over the other trees. After him came a largish grey animal with a big head.

The marten ran up to the very top of the hemlock; but the wild-cat durst not trust himself on the fragile topmost limbs. He came to a stop while yet eight or ten feet below the marten, and clung, glaring at it. Farr cocked his gun.

'No, no,' Fred whispered. 'Too far! Pull in ashore. We can work up through the woods!'

Landing, we ran up toward the hemlock. The place was full of dry bush. It snapped, despite our care. Yet so intent was the lynx on its prey that it did not stir nor turn its eyes from the marten, though we came within a hundred yards.

'I can drop him from here,' Farr said.

'Well,' said Fred, 'I'll take the "saple."'

They both fired. The marten leaped instantly into another tree, a dead poplar. It was a long jump; not less than thirty feet off and downward. The dry branches amongst which it caught broke. Down it came, snapping and crackling, to the ground, but it ran away like an arrow.

But our attention was mainly directed to the big cat. As Farr fired, he turned a pair of great staring eyes on us, then whirled about and ran down the hemlock. We sprang forward, shouting loudly; but it reached the ground and ran. Before it had taken three jumps, however, I let go at it with the single-barrelled gun. I don't think I hit it. But the report and the shouting so frightened the creature that it took to the trunk of a large green hemlock standing near, and went up amid the green boughs in a trice.

'We've got him now,' Fred exclaimed. 'Surround the hemlock. We'll pepper him.'

Reloading the guns we walked round the hemlock at a distance from the roots, peering into the green top, to get a glimpse of the animal. But so dense were the boughs, and so snugly had the beast ensconced himself, that we none of us could get eyes on him. The tops of these great hemlocks are often surprisingly thick. Whether the lynx was up near the top, or midway in the tree, we could not tell.

'Let fly up the trunk,' Fred at length said to me, 'Farr and I will stand ready to nail him, if he jumps out.'

I went up to the foot of the hemlock, and fired up into the top a charge of heavy duck shot. Possibly some of these hit the animal. Instantly it jumped out of the top and made a flying leap, with its legs spread out, of twenty-five or thirty feet, to the ground. Fred and Farr both fired. The beast struck the ground with an audible *thump!* but at once regained its legs and went off at full jump. Farr aimed and fired his second barrel, the only effect of which was to make the brute take a prodigiously high leap, and run the faster. Without stopping to load, we ran after it, shouting and yelling at the top of our lungs, in the hope of driving it up another tree. But we soon lost sight of it; and though we chased on for forty or fifty rods, we saw nothing more of it. It was quite a lively sort of scrimmage, though nothing came of it.

We got a mink down at the dam that morning. It had gnawed its leg almost off. In ten minutes more it would have been free—to run on three legs. Determined little chaps, these minks!

(To be continued.)

MAY SPENCER.

MAY SPENCER was a very happy little girl, living in a sweet, quiet country nook, with her dear mother, from whom she had not been separated all her life. Their cottage was a pretty one, covered with climbing roses and white jessamine, while in the garden were beds of sweet-scented flowers where the bees were busy all day long. May loved those bees, and as she was careful not to interfere with them they never troubled her, but steadily worked at honey-making all the summer, little thinking that May and her mother would steal all their honey when winter came. However, though their honey was taken from them, the bees were carefully fed with sweet food till another summer came and brought new sunshine and flowers.

Perhaps little May thought that this happy life of hers was to last for years and years, but it was not so. When she was seven years old a great sorrow fell upon the little girl. Her dear mother grew feeble and sickly, and for nearly a month was never once in the garden. Then she grew worse, and at length died; but not before she had spoken many comforting words to her little girl, who was soon to be left alone in the world.

'And now, my dear, you have an uncle in London. He wishes you to go to him, and I know he will be kind and good. It makes me happy to think that my little May will be carefully brought up by those who loved her mother.

That very night Mrs. Spencer passed away, and when May came downstairs the next morning it was only to hear that her dear mother had gone to God.

A fortnight after Mrs. Spencer's death, old Hannah, the maid-servant, led little May to the railway station, and took a ticket for her to London, where her uncle was to meet her.

The little girl was to travel alone, and the thought of this had frightened her; but when the guard promised to take care of her all the way, and to see her given into her uncle's care on arrival in London, she lost all her fears; the guard looked so kind, saying that he had a little girl just her age at home. But she felt it very sad to part with Hannah, who was to remain behind.

'Now, Miss May,' said the old woman, 'you must be a good girl, and some day I will go to London and see you.'

Then May smiled and said, 'Good-bye,' and in five

May Spencer.

minutes more she was speeding away to the great city. But how long the journey seemed! And how weary she grew, as hedges, trees, and houses seemed to fly past the window! Some passengers came in, and other passengers went out, till at length May was left quite alone.

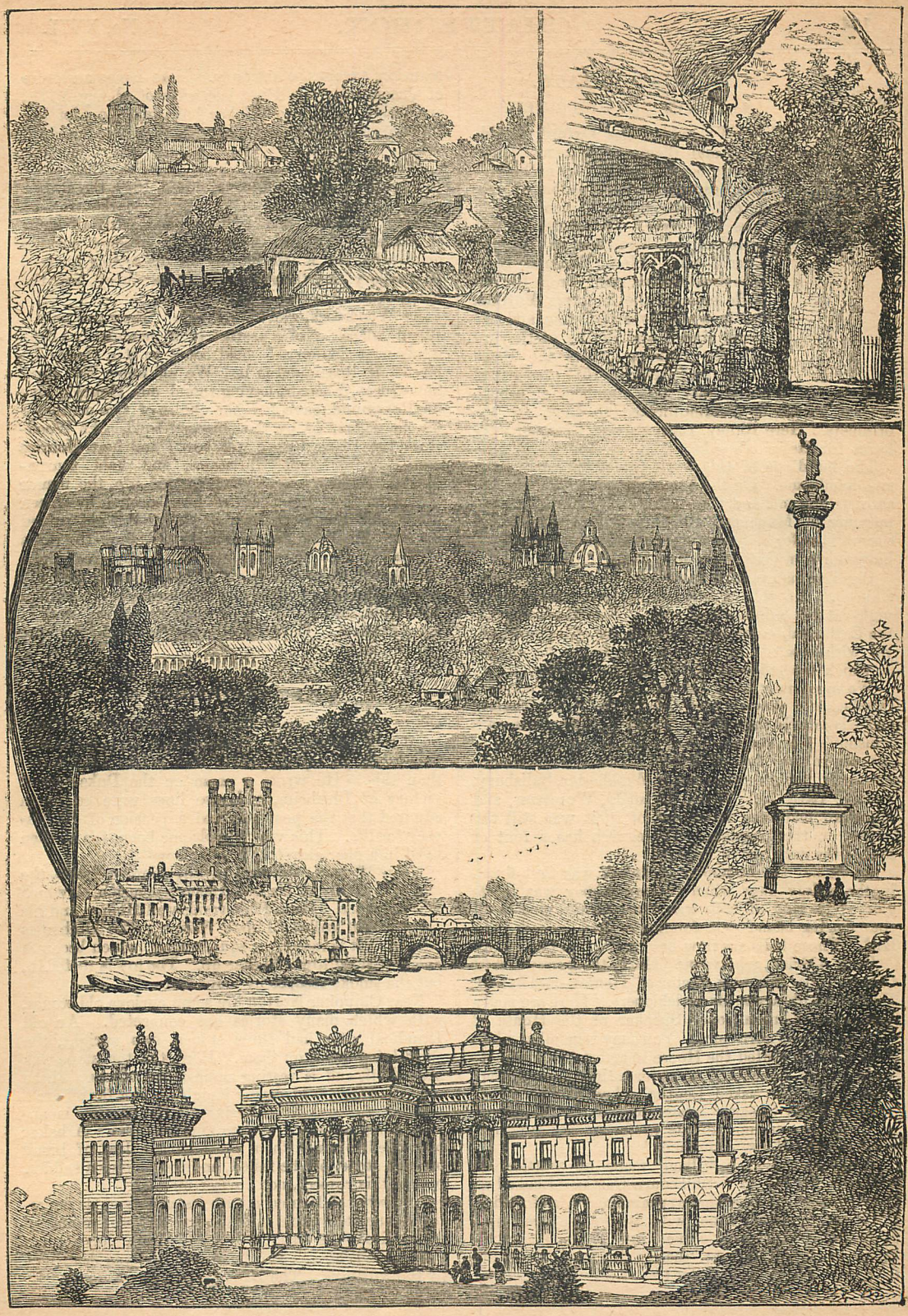
Then she fell asleep and dreamed such a pleasant dream. Some one, with a smiling face, was looking at her intently, and she heard him say these words, 'How like she is to her mother!' Then the little girl woke up with a start, and found herself in her uncle's arms.

It was a very pretty and a very happy home to which May Spencer was introduced that day. She had no little cousins, but both her uncle and aunt were so kind to her, that after a few months she felt towards them as lovingly as though they had been her parents. And was May Spencer happy? Yes, she was happy, and grew up to be a joy and a comfort to the kind friends who had taken her from her orphaned home. And did Hannah ever go to London to visit the little girl whom she loved so dearly? No, the good old woman had really intended to keep her promise, but at the last moment her courage failed her, she could not venture so far from her country home.

May, however, went along with her uncle and aunt to visit the well-remembered village, and she carried with her many useful gifts to her mother's old servant.

'Oh, Miss May,' said old Hannah, '*you do look* bright and happy, and so like your mother! My best wish for you, my dear, is, that when you are grown up you may be as good and as kind as my dear mistress was!'

D. B. McKean.



VIEWS IN OXFORDSHIRE. By W. H. J. Boot.

Dorchester.
Oseney Abbey.

Oxford.
Column of Victory, Blenheim.

Henley-on-Thames.
Blenheim.

COUNTY CHATS.

No. XXVIII.—OXFORDSHIRE.

A COUNTY which has Oxford, Woodstock, and Blenheim in it, has something to boast about, to say nothing of our oldest friend of all, Banbury Cross. Oxford itself is where oxen used to cross the river. On money which Alfred coined there there is the word 'Ocsnafordia.' Here Edmund Ironsides breathed his last. From the old castle escaped the Empress Matilda, clad in white, over the snow and the frozen river; and in the castle-yard was the building where the Black Assize was held in 1577; so called because the justices, jury, and numbers of others, died of a plague communicated to them by the prisoners. Here Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer were burnt for Religion's sake.

The buildings of this world-famed city are many and handsome. On the top of Magdalen Tower the choristers stand and sing a Latin hymn on the first morning of May; and 10*l.* is paid by the Rector of Slymbridge for a feast for the singers. Schoolboys blow horns in Oxford on May Day.

Big Tom hangs in a tower of his own near Christ Church. He tolls a hundred-and-one times every night at ten minutes past nine. Near this college is the Cathedral, much inferior to many of its brethren, yet with beauties of its own. It forms the chapel in which the students of the college worship.

We must now leave Oxford and tarry a while at Dorchester, a very old town placed where the Thames and Isis mingle their floods together. Here was once a bishop's seat, and from this place it was removed to Lincoln in the time of Rufus. It was an enormous bishopric; for after the sees of Winchester, Salisbury, Exeter, Bath and Wells, Lichfield, Worcester, and Hereford had been taken out of it, it was still the largest in the kingdom. The church has a font of lead,—the only one in England.

At Oseney the Bishopric of Oxford was first fixed, in the palmy days when Oseney Abbey was in its glory. Its ring of bells was the sweetest ring in all the 'ringing island'—as foreigners used to call England. Those bells are now hanging in the Cathedral.

Dean Aldrich, who wrote 'Hark, the bonny Christ Church bells, &c.,' was Rector of Henley-on-Thames. He left his library to his parishioners. Here are many boatraces. Lenthal, once Speaker of the House of Commons, was born here. You may remember when King Charles visited the House to arrest five members he said, 'Mr. Speaker, I must for a time borrow your chair.' He then asked Lenthal where the members were, and the Speaker answered, 'Your Majesty, I have neither eyes nor tongue to see or say anything but what the House commands.'

Watlington was a village made of wattles, or wicker. Not far off is Shirbourn Castle. Looked at from outside, it has the appearance of a fortified castle of the olden time, with its square keep and round towers at each corner, and its moat, drawbridge, portcullis, &c., are just as they were five hundred years ago Inside, all is like a nobleman's modern mansion, except the armoury. Here hangs a picture of Queen Catherine Parr, last wife of Henry VIII., and below is a piece of her hair, taken out of her coffin after it had been there more than two hundred years.

Bicester was built by Birinus, one of the Bishops of Dorchester. In an old book, dated 1622, the author says, 'It is at this day a very good market for all manner of cattle, and well supplied with all kinds of trades. Yet in Bister I can observe nothing memorable but a fair church for the setting forth of God's glory, and the ruins of an old abbey, now the house of Sir Richard Blunt.'

At Woodstock, gloves are made. Here was once a Royal palace. Not a vestige of it remains. Alfred wrote in it; Henry I. held court in it; Henry II. loved fair Rosamund in it. We all know the story how Queen Eleanor, having found out Henry's love for Rosamund, gave her her choice of two deaths,—by the dagger or by the poisoned bowl. At Woodstock the Black Prince was born; and here Henries and Edwards kept Christmas, and held tournaments. After a long and chequered life, the manor was granted to the Duke of Marlborough by Queen Anne, and the Duchess took down the old ruined palace. Blenheim has, in fact, been built on the ruins of Woodstock. It is a superb place. The great Duke in a Roman dress stands on a lofty column near the palace. For the building of this house, half a million was voted, and it was more than seventeen years in being finished. The architect was Vanbrugh, of whom it was said:—

> 'Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he
> Laid many a heavy load on thee.'

Queen Anne's statue in the library cost 5250*l.* Some huge wall paintings by Thornhill are here, for which he got 25*s.* per square yard. But Addison did better than this. He wrote a poem on the Duke's great victory of Blenheim, and two lines were so much admired that the poet received a pension of 200*l.* a-year for life. This was a welcome boon, for he then lived in a poor garret.

Near Witney, the seat of the blanket trade, the very old family of Harcourt have a mansion, of which little remains. Here Pope translated Homer, and his room is yet called 'Pope's Study.' The kitchen is curious. It is merely a square room, which becomes an eight-sided tower higher up. The top is roofed in, but the smoke escapes by loopholes.

Near Chipping Norton are some curious old stones, with which many stories are connected. An old Druidical altar had three stones, two upright, the third lying down on them. Here, the top stone was slipped off, and is resting against the others. These are called the 'Whispering Knights.' Not far off are a number of stones, fifty or sixty. The number is unknown, for no man is able to number them. A baker once tried to count them by putting a loaf of bread on each stone, but he failed, and went home a sadder, but, in this respect, not a wiser man.

And what of Banbury, with its cakes and its never-to-be-forgotten Cross? Banbury has seen much of rough life,—the martial fife and drum have often awoke the echoes. The famous Cross was destroyed by the Puritans. The Banbury people were very hot-

headed,—even the Vicar was called the 'Roaring Boy of Banbury.' The Banbury baker gave up his trade because his cakes were used for merry-makings, and he thought it was wicked to laugh. The cakes, however, are still made and shipped to every part of the world.

The nursery rhyme runs thus:—

'Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady ride on a white horse;
With rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.'

Now, what can all this nonsense mean? It is said to be the memorial of this story: In the reign of Edward II. the young Lord Herbert loved the heiress of Banbury. He was hurt, and she nursed him. But he seemed dying, and she consulted a monk, who bade her go round Banbury Cross at midnight. She did so, and her wounded lover recovered. Then came the joy and thanksgiving; and the happy lady rode a milk-white horse, and—

'With rings of brilliant lustre
Her fingers are bedeckt;
And bells upon her palfrey hung
To give the whole effect.'

The Lord Saye and Sele owns the fine castle of Broughton, near to Banbury. You cannot get into it except by one bridge over the moat. In the thick walls of the castle is a secret room, where the Lord Saye of his time held secret meetings before the Civil War began. The servants used to hear sundry noises and talkings, but were never able to catch sight of their master's mysterious guests.

At Deddington, in the Pilgrim's house, Piers Gaveston halted before he was carried to his fearful doom on Blacklow Hill. And at Cornbury Hall, the heartless Robert Dudley, the betrayer and murderer of Amy Robsart, his first wife, was poisoned by his third wife, the Countess Letty. So one evil deed was met by another!

G. S. O.

PYRAMIDS.

ACCORDING to an ancient historian, the curious buildings which we call Pyramids were thought by the Egyptians to be, in their shape, emblematical of human life, the broad base signifying the beginning, and the sharp apex the end of our existence. Pyramids are found in Egypt, Nubia, and Mexico. The shape of the Egyptian pyramids, with their four sides and broad base ending in a point, is very familiar to us. It is thought that these buildings are at least four thousand years old. They were intended as tombs for their kings, and for many years thousands of labourers must have been employed in working at them. According to Herodotus, the Great Pyramid was built by Cheops, and the preparation for it, and the building itself, occupied 100,000 men for thirty years. In Nubia pyramids are numerous. A single group contains no less than one hundred and twenty. Those of Mexico are built of layers of brick and layers of clay, or a mixture of clay and pebbles. They are of far more modern date than those of the Old World, the two pyramids of Teotihuacan being assigned to the eighth century.

A. R. B.

RUSSIAN FABLES.

ONE of Koiloff's clever fables tells how a Squirrel served lions all his life, and in old age was rewarded with the promised reward, a large sack of nuts.

'The nuts are glorious, none such on earth in sooth,
All chosen ones, nuts upon nuts! a wonder,
There is but one small blunder,
The squirrels have not got a tooth.'

A PIG once made its way into the courtyard of a lordly mansion, sauntered at its will around the stables and the kitchen, and returned home from its visit a thorough pig.

'Well, Kavromga, what have you seen?' says the swineherd to the pig; 'they do say there is nothing but pearls and diamonds in rich people's houses, and that there each thing is richer than the rest.'

'I assure you they talk great nonsense,' grunted Kavromga. 'I saw no riches at all—nothing but dirt and offal; and you may suppose I did not spare my snout, for I dug up the whole of the backyard.'

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

CHARADE.

106. MY *first* it is an ancient Spanish place,
Famed for its blades of steel;
My *next* the road on which in realms of space
Sun, moon, and planets wheel;

My *third* a Sir, who had to lay his head
Upon a gory pillow;
My *fourth* a giant, big, each youngster's dread,
An evil-looking fellow;

My *fifth's* a hole your finger end can fill,
Just made for ventilation;
My *next* a Yorkshire town, that boasts its hill
And mould'ring habitation.

My *last's* a place that gives its name, you see,
To John Bull's favourite liquor;
Now, guess away, and if your 'up a tree'
Go and consult your vicar.

The letters *first* of all these seven will make
A town of Canada upon a lake;
The *last* will show, if all goes as it ought,
One of great Shakespeare's noblest gems of thought.

MOTHER SPHINX.

REBUSES.

107. AN ordinary conveyance; a mixture; room; a maritime province of France; to hinder; a number and a title. The *initials* and *finals* give the names of two celebrated painters.

108. PLEASING to the eye; to stupefy; complete; a town of Palestine; to watch; to keep at a distance; a domestic animal; want of moisture; and a bird. The *centre* letters give the name of a flower.

109. A PERIOD of time; a vegetable substance; to neglect the laws of religion; a steep protuberance; and a fish. The *centre* letters give the name of a celebrated painter.

[*Answers at page* 143.]

AN APPEAL.

AH, good my Lord! refuse not this my prayer,
But listen to my pitiful request.
The story of our wrongs is written there:
Read it, my Lord! then do what seemeth best.

Our brethren, driven from their quiet home
By war's fierce tumult and the bloody fight,
Afar upon this flame-scorched land must roam,
Unless that thou, in this thy lordly might,

Wilt reinstate us in that calm retreat,
Where sad hearts ever found an open door,
And whence each brother with unwearying feet
Went forth to minister to sick and poor.

Thou grantest my request? Oh, happy hour
That brought thee hither in thy war-like guise!
May never cloud upon thy pathway lower,
But God be still thy help and Heaven thy prize!

D. B. M.

"Fred shouldered it and started."

THE MOOSE HUNTERS.

(*Continued from page* 131.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

A DAY or two after we took up our large trap, up at the 'beaver bank,' and set it in a 'bear path' which Fred had crossed about a half mile to the west of the pond near Little Boy's Falls. Fred was great at hunting up signs of game. Often he would go off for an hour or two and search steadily for paths, tracks, croppings, and dens. I think he discovered five or six dens of bears. The trouble with these dens is, to tell whether there is a bear in them or not; and if there is, to get him out without too great personal peril.

This trap was hardly large enough to have held a large bear; yet we thought that it might hold a small one. So we set it with great care and preparation in a bed of dry leaves, at a place where the path wound between several large rocks. We took along with us an abundance of bait: musk-rat carcases, moose-bones, and refuse pieces of meat. These we scattered about and placed upon the rocks. Over the trap we bent down a sapling and hung on it a big piece of moose meat.

'I should think that might draw a crowd,' said Farr, pausing for a final inspection of the arrangements.

We did not chain the trap, but attached to it a couple of heavy clogs off a spruce trunk. Fred ran over to see if there was anything caught in it the next morning. There were, he told us, no signs of there having been any animal about it. So we let two days pass before taking to it again. Indeed, it was the afternoon of the second day after that when Fred and I went over to it. Farr had gone up to the falls, and Scott was on guard with Spot.

This time we found nearly all of the bait eaten up and the trap gone, clogs and all. Through the moss and on the dead foliage there was a very distinct trail where the clogs had torn along.

'What is it, do you suppose?' I asked.

'Bear, or lynx,' said Fred, looking to the caps of his gun.

I had the little rifle. We followed the marks in the moss and leaves, keeping a cautious eye ahead. We did not care to run upon the beast unawares. It did not seem as if the creature could have dragged those clogs very far. But we followed a mile, perhaps more, without seeing anything of it, and began to think it might prove a long chase. Night was coming, too. The sun had not been more than an hour high when we set off.

Not a great way farther on, however, the trail entered a swamp. This swamp bordered on a large, unknown pond. We presently came out in sight of it. Fred was ahead. Suddenly, he stopped and backed hastily against me. At the same moment I heard a growl.

'Behind that old log!' Fred exclaimed, still backing off. 'Look out! he may make a dive at us!'

We cocked our guns and stood on the defensive. The creature's ears were just in sight over the log: it was crouching there! Fred picked up a stray knot and pitched it over the log. In a moment the old fellow rose up, and the way he screeched at us was lively to listen to! It was a lynx. He drew up his grey back, cat fashion; the hair stood up. His prick ears lay back felinely, and his big eyes shone like silver knobs. Oh, he looked ugly! No doubt he felt ugly. Evidently a fight was what he most longed for—a regular set-to with teeth and nails. He seemed to say, 'Come on, if you dare!'

But we had not a moment's time to lose. Darkness was coming.

'Let him have it!' said Fred. 'Right between the eyes!'

I took aim with the rifle and fired. A yelp followed the report. The creature turned and ran, dragging the trap. The slug had struck the skull a little too high, as we saw afterwards, and glanced along the bone betwixt its ears. Fred ran on after it with his gun half raised to get a shot. The clogs impeded the animal so much that after a few rods it sprang to the butt of a great tree, and tried to climb up. But the clogs were too heavy. It got up five or six feet and stopped; it could not raise the clogs from the ground. Fred ran forward, and taking a rapid aim at the back of its head, fired a barrel of his heavy shot. Down it dropped, the trap rattling and clogs flying about. In a few seconds it was dead. Fred took it out of the trap as soon as it stopped kicking. It was caught by one of its hind legs.

The lynx is a very furry animal, and looks much larger than its weight would bespeak it. This one we thought would not weigh over thirty-five or forty pounds, although it looked as large as a rather large dog. Its head was very large. We did not dare to stop to skin it there, lest it should come on so dark that we might not be able to find our way back to camp. So Fred shouldered it and started. I threw off the clogs from the trap and followed him. It was dark enough, too, before we got back to camp. Farr and Scott had begun to feel uneasy about us. This was a male lynx. The fur was in tolerably good condition; a stone-grey on the back and sides, but almost white beneath. Its legs were very powerful and muscular; its feet were padded with thick fur. We cut and pulled out several of the claws to save for mementoes. Those from the middle toes of the fore paws were an inch and a half long. The teeth were much sharper and rather longer than those of an ordinary dog. The tail was very short and tipped with black hairs.

CHAPTER XIX.

IT was the night after this capture—the night of the 29th of October. Ah, I shall never forget that night! There had been a snow-squall the previous afternoon. We had got in early from looking to the traps. The stove we moved into one end of the grain-shed; for the weather was getting rather chilly at night. A glorious supper of partridges and deer venison cheered us. We kept the stove hot and lay on a great *springy* bunk of boughs, with our rubber blankets and the tent for coverlets. Our sleep was sound after those days of constant toil and tramp through the forest.

The night passed; it was faintly daylight, and very

nearly our usual time of getting up, when I was waked by Spot barking savagely—for him. I jumped up, bewildered and greatly alarmed, with the sense of something being around the camp. The other boys were rousing too. But before any of us could get fairly up, or reach the guns, the door was kicked open with loud, fierce shouts, which were more like the savage growls of wild beasts than men, and the muzzles of two guns were pointed in at us as we sat up in the bunk! At the same instant, we saw red-bearded, vicious faces, peeping rather cautiously in. And I still think, that had we seized our guns promptly the cowardly wretches would have fled even then. They might have discharged their guns, which might, of course, have hit some of us. But they were cowards, as such scamps often are. We were simply stunned: we were hardly awake; and then their brute-like shouts appalled us.

'He-air, yar young——! Af yar star, we'll blaw yar ter——!' one of them yelled at us, with a gutteral rattle and rasp in his throat, keeping the gun pointed full in our faces, and creeping through the doorway like a tiger, the others after him.

Such sounds I never heard from men. They drew back their lips like mad dogs, and snarled, gritting their teeth, the front one especially. '*Sacré!! Sa-a-a-cré!! Sacré! Sa-a-a-cré!!*' he growled out more than a score of times. He had a grey fur cap on his head; his hair hung down long; his face was red and dirty; his coat was of skins. Even in the terror of the moment I smelled a vile stench of rum. Altogether, he was the most terrible object I ever saw in human form—or out of it. They swore awfully—a continued stream of the most frightful and disgusting profanity, and all with the unmistakable accent of French Canadians.

'*Af yar star! Af yar star!!*' the leader kept snarling at us. Of course we were frightened. Who wouldn't have been? We expected to be murdered. They looked capable of it; and they had us in their power. If we had so much as moved to take up a gun they would have shot us. There were five of them. Instinctively the rest of us glanced at Fred.

'No use,' he said in a low voice; 'they've got us!' Then he spoke up to them: 'What do you want?'

At that they all gritted their teeth and snarled like wolves, again aspirating '*Sacré!*' away down in their throats. This they did to scare us, I suppose, to get us thoroughly afraid of them.

At that, Scott began to beg. I do not mean that he got down on his knees; but he said, 'Come, now, don't kill us, don't shoot us. We'll do whatever you say.'

But the rest of us said nothing.

'Don't talk,' said Fred; 'don't say a word to them!'

He was right. That was the best way to do—say nothing. They had no pity or mercy about them. Begging and pleading would have been just thrown away. They did not, as it appeared, quite dare to kill all four of us; but it wasn't mercy. They were afraid to do it, and they would have killed us all the quicker for our begging. That is the way with such wretches. It always makes them worse to plead with them. The best way is to say not a word. Let them do what they dare; for they will do that, anyway.

'Naw yer coom out aw that. '*Sacré! Sacré!*' they began to say, after they had *gritted* and snarled at us what they thought proper. 'Coom out aw thart, yer——! an leave yar guerns, yer——!'

Fred got right up, as soon as they said this, and walked straight out between them, looking them full in the face; Farr followed, and I came next; but Scott hesitated, and rather cringingly shied out past them. Seeing his fear, two of them kicked him brutally. If he had held his head up and looked them in the eye like a man, they would not have touched him. Ruffians of this sort are like curs, the only safety from them lies in not fearing them.

They had a large gaunt bull-dog, brindled, with a bobtail. Spot had run out, and stood cowering at a little distance.

'S-t tak 'im!' one of them called out. 'S-t tak 'im, *Rog!*'

Spot cut away for dear life, with Rog, or Rogue, whichever it was, after him. That was the last we saw of either of them. As soon as we were out in front of the shed, Fred turned, facing them. They pointed their guns at us, three of them—old army muskets. I did not know but that they would shoot us down there in our tracks.

'*Gav us yer mowny!*' they ordered.

'Let them have it,' Fred said.

We handed out what scrip we had—a little more than two dollars.

Evidently they were disappointed in the amount. They swore again and '*Sacré'd*' ferociously.

'Tak arf yer coarts,' the leader ordered us.

We took them off and gave them up.

'Tak arf yer warst-cuts,' was the next demand.

We unbuttoned our vests, Fred setting the example, and gave them up also. Then one of them, a red-eyed, wicked-looking villain, stepped up, and thrusting his dirty paw into our trousers' pockets took out our pocket-knives and whatever other things we had, combs, pencils, buttons, &c. And they even made Scott take off his woollen shirt, leaving him in nothing but his under-shirt and pants. I expected they would strip the rest of us in a similar way, but they did not. Scott's shirt was a rather better one than the rest of us had on. Perhaps they thought our shirts were not worth stealing.

While they were plundering us I observed them attentively. They seemed like men in process of turning to beasts. We had no doubt that they were the outlaws living in the wilderness, of whom we had heard.

'Whuere are yer trarps?' one of them demanded.

'There are some up at the falls,' said Fred; 'there are some in Indian Cove; and some others down at the dam.'

'An yar tell us troo?' cried another.

'Yes, I have told you true,' Fred said.

One of them, in particular, struck me as having the strangest countenance I ever saw. He was forty years old, perhaps, though it was hard guessing his age. His beard was matted, and his face so flabby that his mouth looked like a mere crease betwixt his lips.

The one that seemed to be captain, or leader of the party, had very keen black eyes—eyes that may have been clear and intelligent in boyhood, but which were

"The door was kicked open with loud and fierce shouts."

now hopelessly hardened and sinister. His face was deeply pitted, and had other marks of a wild and lawless life. They had spied the mink and marten skins hanging over our bunk. That seemed to please them somewhat. No doubt they have means of disposing of fur.

This all occupied but a very few minutes. As soon as they had robbed us—to our shirts and pants—the leader pointed to the boat.

(To be continued.)

INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A YOUNG PRINCE.

HENRY, duke of Gloucester, youngest son of the unfortunate King Charles I., was quite a child when he stood by his father's knee, listening with tears in his young eyes to his parting words of counsel and warning. This was the evening before the execution of the monarch, and after events proved that, young as the boy was, his father's words had

The young Prince aroused by one of his Attendants.

sunk deep into his heart. Among other duties the king solemnly charged his son to remain firmly attached to the Church of England, and the child promised to do so.

After the tragic death of his father the young duke was carried away to France, where he joined his mother, Queen Henrietta, who had escaped thither before her husband's death. This royal lady had no doubt a tender heart for all her children, but she was very desirous of detaching her young son from the Church of England and bringing him over to her own views. In this resolve she was determined. As the Duke of Gloucester was very young the queen had no fear of difficulty in the matter, her first command being that the prince should cease to attend divine service at the chapel of the English Embassy. But the young prince behaved with much spirit, and, though dutifully anxious to please the queen, he pleaded his promise to his royal father, and he entreated that he might be permitted to keep it.

It seems strange that this appeal did not move the queen, who had been tenderly attached to her husband.

But all in vain. One day, when the young duke returned from divine service, he went to his apartments as usual, but he found that no dinner had been provided for him, and he must have gone hungry that day had not Lord Hatton taken him home to his table and carefully attended to the comfort of his young guest. When the poor boy returned to his apartments for the night, he found that by the queen's commands the blankets had been removed from his bed, the whole chamber presenting an utterly forlorn appearance. At length a couch of some kind was arranged for the royal youth, who retired to rest

Scarcely, however, had he fallen asleep when he was aroused by one of his attendants, who wished to know what was to be done with his horses, as they had been turned out of the queen's stables.

At the time when these events occurred this young prince was little over twelve years of age. The courage which he showed proves that in after life he might have been a better man than either of his brothers, Charles and James; but his life was a very short one. At the age of fifteen he died of small-pox, a disease which was a fatal scourge to the royal house of Stuart. McK.

A GUESSING STORY.

AM only two or three inches long, light as a feather, and so slight that a child could break me in half with the greatest ease; yet such is the power lying sleeping within me that I could destroy whole towns, and murder men, women, and children. For this reason I am always thought a bad playfellow for children, who are warned to avoid me. Yet there is no malice in me, and if I am only employed as discreet and kindly people are likely to use me, I am one of the greatest benefactors of the human race.

From the earliest stages I make myself useful, for those to whom I owe existence support their own by giving it to me. When I, with my numerous brothers are started in life and established in our little houses —little square boxes of houses, they generally are— we bring in a humble livelihood to many a poor family.

When first we take possession of our abodes we are not allowed much house-room, I can tell you. We are packed so tight that we have hardly room to breathe. There is more space afterwards, as one by one we are taken out, like the ten little niggers in the song, reduced at last to one. When he is taken, our deserted houses are generally thrown on the fire or the dust-heap.

I think they deserve a more respectful treatment, for so essential to the largest branch of our family are these houses, that their inhabitants are as helpless without them as a snail without its shell. In appearance the roofs are generally yellow, and adorned with the family crest; the walls are rough-cast.

Most of us have little black noses like pug-dogs, but I have met relations of ours with red ones, which I do not think look quite respectable; and there are some I am told with blue ones, as if they were natives of Nova Scotia.

We are found everywhere—from the palace to the cot. There are millions and millions of us. Indeed, I think we must be nearly, if not quite, the most numerous family to be found anywhere, and the members of each branch of it are so much alike that you could not tell one from another. Our existence may be described as one long waiting for the moment of action, which once accomplished ends our life. No one would imagine from our quiet aspect that we could ever, as if by sudden inspiration, flash into momentary brilliance. But such is the case with us, though we have to pay dearly for the triumph, since the effort costs us our life.

It is to this brilliance that we owe a name which we share with one of the heavenly bodies. Voiceless till then, we suddenly utter one striking sound; then, dead and useless, we are cast away, the wrecks of our former selves. But I am growing too poetical! We are all peculiarly sensitive to damp, which undermines our health, and we have as great a dislike to water as a mad dog. At the moment of action a breath of wind would be dangerous to us, and hasten our end.

Words would fail me to speak of all the services we render. How the poor little servant-girl ought to bless us, when she comes down to the cold, fireless kitchen on a wintry morning! For we can relieve her of the tedious task which past generations of handmaids were forced to encounter.

How quickly and easily can the poor man enjoy his pipe, and the belated traveller guide his footsteps, by the services we render! What would the wakeful invalid do through the tedious nights without us! What accidents at home and abroad do we save! What elaborate machinery for human comfort would be useless without our aid!

But I had better stop; for self-praise is said to be no praise, and in another minute I shall find myself saying that we are one of the greatest blessings of modern life! E. C. Rickards.

THE MOON.

HOW large is the moon?

Well, to the naked eye she looks nearly as large as the sun, but that is because it is so near to us. The moon is only two hundred and forty thousand miles off. Of all our neighbours in the sky, she is the very nearest; and if we could go to the moon by express train, travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and never stopping for a moment night or day, we should get there in about five months and a half.

The moon, then, only looks large because she is so near: her whole surface spread out flat would scarcely equal North and South America. The moon always keeps the same side turned towards us, so we have become very familiar with her face. Every one knows the 'man in the moon'—the dark patches on the bright surface, which some people think look like a man's face, or like an old man with a bundle of sticks on his back. Those patches were supposed by the ancients to be seas, but it is known now that there is no water at all in the moon. If we could take a trip to that far-off country, we should find it a very strange place indeed—a place without rivers or seas; without vegetation or life of any sort; without air to breathe, or clouds to give shade; without rain or snow. Not a sound would be heard, because where there is no air there is no sound. Above would be an inky sky (inky because of the absence of an atmosphere), with a blazing sun, and thousands of radiant stars. A strange world that to live in, if life were possible in such a place! For fourteen days the sun would never set, and the heat would rise to 300 degrees above the boiling point; and then would follow a night of fourteen days, as bitterly cold as the day had been hot. C. P. G.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES Nos. 79 to 109.

79. A fish.

80. Balls.

81. G—lass—glass (looking-).

82.
C I V I C
I I
V V
I I
C

83.
(1.) Golden land.
(2.) Rare mad frolic.
(3.) Best in prayer.
(4.) I hire parsons.
(5.) Nay I repent.
(6.) Great helps.
(7.) No more stars.
(8.) To love ruin.
(9.) Got as a clue.
(10.) Sly ware.
(11.) Partial men.
(12.) Mind his map.
(13.) Into my arm.
(14.) Queer as mad.
(15.) Tim in a pet.
(16.) There we sat.
(17.) Moon starers.
(18.) A nice cold pie.
(19.) I met my Delia.
(20.) Neat leg.

84. Abassia.
85. Abbeville.
86. Aberdeen.
87. Albuquerque.
88. Alessandria.
89. Dungeness.
90. Mississippi.
91. Philipville.
92. Paraguay.

93. 5280 times.

94. Woodham.
95. Whitehaven.
96. Orton.
97. Hull.
98. Wigan.
99. Warrington.
100. Edale.
101. Leek.
102. Newton.
103. Huntingdon.
104. Leominster.

105. P Russia. S pain. F lute. F Lea. F owl. F lint.

106.
T oled O
O r b i T
Raleig H
O g r E
N ostri L
Tickhil L
O port O

107. Cab, olio, lieu, Languedoc, impeach, nine, sir. (Collins, Boucher.)

108. Sightly, sot, all, Bethlehem, eye, shy, dog, siccity, blackbird. (Hollyhock.)

109. Age, gum, sin, ridge, cod. (Guido.)

A CROSS IN DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A.D. MDCCCLXXXVII.

(*The 'Lights' down and across in order are alike.*)

110.
(1.) A point of the compass.
(2.) Double five.
(3.) A post of observation.
(4.) Just arrived.
(5.) Wanting.
(6.) A kind of fish.
(7.) The end of the year.

CHARADE.

111. Two great ones are here; one, a ruler of men,
And a dignified Churchman the other;
Four letters in each;—and the tongue and the pen
Cry thanks! for a long name's a bother.

Guess away! but you'll never set foot on the train
Unless we to you give a leader;
So listen and listen, again and again,
If you'd find out our puzzle, dear reader!

Just make up a figure, four blanks in two rows,
Which you'll have to fill up with eight letters:
First the Ruler; and next, as you'll justly suppose,
The Churchman who ranks with our betters.
A space, do you see, must between the two yawn,
And be filled with noun substantives proper;
So attend to advice, or as sure as you're born,
You will never be worth an odd copper.

In the uppermost line bid a multitude hum,
Call it army, or mob, as you choose it;
In the second, a slice of our planet must come,
Or a waistband for her who will use it;
Line third is for schoolboys a genuine bore,
Dealing chiefly with dry y's and x's;
Line four it is needful to have in your store,
Be you bound for Calcutta or Texas.

MOTHER SPHINX.

A GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

TWO FAVOURITE SEA-SIDE RESORTS.

112.
(1.) A lake in Ireland.
(2.) A town in Spain.
(3.) One of the United States.
(4.) A Netherlands town.
(5.) A river in China.
(6.) A city in Persia.
(7.) A German province.
(8.) A city in Italy.

AMPUTATIONS.

113. BEHEAD and curtail *vapour*, and leave a favourite beverage.

Behead and curtail *values*, and leave a common article of food.

Behead and curtail *luscious fruit*, and leave a fire-place.

A DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

114. ONE Saturday an officer reached my *Initials* and called for my *Finals*, whereon his French servant brought him my *whole*. He sat late, and next morning fell asleep in his No. 1.; and asking his servant if he had snored, was told No. 2. He belongs to the No. 3 service, and, like many of his brother-officers, occasionally suffers from the effects of my *whole* in his No. 4.

A CONUNDRUM.

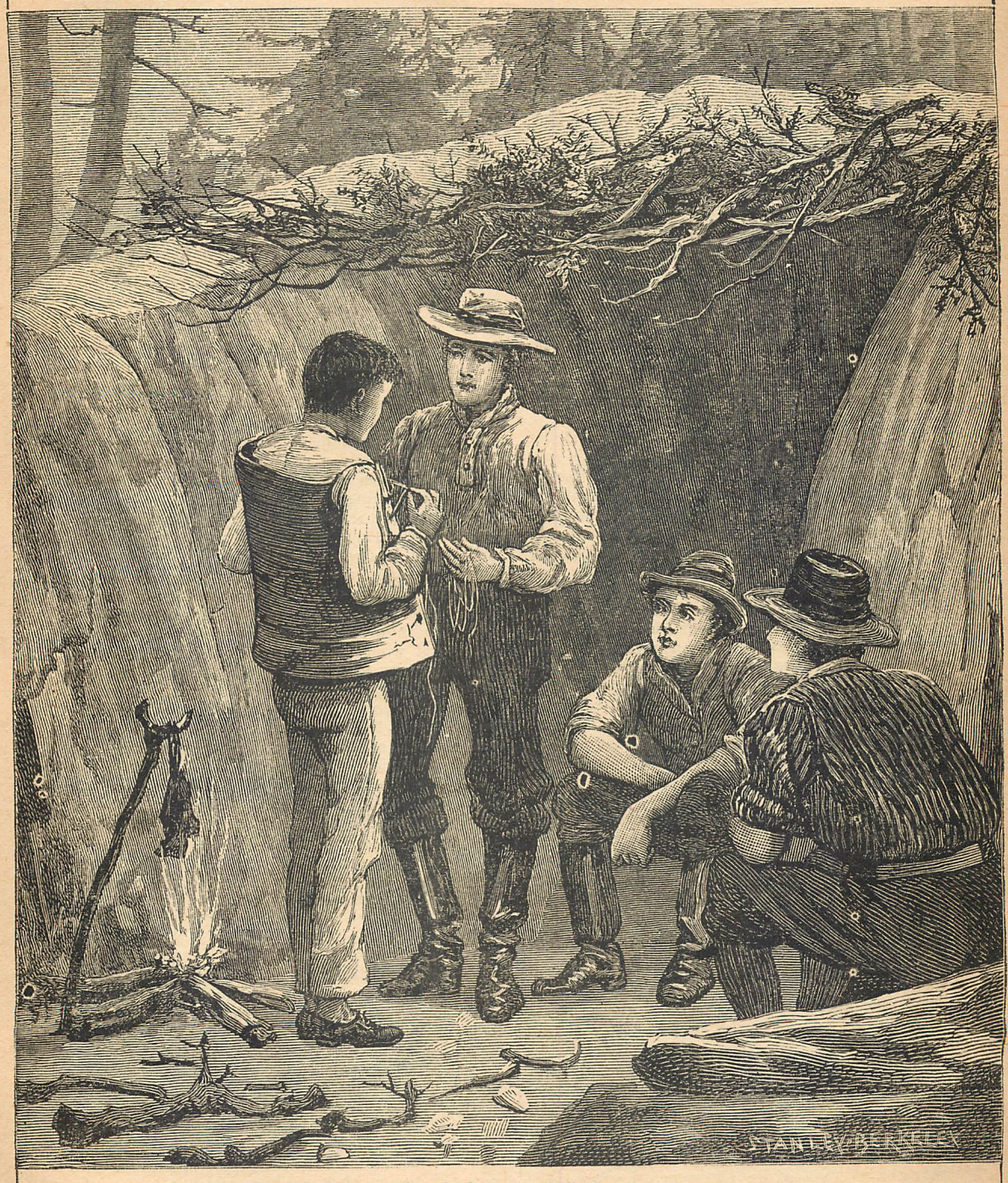
115. WHAT letter in the alphabet is most useful to a deaf old woman?

[*Answers at page* 183.]

MERRILY THE FISHERMAN LIVES.

MERRILY oh! Merrily oh!
The nets are spread out to the sun;
Merrily oh! the fisherman sings,
Right glad that his labour is done.
Happy and gay, with his boat in the bay,
The storm and the danger forgot;
The wealthy and great might repine at their state,
And envy the fisherman's lot.

Merrily oh! Merrily oh!
He sleeps till the morning breaks;
Merrily oh! at the sea-gull's scream
The fisherman quickly awakes.
Down on the strand he is plying his hand;
His shouting is heard again;
The clouds are dark, but he springs to his bark
With the same light-hearted strain.



Scott's Canoe-birch Jacket.

THE MOOSE HUNTERS.

(*Continued from page* 140.)

'BE gittin' inter thart!' he sang out to us.

We started obediently. While we were going to it, one of them fired off a gun behind us. I heard the shot whistle past our heads; still I am inclined to think it was done merely to scare us.

We got into the boat. I thought they were going to let us go off in it; but they came behind us with their guns and got into it with us.

'I guess they are going to take us down the lake,' Farr whispered, as we huddled together in the bow.

He was wrong, they merely paddled across to the opposite bank. We did not know what they had intended to do, and so sat still after the boat touched.

'Out! yar——!' they shouted.

We got out. They got out after us and covered us with their guns. We trembled then.

'Now, thin!' yelled the one that led, 'be arf wit ye! yar——! Nevair coom bark! Mog!'

There being no help for it, we *mogged*—as fast as we could, taking a course that would take us out to our 'saple line.' They followed on after us for half a mile or upwards, to see that we really went off; and they fired at us once at a distance, to let us know what we might expect if we came back. I, for one, had no idea of going back.

We followed down the 'saple line.' As soon as we found that the robbers had gone back and left us we ran for a mile, at least. Not much was said; they had not left us much to talk about. We were robbed of everything and driven out. For my own part, I felt for several hours completely cowed—whipped. There we were, forty miles from a settlement, without arms; we had not even a jack-knife. It was not until we had crossed Moose Brook, that even a word was exchanged. Then Farr said:

'Where are you going, Fred?'

'Down to the gorge camp,' was the answer.

'What good will that do?' Scott asked, querulously.

'What good!' exclaimed Fred. 'Why, I rather guess we shall want to be getting outside of some of that 'sprung pork' by the time we get down there. I, for one, haven't been to breakfast yet.'

We had none of us thought of breakfast.

On the ridge, near the lower end of the lake, we found a marten in one of the 'dead falls.' What a mockery it seemed to our trapping scheme! Fred took it out, however, and carried it along. We crossed the dam, and got to the camp at a little before eight o'clock.

How different our feelings now from what they had been when we came here three weeks before. However, we set at work to get breakfast from the supplies there. We fried some meat, boiled some beans, and cooked *water* biscuits. The beans we ate with salt. The biscuits we dipped in the pork fat. By heating it very hot, we fancied we had taken the '*sprung*' out of it. It was the best we had; and folk must eat, whatever comes.

But we did not dare to stay long at the camp. Our captors might find us there. We were utterly defenceless. We took a frying-pan, a tin dipper, two case-knives, two tin plates, and the large 'pot' that went with the stove. This latter utensil we packed full of pork. There was also a two-gallon coffee-pot, an old affair. This we filled with flour; and as there was nothing else in our pants' pockets, we filled those with beans and tea. We argued that our case was one of absolute necessity—and so it was.

There was an old axe at this camp. Fred took that, also an old butcher-knife, which he stuck in his waist-band. Farr took a bunch of matches from the quarter gross put away in the cuddy.

Thus equipped, we started down the 'carry,' toward the forks and toward home.

CHAPTER XX.

IF ever the world looked dark to four youngsters, it did to us. At first we had been only too glad to get away from the 'Cunnucks' (as Fred called them) to think much about the future. But now that we were fairly out of their clutches, and started for the settlements, the full bitterness of our situation began to break upon us. We had staked a great deal—for us—on this expedition; and to be defeated in this humiliating way was unbearable.

We reproached ourselves for *not keeping* guard continually. Then we should not have been surprised, and, in a word, *ruined*.

We thought now of the figure we should cut returning home in our shirts and pants, without our guns; and of the chapfallen story we should have to tell. And how the folk who predicted our failure at the outset would inwardly chuckle while they pretended to pity us! Pity us they might; but there would be their inevitable, 'I told you so.'

The story would get out, and then how inquisitive people would be, and how they would laugh over it, and say we had better have stayed at home. And then, where were our funds to go to the Academy the next spring to come from? We talked, or rather croaked, these dismal views to each other as we plodded down the carry, till our hearts grew hard and wicked in our jacketless bosoms; till we grew quite desperate and reckless; and till at last Fred threw down the whole pot of pork and vowed he would not go home another step!

'What's the use of going home?' he exclaimed, hotly. 'I had as lief be shot as go home in this way!'

Rash words. But I have no doubt he felt them—for the moment, at least. Farr and I felt much in the same way, although we neither of us had the *grit* to say it outright.

'But what *shall* we do?' Scott asked.

'*I don't know*,' said Fred. '*But I won't go home so!*'

He was in dead earnest.

We sat down on a windfall and looked at each other. A crisis had come in our affairs. This outrage had goaded us to desperation. I suppose that many of the reckless exploits which astonish the world are done under similar stress of ill-luck. When a fellow is driven clean to the wall, then look

out for him—if he has spirit; for if he has, he will never go down without one grand effort to retrieve himself. Desperate men hit hard.

Off to the right of the carry path (going down) there is a little pond, named by some wandering hunter 'Sunday Pond.' We had spied it the day we carried our boat up to the lake. It is a pretty little expanse, almost circular in shape and perhaps half a mile in diameter, set in a natural basin, and surrounded by the thick spruce forest.

'Let's go out to the pond and look about, and get breath,' Fred at last said.

So, departing from our line of retreat, we went down through the woods to the pond shore. Here we sat down on an old drift-log near the water's edge, and looked at each other again, a pretty long spell.

'What's the use of staying in this savage region?' was about all Scott had to say.

And, 'I won't go home,' was all we could get out of Fred. But this much was decisive.

Farr and I said nothing: we could think of nothing to say, to the point; and at such times persons are not apt to talk to no purpose. We sat there and brooded for two hours, certainly.

'Well, if we're going to stay here, let's make us a camp somewhere,' Farr at length broke out.

The rest of us agreed to that.

Fred then led off, following the shore of the pond round to the south-west side, where there was a brook leading out of it down to the Little Magalloway, of which the little pond is a tributary. Crossing this, we came to a *rick* of great rocks on the hill-side above it.

'Might make us a den amongst these,' Farr suggested.

Without waste of words, Fred set down the pot of pork and began to cut poles. These we laid across the tops of three of the large rocks that lay about and near to each other, and then thatched them over with boughs of spruce and fir. The little space inclosed by the rocks was partially filled with dry leaves, twigs, and the fallen foliage of spruces. This, with sprigs of fir, offered a decent bed. Scott shivered with cold—in his under-shirt. Fred peeled off—as well as could be done at this season of the year—a broad slab of bark from a large canoe-birch, out of which we contrived a sort of jacket for our scantily-clad comrade.

As for the rest of us, we did not feel uncomfortably cold in our woollen shirts while at work. It was only on sitting still that we shivered.

The most of that afternoon was spent in getting up a good meal out of such as we had. We could at least afford a generous fire. Our only anxiety on this score being lest the 'Cannucks' should see the smoke. But as the pond was not in sight from the lake, we had no great fear of it.

We were, as we reckoned it, twelve miles from the Cleaveland camp.

For coverlets that night, we had nothing but boughs and birch bark; but we built a great fire before the rocks, and lay close to each other, in order to lose no warmth. Despite our nestling, we got pretty cold toward morning.

Fred got up before light and rebuilt the fire.

Just at sunrise there came on another violent snow-squall. The woods sighed and roared. It darkened; and the snowflakes fell thickly. It made us shudder. Winter was evidently at no great distance, and what, alas! was our situation?

At breakfast, which we at length got, Fred said, 'They surprised us: why can't we surprise them?'

'With an old axe and a butcher-knife!' Scott exclaimed, derisively.

Fred went on to explain that they would not always be at the camp—all of them, at least.

'But how do you know they are there, or stayed there an hour?' said I.

'Oh, they'll stay there and trap there awhile,' said Fred. 'I know they will. That's why they drove us off—they wanted our chance. But they will be on their guard for a day or two,' he added, after a long pause.

During the afternoon, Farr made the remark that if we were going to stay there we might as well go to digging gum as to do nothing.

That seemed sensible. Hope revived a little. Possibly we might make a trifle yet. All about us there was a heavy spruce growth, and on many of the trunks we had noticed gum—large balls of it.

'But what are we to dig it with?' Scott questioned.

'Here's the axe,' said Farr.

'And the butcher-knife,' said Fred.

'That will be for two only,' objected Scott. (He was homesick enough those days; he wanted to start for home.)

'There are the case-knives,' I said.

But they were too limber. That fault was in part remedied by breaking them off midway the blade. To hold the gum after it was dug, we provided ourselves with dishes, or trays, made of birch bark, fastened together at the corners with wooden pins.

This finding something to do was a blessing to us, for 'occupation is the mother of cheerfulness,' as the saying goes. Work takes up a fellow's mind, and we grew quite cheerful going from tree to tree to dig the gum. It is rather pretty work, too, light and cheery. There was a pleasure in finding rare 'good trees' and big lumps. Some trees would be quite crusted with it on one side from the ground upward for twenty or thirty feet. But we could not reach higher than six or seven feet. Nevertheless, in three or four hours we dug about four pounds of clear gum, and we reckoned that it was worth not less than two dollars.

When a party has had a long run of misfortune, even little encouragements cheer them.

'We will take home what clear gum we can carry,' Farr said. 'And we can carry a hundredweight between us. That will be fifty dollars, certain.'

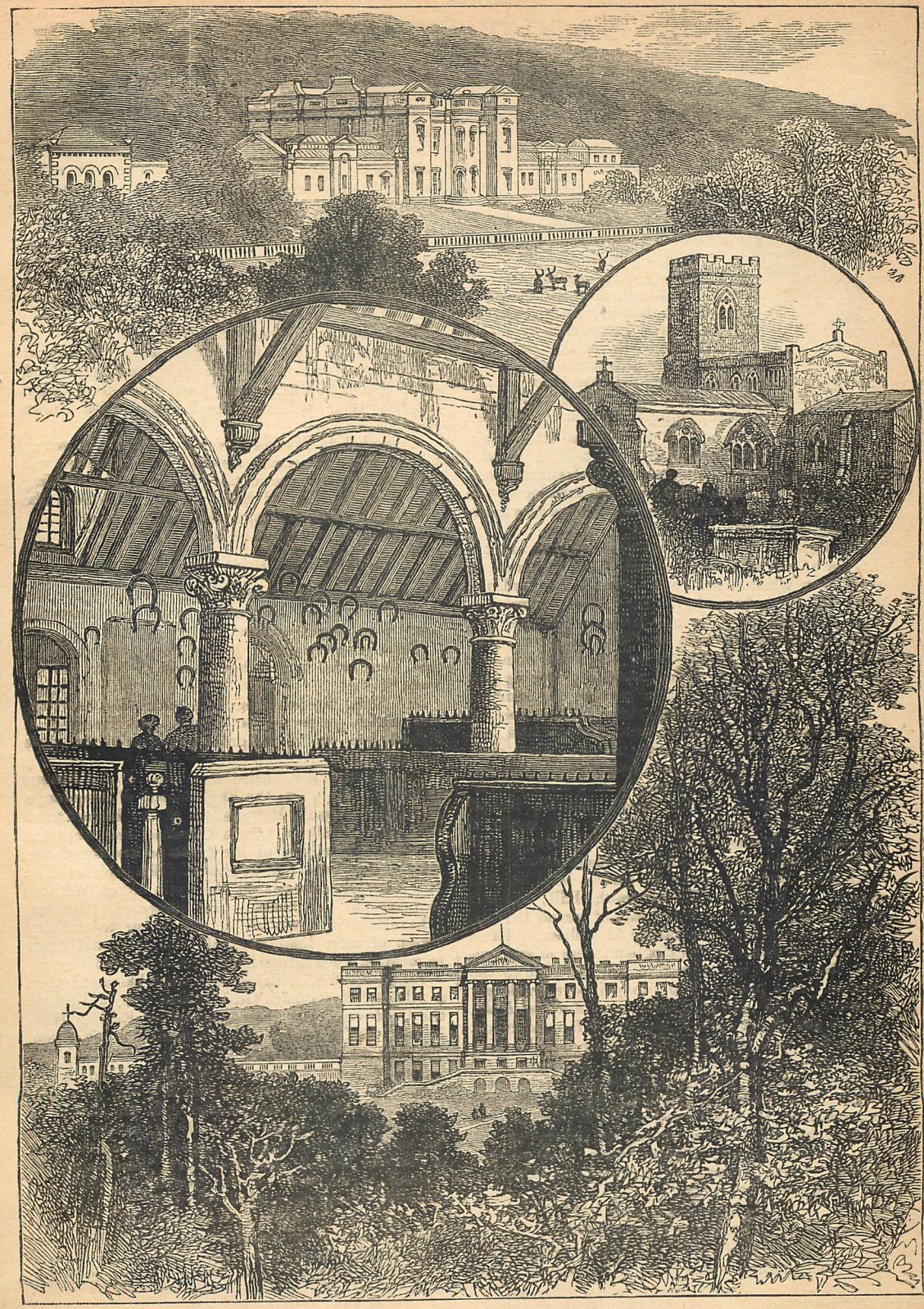
(To be continued.)

RUSTIC WIT.

AS two would-be wits were driving in their gig along the road to Brighton, on the first of April, they overtook a rustic tramping along, and, having determined to 'make a fool of him,' one of them shouted, 'John! John! do you see that swarm of bees by you there?' 'No, I doan't; but I see a couple of drones, though!' was the reply.

THE OLD ABBEY.

SCATTERED all over our peaceful land there may be seen many ruined abbeys, and other ecclesiastical buildings, witnesses to the piety of those who, at great cost and labour, built them for the service and glory of God. These ruins are lovely, even in their decay, mantled all over with ivy as many of them are, and affording shelter to the wild birds. But alas, they are no more used as buildings for the worship of God! A sad time came, when a fierce war of parties raged in our land, and the beautiful buildings themselves were unroofed and torn down; and all this was done in the name of religion. It is very difficult for us at the present day to judge quite fairly as to these sad doings; but we may all regret that buildings so beautiful, and which had been erected for such a holy purpose, should have been so ruthlessly destroyed; and we may also be very glad that we ourselves live in happier times, when the voice of war is seldom heard in our sea-girt home, and where we are all free to worship God without fear or danger. D. B.



VIEWS IN RUTLANDSHIRE. By W. H. J. Boot.

Normanton Hall. Market Overton Church. The Oakham Horseshoes. Burleigh-on-the-Hill.

COUNTY CHATS.

No. XXIX.—RUTLANDSHIRE.

COMPACT little Rutlandshire is in size far below the rest of its brethren. It is little more than half the size of Middlesex.

The poet Drayton, however, bids the little one to be of good comfort. He says:—

'Love not thyself the less, although the least thou art,
What thou in greatness want'st, wise Nature doth impart
In goodness of thy soil; and more delicious mould,
Surveying all this Isle, the sun did ne'er behold.
Bring forth that British vale, and be it ne'er so rare,
But Catmus with that vale for richness may compare.'

Catmus, now Catmoss, is the vale in which Oakham stands. It means, we are told, a wooded plain. There is a curious custom at Oakham Castle. The gate of the castle-yard and the interior of the old hall are studded with horse shoes, some very large, some gilded.

The Lord of the Manor had permission to exact a shoe, or a sum of money instead, from the horse of every peer when he first went through the lordship. Some of the shoes have the donor's name on them. Among them is one given by George IV., when he visited Oakham as Prince Regent. The hall of the castle is said to be the finest domestic room in all England. What scenes of justicing and feasting have been here! The lords of Oakham did justice on many a trembling wight in this fine old Norman hall; but several of them, in their turn, had to tremble and beg for mercy in vain before their judges. Two of the Staffords (see 'County Chat on Maxstoke Castle, Warwickshire'), were lords of Oakham, and perished at the block. Another lord of Oakham was trampled to death at the battle of Agincourt. Besides these, Thomas Cromwell, earl of Essex, once a lord of Oakham, was executed.

Another Burleigh rears its stately head in this county. It is called Burleigh-on-the-Hill; and it is the pride of the shire. It is a sort of second Belvoir, and was once held by the family of Villiers. These men, created Dukes of Buckingham, were so extravagant, that they were obliged to sell Burleigh to the Finches. In a pleasant book, to which we are deeply indebted, called *Abbeys, Castles, and Ancient Halls*, much is said about Jeffery Hudson, a famous dwarf. His father kept the Duke's 'baiting bulls,' which made cruel sport for the owner of Burleigh. All Hudson's children were of the ordinary size, except Jeffery, who became a plaything for royalty. On one occasion, he was served up in a cold pie; on another, he was drawn out of the pocket of the King's gigantic porter, William Evans. On another occasion, when danger was at hand, he hid himself, as the poet puts it,

'Beneath a spick-
-And-span new pewter candlestick.'

But the dwarf was not to be lightly trifled with. Being once highly offended by a gentleman named Croft, he challenged him to fight a duel. Mr. Croft, disdaining the little man, came to the meeting, armed with no weapon but a squirt. This so enraged Jeffery, that he insisted on a duel with pistols. Croft and he met, and the gentleman who had insulted the dwarf was shot dead. Jeffery was never higher than three feet nine inches. His striped waistcoat and the blue satin breeches and stockings are yet preserved in a museum at Oxford.

At Exton Church are buried a worthy couple, who had eighteen children, and lived to celebrate their 'golden wedding.' These are the Haringtons. The place passed from that family to the Noels, earls of Gainsborough.

There is a place still called 'Bloody Oaks' in Horne parish, where the battle called 'Loosecoat battle' was fought. The Lancaster men pulled off their coats and flung them away, that they might outstrip their pursuers, the Yorkists, with drawn swords.

A sundial in Market Overton Church was put up by the great Sir Isaac Newton. His mother was born in an old house in the village, and on a ceiling of a room in that old house is yet to be seen the drawing of a sundial, supposed to be Sir Isaac's.

Of Stretton it used to be said,

'Stretton in the street where shrews meet.

Shrews are scolding wives, and it perhaps is not fair to Stretton to say the wives scold their husbands there more than elsewhere.

There is an inn called by the very funny name of the 'Ram Jam,' in Greetham parish. What can we make of that?

St. Tibba, the patroness of hawkers and hawking, was highly respected at Ryhall, and Harding, of Ryhall, was one of the greatest heroes of the ninth century.

At Lynden lies buried the body of the famous Whiston. He wrote the English copy of *Josephus*, a book widely read. He was one of the learned men who used to talk to Queen Caroline, and when she asked him to tell her of her faults he mentioned one, viz., her bad behaviour at chapel. She said nothing: but, six weeks afterwards, she again asked Whiston to point out her faults. He answered, 'Madam, I have laid it down as a rule never to tell any person of more than one fault at a time, and never to mention a second until the first is mended.'

Edith Weston, which sounds more like a girl than a village, has its name from Editha, wife of Edward the Confessor. She was daughter of Earl Godwin. In fact, the Confessor gave 'Roteland' to his queen. The will may still be seen.

The School of Uppingham has been raised in our generation from a very small one to a very great one, by Mr. Thring, the head master. In the church of this town is the pulpit in which Dr. Jeremy Taylor, the eminent divine, used to preach. Over the door of the old school, the grand text, 'Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth,' is written in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin.

In Orange Lane is a building called the Bear House, which some antiquarians think is connected with certain soldiers brought over from Holland to fight for King Charles. These men were described

as 'savage bears,' and a party of Cromwell's Ironsides entering Uppingham one Sunday, by chance, found these 'bears' at play, and changed their sport into sad reality, for they tied them to trees, and shot them dead

At Barrowden, the ancient custom of strewing the church floor with rushes is still observed on the Feast Sunday.

The custom of 'Borough English' prevails in some places hereabouts; which is, that if a person dies without a will, his property goes to the youngest son, as heir-at-law, instead of the eldest. The bells attached to the clocks in some of the Rutlandshire churches hang outside the tower or spire, probably to increase the sound.

Sir Kenelm Digby, one of the Gunpowder-plotters, used to live at Stoke Dry, and several of that family are buried in the church.

At Ketton, a rent of two shillings a-year is collected from the inhabitants 'for the Queen's boots.' Perhaps in ancient times this small sum was enough to pay Her Majesty's shoe bill. How far would it go now?

An old lady who used to live at Tolthorpe in the reign of Henry VI., left sixpence to every curate who came to her dirige (funeral); to every priest, fourpence; to every parish clerk, twopence. She also left 3*s.* 4*d.* to every godchild she had. G. S. O.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

CHARADE.

116. My *first* good Rulers all display,
My *second* makes us strong,
My *third* with gladness, day by day,
Makes life to glide along.

My *next* an attribute is now
Of our most gracious Queen;
When pours my *fifth* from Etna's brow,
Woe to her chestnuts green!

No church nor home can Christmas keep,
Without my *sixth* in view;
When comes my *last*, with its long sleep,
May it bring peace to you!

Set these seven words in order down,
And their first letters sum,
Then hang the garland on the Crown,
Now eighty-seven has come!

Read then their last, and you will find,
If they are 'all serene,'
A certain thing, to my own mind,
Of all its kind the Queen!

MOTHER SPHINX.

AN ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

117. FIRST a thousand write down plain;
Half of two; and then again
Fifty, and a third of one.
If you this have rightly done,
You'll see with pleasure
An English measure.

A GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A GREAT REPUBLIC.

118. (1.) A town in southern France.
(2.) A town in England.
(3.) An island of Scotland.
(4.) A river in England.
(5.) A river in Germany.
(6.) A town in Syria.

A NUMERICAL CHARADE.

119. I AM a word of ten letters: my 1, 3, 4, is one of your pets; my 2, 6, 7, 9, is your admiration; my 7, 9, 8, 6, is your dress. My *whole* is your great delight.

A SQUARE WORD.

120. SQUARE the word 'fate' in four different ways.

AN OCTAGONAL PUZZLE.

121. A CELEBRATED Confederate General; a period of time; to join; a traveller; refuse; unknown (abbreviated); 157.

The *outer* letters read backwards from the upper extreme right show a useful modern appliance.

AN ENIGMA.

122. I STRENGTHEN the weak;
I cross the wide sea;
I frighten the thief;
And I grow on a tree.

AN ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

123. PLACE four fives in such a way as to make four times four and forty.

[*Answers at page* 183.]

LOOKING BACK.

ALL is the same as in my childhood's hour,
And who may tell how sweet it seems to me!
Ah, how I loved my home—the old church tower—
The lovely prospect, bud, and bloom, and tree!

Across this little bridge full many a day
I danced along to reach our cottage door;
And see, the streamlet where I used to play
Still laughs and ripples, as it did of yore;

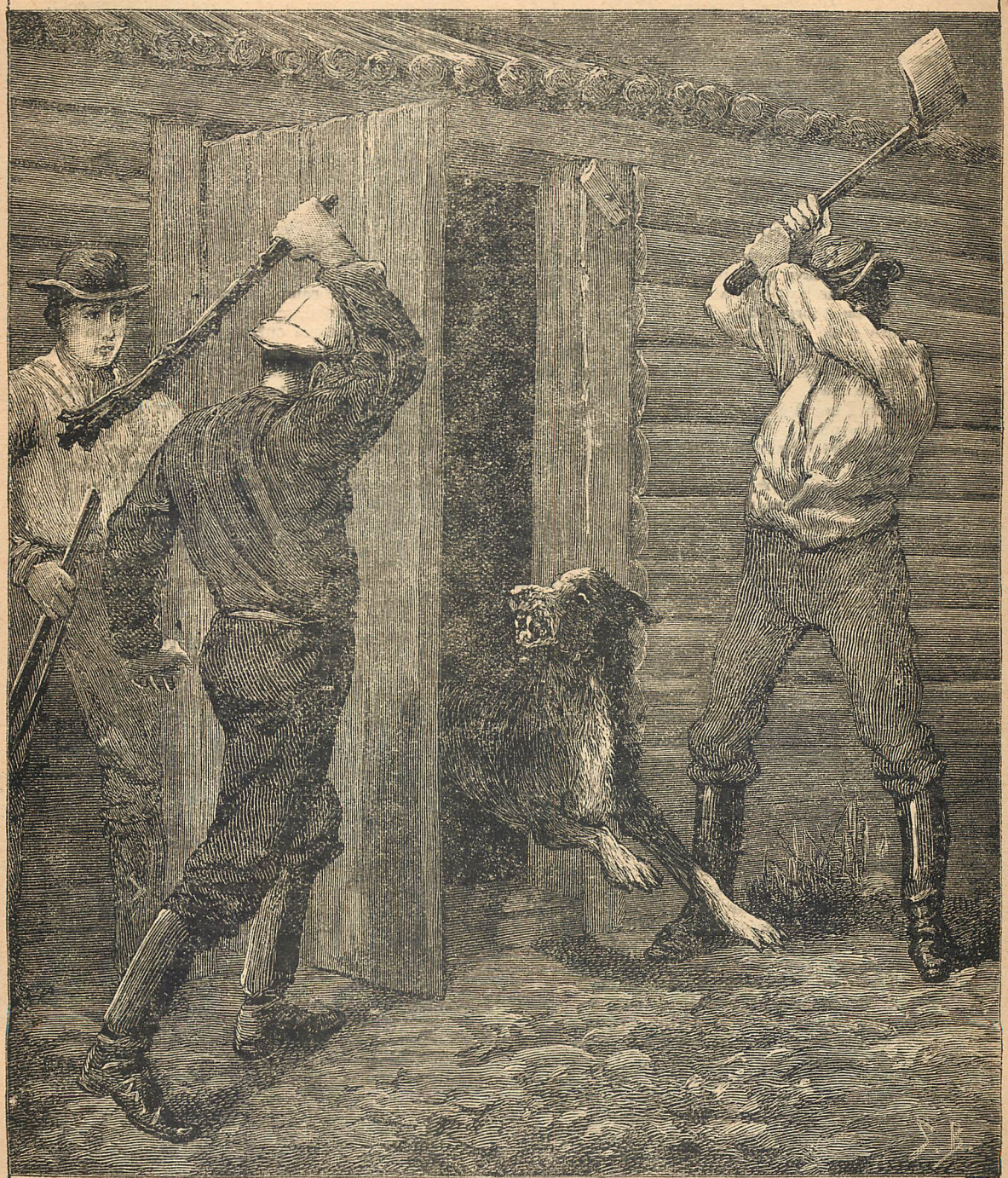
The dove still coos within that calm retreat;
The bright-eyed rabbit hides beneath the fern;
While I, alas! on weary, wandering feet,
Have travelled on life's highway, cold and stern!

Beneath the daisied turf my loved ones lie,
Father and mother—all I held so dear!
Ah me! it seems but yesterday since I
Turned from the empty cot with many a tear!

My home is mid the city's rush and roar,
Where saddest poverty attends my lot,
And many sorrows never known before
When in my childhood's home, that little cot.

But God is good, and whether here or there,
His hand is o'er me still, His gracious hand!
I know He will listen to my humble prayer,
And reunite us in the heavenly land. D. B.

Looking Back.



"Out leaped Rogue, all bristle and growl."

THE MOOSE HUNTERS.

(*Continued from page* 147.)

CHAPTER XXI.

THAT night it came in cloudy, with the weather cold and piercing. We had bad luck with our fire. It burned but poorly. There are some nights that a camp-fire will not burn, even if the wood be good. It kept deadening down and smouldered.

Something was round the camp, too—some creature. Perhaps it had followed us in from gumming, though we did not hear it till as late as eight o'clock in the evening. If we had only had a gun we would have made it scamper! Fred did not care for it. He lay down and went to sleep. But it disturbed me thoroughly. I could not go to sleep. No more could Scott; and I think Farr did not rest any too well. I noticed he kept one hand on the butcher-knife. We could hear twigs break, off a little way. I fancied I could see its eyes; repeatedly I heard its step. It kept prowling about till near morning. We had little idea what it was; the night was too dark to discern anything off from the fire.

Toward morning I fell into a sound nap.

When I woke, Farr and Scott were snoring well; but Fred was gone. He did not come back till near nine o'clock. We guessed, however, that he had gone off to reconnoitre, and so we got breakfast ready and waited: that is to say, we waited five or ten minutes, then ate the best of it, but kept the rest warm for him.

He came in warm and tired.

'Wherever have you been?' we asked.

He had been up as far as Indian Point; seven miles, at least. He had seen nothing of the Cannucks: but there was a smoke visible over the woods in the direction of the old camp; and he had no doubt that they were there yet.

We went out to dig gum again; and that day we dug what we called five pounds. It gave us some idea of the vast quantities in these woods. There were tons of it.

That day Fred killed a partridge with a stone. We had it for supper. The reader may rest assured that we did not throw away any part of that bird. There was no Spot to eat the wings and legs raw. Poor Spot! We supposed that the big brindled dog, Rogue, had eaten him up.

That night it snowed an inch or two.

Fred went off early again to reconnoitre the Cannucks. On coming back, he told us that he had been to the high land on the west side of the lake, to the mouth of Rosebuck; and he had heard the report of a gun up near the head of the lake.

'They are trapping up there, full blast,' said he. 'The wretches! Isn't it awful aggravating? *Our* traps, *our* grub, *our* guns, and *our* camp!'

It was too aggravating to dwell on! It was enough to turn a fellow's blood to gall!

We gummed five or six pounds that day. Farr killed a young hare with a stick. We had it for supper. 'Rather weak stuff!' so Scott said; and it was so. But it was better than *sprung* pork—for a change at least.

That night it was windy. We slept very cold. Scott had now begun to sneeze about half the time. He nearly sneezed himself out of his birch-bark jacket. He had cold-sores and sore eyes besides. Poor chap! we pitied him. That was all we could do—except to make him white birch jackets; and that was no small job, for he shook them to pieces sneezing.

Those were tough times. I don't see how we lived. But, most of all things, we wanted to get square with those Cannucks.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE morning after, Fred and I went up to the lake together to see whether any of our enemies were abroad. From our camp, or rather den, among the rocks at Sunday Pond, up to the lake, it was about three miles. We came out on the shore at the foot of Rosebuck Cove, and stood gazing off up the lake toward the islands, distant nearly five miles.

Presently, as we looked, I saw a speck moving across the open stretch, between two of the islands. Fred saw it at the same moment.

'What's that?' he said. 'Isn't that a boat?'

'Yes: that's our old boat, as sure as you're born!' Fred exclaimed, a moment later. 'Coming down the lake, too.'

We hastily retreated out of sight among the alders, and then we watched the boat anxiously. It came on pretty fast. In half an hour it was in plain sight; and not long after we made out four persons in it.

'They are going down to the dam!' said Fred. 'Now's our time!'

'But they've left a man at the camp,' I objected.

'Yes; but he may not be on his guard,' said Fred. 'Now's our time to strike. He may step out a moment, and if he does, why, we'll step in. Stay here and watch the boat. I'll run for the other boys.'

He was off like a shot. It seemed a desperate enterprise; but we were in desperate straits—ready to run risks.

The boat crawled down the lake, and at length entered the outlet and disappeared. How long they would stay down at the dam and the camp there was a mere matter of conjecture.

Fred must have run all the way down to the pond; for in less than an hour they all three came panting through the woods: Farr greatly excited and half crazy, and Scott looking pale but determined. Once started on such an errand, he was not the lad to show the white feather.

Fred had the axe and butcher-knife. He cut down a horn-beam sapling, and armed the rest of us each with a formidable club. We then went up the slope to the height of land. There we struck our old 'saple-line' on the west side of the lake. This we followed up the west shore.

Fred went ahead, half the time at a dog trot. The rest of us with our clubs kept up as best we could. Where we could see out through the woods on to the lake we stopped to take a look. Each time it rejoiced our hearts to see that the boat had not yet come out in sight at the foot of the lake. Then on

we would go again. I do not think we were much over an hour going up.

On getting within a half mile of the camp, however, we advanced very cautiously; and when within fifty rods we spoke only in whispers, and dared not let so much as a twig break under our feet. At length, from among a clump of alders, we caught sight of it—the back of it. A smoke was rising lazily. We could even smell the burning wood. All was quiet. Nobody in sight.

'He's inside making something, or perhaps taking a snooze,' Farr suggested.

We stood watching for ten or fifteen minutes. We knew that time was precious, too. Even now the boat might be on its way up the lake!

'I'm going to see who's there, anyhow,' Fred whispered.

He crept forward, axe in hand. Moving to the right, so as to bring the main ox-camp between him and the grain-shed, he went quickly up to within a dozen yards of it. Then, after listening a moment, he stole forward to peep through the cracks in the side of it. But before he was near enough for this, a dog barked out on a sudden. Instantly Fred dropped behind a stump. Our hearts beat loudly. We expected to see a Cannuck rush out, gun in hand.

But nothing stirred, though the dog continued barking boisterously from within the shed. We saw Fred creep forward. He peeped through the cracks; then, as if reassured, he crawled around the end to look at the front side. Then he jumped to his feet and called to us, 'Come on! There's nobody here.'

We ran out to the shed.

'There's not a soul here,' Fred said, as we came up. 'He's off somewhere; left the dog shut in to watch. But he'll soon be back if he hears the barking. We'll put an end to it. Be ready with your clubs.' Fred unbuttoned the door. It swung partly open. Out leaped Rough, all bristle and growl. Farr struck him across the head with his club, on the instant. The blow stunned him. Fred at once despatched the cur with the axe.

'One the less of them,' said Farr.

'Be on the look-out,' Fred advised. 'You, Scott, and Farr.'

He and I went into the shed.

'Skins are gone,' Fred exclaimed, at first glance. 'They've either hidden them or sent them off.'

I was looking for the guns. There were four, stood up in one corner, all loaded; two of their old muskets, one of our double-barrelled guns (Farr's), and Fred's single-barrel. The little rifle and our other double-barrel were gone.

'Got them with them in boat,' said Farr.

A part of the ammunition lay on the little shelf where we had kept it. We at once drew the charges and reloaded the guns.

Farr ran into the ox-camp.

'There are ten musk-rat skins and one of the mink skins gone,' he reported.

'Then I'll tell you what's up!' Fred exclaimed. 'They've sent a man off—out into Canada somewhere—after rum, with those skins and the scrip they got from us. That's what's the matter!'

We could find nothing of our coats, or waistcoats either, and thought it quite likely that they had sent these off too. The hide of some creature had been nailed up to the side of the ox-camp. We pulled it down. It was the skin of poor Spot!

'There's all that is left of your dog, Farr,' said Fred.

'Poor Spot!' was all we could say: and there lay Rogue, too, dead as a hammer. Truly this had been a hard week for dogs.

'But don't stand fooling there!' Fred exclaimed. 'We've not a moment to lose. The boat will soon be back, *and then what?*'

'We won't let them land,' said Farr. 'We will stand with our guns cocked and pointed, and drive them off.'

'And lose the boat and what there is in it!' cried Fred. 'That won't do! We must work shrewder than that.'

'I'll tell you,' said he, after a little thought. 'Let's get inside the shed, shut the door, and lie quiet till they land. Then we will stop them short, when they are coming up to the camp from the boat.'

'What! shoot them?' I exclaimed.

'No; if we work it right there will be no need of that. They are a set of sneaks. They won't fight if they see we have the advantage. We'll have our guns all ready, cocked and aimed at their heads before they see us. I'll do the talking. Don't shoot, any of you, unless I give the word. We won't hurt them unless we're obliged to. But we'll have our things back, anyhow. They don't deserve to live, the scoundrels! But we won't shed their dirty blood. We'll save them for the gallows. Now, fellows, keep cool. Don't get scared. Keep cool. That's half the battle. If we've got any pluck about us, we must show it now. Now's the time to show what stuff we're made of.'

Instead of the shed, we concluded to lay in ambush in the ox-camp. The doorway of the latter was larger, and we could step out quicker.

The carcass of old Rogue we threw inside the shed and shut the door, just as they had left it. We even nailed Spot's skin to the side of the ox-camp again. It was now a little past noon. We kept out of sight in the camp and waited.

An hour passed. It was this having to wait that tried our courage most of all. As long as we could put things through with a rush we felt pretty brave. We had no thoughts of backing out, however; but the delay made us nervous.

About two o'clock we heard the sound of paddles coming up the stream, and soon rough voices. Our hearts jumped—at least my own did. I *felt* pale and I noticed the other boys *looked* so. We shut our teeth hard and braced ourselves.

Nearer came the sounds. Each fresh noise sent a thrill through me. Fred only stood where he could peep out.

The boat came slowly up to the landing-place. They were talking in French—Canada French. The sound of paddles stopped. I heard them unshipping their oars.

'Be ready,' Fred whispered.

They were getting out. Still Fred stood motionless.

'They've stolen a barrel of that pork down at the other camp,' he whispered, at length. 'They're unloading it. Now they've begun to roll it up toward

"Farr killed a young Hare.

the camp. They've left their guns in the boat. Be ready!'

I could hear the heavy barrel crunching on the stones and chips as they rolled it along.

'*Now!*' Fred whispered, and stepped noiselessly out. We followed him.

They were not a dozen yards off; but they were bent over and did not see us even then.

'Halt, there!' Fred shouted.

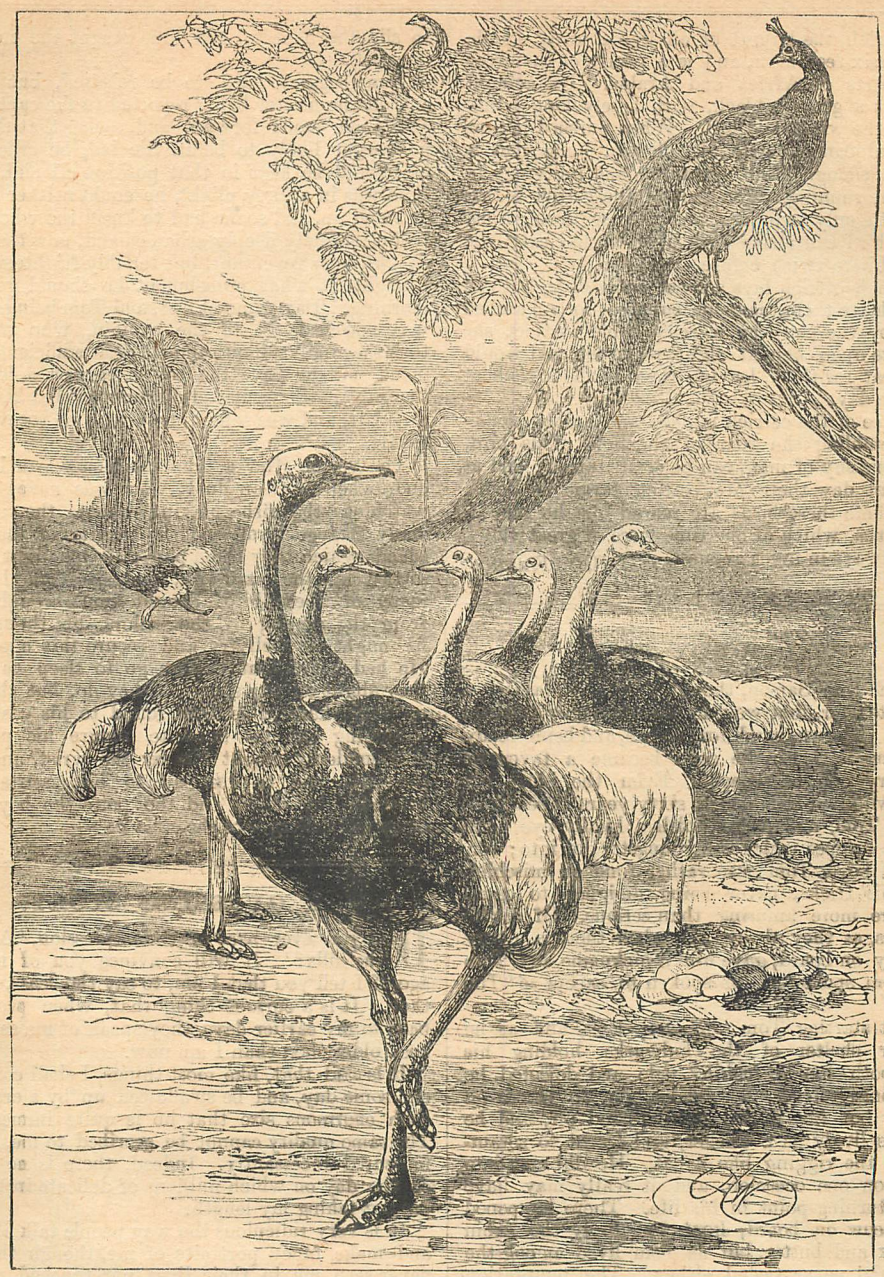
You ought to have seen them jump! One of them jumped up a foot from the ground! We had our guns pointed full in their faces.

'Stand where you are!' Fred said, distinctly.

They stood and stared; they were astounded. One of them turned partially, as if to run to the boat.

'Stop!' Fred shouted. 'If you stir I'll shoot you dead!' taking aim at him.

He stopped. *(To be continued.)*



PEACOCKS AND OSTRICHES.

THE Peacock is a native of India, where it is found in great numbers, but although a tropical bird it is now quite at home in our own country, and it forms one of the most attractive ornaments of our lawns and gardens. It is a truly beautiful bird, with an aigrette of upright feathers, twenty-four in number, on its head, and a magnificent train, each feather of which is a perfect marvel of beauty.

The peacock is a vain bird, delighting to strut about and display himself to the best advantage; he is also rather quarrelsome, pecking, and often killing chickens, ducklings, and other small poultry. The peahen is quite unlike her mate, being smaller, of a brownish colour, and without any train. The peacock seems to have been known to the Hebrews in the time of King Solomon, as we read in 2 Chron. ix. 21 that his ships brought to him 'ivory, apes, and peacocks.' In cold countries, such as ours, the peahen does not lay many eggs, and the little chicks are rather difficult to rear.

The Ostrich, the largest of all living birds, stands more than six feet high, and is a native of the great sandy deserts of Africa and Arabia. Its general plumage is a greyish-black, with lovely long white plumes in the wings and tail. When pursued it runs swiftly and can outstrip the fleetest horse, but it never flies, though often spreading out its wings to assist it in running. The foot of the ostrich is furnished with only two toes, and the leg is so strong that the bird can strike such a blow that even the leopard thinks twice before attacking it.

The female ostrich lays a great many eggs, but she does not leave them (as some suppose) to be hatched entirely by the sun; by a remarkable instinct she always sits upon them at night, when the cold would be too great for them, leaving them to the sun's heat during the day.

The voice of the ostrich is deep and hollow, somewhat resembling the roar of the lion. This bird, though very shy of man, can be easily tamed; and at the present day there are ostrich farms in South Africa, where these birds are reared for the sake of their plumes, which at one time were of great value, and are always in much request. D. B. McKean.

SAILOR-BOY TOM.

LITTLE Tom Sarson, though now a captain of a fine steamer, first went to sea when only thirteen years old. He was small for his age, and being ready and willing to learn, he soon became a favourite with every one on board. Even the bluff old captain, who had been nearly sixty years at sea, took notice of Tom, and looked with a kindly eye upon the many scrapes which the youngster got into; for, like most boys, Tom was rather fond of mischief, though his tricks, never being designed to cause pain, were more amusing than serious. Of course the sailors, as they always do when there is a very young boy on board, gave him a nickname, and Tom was seldom spoken of, or spoken to, except as 'The Old Man.'

At first starting Tom was very sick, and as he sat under shelter of the bulwarks holding his head in both hands, looking pale and dejected, he wished himself back at school again, anywhere on dry land; but his illness soon passed off, and he became as lively as a cricket, and learnt to scramble about the rigging like a cat. He did get into disgrace on one occasion, and it really may have been the turning-point in his life. There happened to be a cow on board, kept to supply the cabin with milk and butter, but as Tom lived among the men he had never tasted either. The temptation was very strong, and at last proved too much for the boy's sense of what was right; so Tom used to slip into the cowhouse when darkness came on with a little tin mug and milk the cow till he was satisfied; this went on for nearly a fortnight, until one evening the cook, who had charge of the cow, saw Master Tom slip in. The door, like all doors on board the old sailing-vessels, was a sliding one, so the man stood ready, and when Tom came creeping out on his hands and knees he just allowed his head to appear, when he slid the door to, and thus caught the culprit by the neck.

Tom begged hard to be released, but in vain, and on the matter being reported to the captain that gentleman came forward and, seeing that there was no danger likely to befall the lad, he ordered that he should be kept in that position all night. Poor Tom was in a sorry plight, he could neither lie down or stand up, and so he had to kneel the whole night, feeling not only deeply ashamed and, now that he was caught, very repentant, but terribly frightened as he thought of what punishment he should get in the morning. Day came at last, and Tom being released, was marched aft to the captain, who considered that the night's imprisonment was sufficient punishment; but he gave the boy so earnest a lecture on the subject of deceit and dishonesty, that Tom never forgot it, and was some time before he recovered his spirits.

The vessel, after a time, reached warm latitudes, and, when not on duty, Tom was never tired of watching the fish playing about the ship, the many strange birds, and the beauties of the tropical islands which they often passed. One night a booby settled on the yard-arm, and, as Tom had seen many of these birds caught and brought down from the rigging by the sailors, he thought that he might as well try and secure this one himself. He had heard that boobies go to sleep as soon as they alight on any spot; so they do, but they wake up very sharply, as Tom found to his cost, for on stretching out his hand to secure his prize, the bird suddenly caught him by the wrist, and one of the men had to run up to his assistance, for between the fright and the pain the boy was in danger of falling into the sea. W.

A GUESSING STORY.

DID you ever hear of the expression, 'As old as the hills?' It will convince you of my great age, if I tell you that I am, to say the least, as old as they. It is a curious thing that, when people look back to my earlier days, they speak of me as if I had been older then than I am now.

It is said that, like most things, I shall come to an end some day, and be swallowed up by a creature of such enormous size that he is quite immeasurable. The same quality cannot be ascribed to me, for I am measured incessantly. Indeed, there is no moment of the day on which millions of delicate instruments are not taking my length.

It is very ridiculous the way people talk about me, and make fancy portraits of me, though they have never seen me in their lives, nor touched, nor even heard me. They go into such details about my appearance that they declare confidently that I have wings, though they have never picked up so much as a feather. They are pleased to say that I fly sometimes, and at others, scarcely move at all, though really I go at the same steady jog-trot pace always.

But some slow-coaches never succeed in catching me up, though they are what they describe as 'running after me' the whole day. It is my rule never to wait for them, any more than would the

waves of the sea. You find me everywhere, but my head-quarters in England are at an interesting old town near London. In France, I prefer the gay and busy capital.

Though I bestow my company on everybody, some people seem to have much more of me than others; though, strange to say, these are often the very folk who declare they have least, and get the least good out of me.

I am so useful that nothing can be done without me. I am necessary to you in every railway journey you take, for without me there would be constant collisions on the line; but, by observing me, they are avoided.

I do not think anybody has been a more favourite theme of authors than myself. Poets, theologians, philosophers, have all written about me.

Though I am a person of the greatest dignity, I take an interest in the humblest people. I am such a friend to the poor, that it is often said I am as good as money to them. I condescend to regulate the performances of children, both in music and dancing, when they will allow me, but too often the tiresome little creatures disregard me. I am present at every concert that takes place; in fact, there would be no order amongst the musicians without me. I must say, therefore, that I consider it extremely ungrateful of them to appoint one of their number to take a stick to beat me.

But there are worse charges that I have to make against a large proportion of the human race, who actually speak of me as 'the enemy,' and try to kill me. But I always win in the end.

So powerful is my influence, that I can make you accustomed to the most trying circumstances; and there are few wounds that I do not succeed in healing.

If you object to my habit of leaving my traces on your face and form, you may, by a good disposition and behaviour, render them marks of beauty and honour. If you will only make good use of me, I will promise not merely to be your friend myself, but to make such friends for you with my Great Successor, of whom I spoke before, that you will feel grateful to me for evermore.

EDITH C. RICKARDS.

AN INGENIOUS SPIDER.

A CURIOUS story of a spider is on record, which shows a marvellous power of adaptation to trying circumstances. Its wheel-like web was in danger from a high wind. The spider therefore descended to the ground, a depth of about seven feet, and instead of attaching its thread to a stone or plant, fastened it to a piece of loose stick, hauled it up a few feet clear of the ground, and then went back to its web. The piece of stick thus left suspended, acted in a most admirable manner, giving strength and support, and at the same time yielding partly to the wind. By accident the thread became broken and the stick fell to the ground, when the spider promptly repeated his previous performance. In a day or two, when the rough weather had ceased, the insect voluntarily cut the thread, and allowed the now useless stick to drop. D. B.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

A MANSION.—CHARADE.

124. 'ONLY a penny for a shy!'
Such is the oft-repeated cry
Upon my *first* resounding;
But, when again I chance to tread,
That first, so far and wide outspread,
As if it had no bounding;
No cocoanut men there can thrive,
Enough, if one may keep alive!

Queen of the fairies, gossamer light,
With all her sylphs attending,
Trip on my *second* the sweet June night,
And vanish at its ending;
And though you'll ne'er see court or queen,
You'll see their steps, I'm certain;
So, if you don't know what I mean,
Look up at your parlour curtain!

With saw and plane, from dawn to dark,
Father and sons I see;
Shipwright midst of those young men mark,
For syllable *third* is he;
Third, too, when hunger bids them dine,
Most likely won't appease them,
For Eastern tastes don't take to swine,
Pork does not seem to please them.

Now for my *whole*,—a mansion brave,
Among its stately trees,
Furnished with all a man can crave,
However hard to please;
With pictures done by master hands,
With flowers to suit all seasons,
Amid its brother halls it stands
Alone, for its good reasons! G. S. O.

AN ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

125. A MAN owes his butcher 1*l.* 0*s.* 1*d.* and pays him in twenty-six coins in which there are neither gold nor copper coins, and not a shilling or a florin. How was it done?

CONUNDRUMS.

126. WHY would tying a slow horse to a post seem to quicken his pace?

127. WHEN I listen to the beating of a drum why am I like a judge?

128. WHY is a candle nearly burnt out like a certain county in Ireland?

129. WHY ought the stars to be the best astronomers?

130. WHY may a schoolmaster, whose scholars are all leaving him, be certain that he cannot lose them all?

131. WHY may one who is playing blind-man's-buff be said to possess benevolent sympathies?

132. WHEN is butter like Irish children?

133. WHY is an egg underdone like an egg overdone?

134. WHAT is that which nobody wants yet nobody likes to lose?

135. WHAT English word of five letters has no vowel in it?

136. WHY may carpenters reasonably believe there is no such thing as stone?

137. WHY is dancing like new milk?

[*Answers at page* 183.]

WHAT WOULD YOU CHOOSE?

SUPPOSE you had a shilling, Tom,
What would you buy to-day?
A jumping Jack, a Noah's Ark,
Or fluttering flags, so gay?'

Tom gazes long ere he replies,
Then whispers deep and low,
'I'd choose that rifle, Mary Anne,
To fight the Arab foe.

The folk that killed, some time ago,
Our Gordon, brave and good;
I'd cut their heads off, Mary Anne—
I would now, if I could.'

'Oh, don't be so revengeful, Tom,
It is not right at all;
Ah, had I but a shilling now,
I'd choose that lovely doll.'

D. B.

Doing Sentinel Duty.

THE MOOSE HUNTERS.

(*Continued from page* 156.)

'T'S our turn now,' said Fred. 'You had your turn. But now we've got you. If you offer the least resistance, we will kill you on the spot! We'll shoot you down like dogs!' They stared at the muzzles of the guns stupidly.

'Turn that barrel up on end!' ordered Fred, advancing with his double-barrelled gun pointed directly among them. Two of them stooped and turned it up.

'Now put our knives and whatever you stole from us on it,' Fred ordered.

They hesitated alarmedly; they did not understand.

'*Couteau-canif!*' shouted Fred, slapping his pocket and pointing to the head of the barrel.

Then they knew what was wanted, and fumbled the knives and trinkets out one by one, the most of them, and laid them down as directed.

'Now the "*mowney*" you stole from us!' Fred sang out.

They looked scared, shook their heads. 'No got,' they said. 'No got. Gorne,' pointing off up the river.

'Hand it out!' Fred yelled at them.

'No got! no got! gorne!' they protested. 'Peter gorne!'

We saw that the one which acted as their leader when they robbed us was really gone. He was probably the *Peter* referred to.

'Where are our "*coarts*" and "*warst-cuts?*' Fred demanded.

'Gorne! gorne!' they chorused.

At that Fred pretended to be terribly enraged. He took aim at them. So did we all.

They cowered, but kept saying, '*Gorne! Gorne!*'

We had little doubt of it.

'Pull off those boots!' thundered Fred, pointing to Scott's rubber boots, which one of them had on.

The villain obeyed with great promptness, and set them together as far from him as he could well reach.

'Take off your "*coarts!*"' said Fred.

They took them off.

'Take off your "*warst-cuts!*"'

They began to obey, but one of them grumbled audibly.

The rest of us covered him with our guns. The vest came off quick and was laid with the others.

'I've a great mind to strip them stark naked,' Fred muttered.

'I guess I wouldn't,' said Scott. 'It isn't best to behave worse than they did. But I should like my shirt back.'

'Off with that shirt!' exclaimed Fred, pointing his gun at one of the best-looking of their shirts, worn by the man with the crease mouth.

He pulled it off. It left him bare to his dirty hair skin.

'Have we served them bad enough?' Fred now questioned.

I thought so, for one.

'I guess they will do,' Farr said.

'All right,' said Fred. 'Now take aim at them, sharp.'

We aimed, as if about to shoot them down. I rather think they expected it. No doubt they were well aware that they deserved it.

Fred pointed off up the river.

'Stiver!' he shouted. 'Mog! you won't find us napping again!' They started hesitatingly, as if half afraid to move.

'Mog!' Fred reiterated.

They quickened their steps with eyes over their shoulders.

'Run!' we all yelled after them.

Then they ran—for life, through the brush along the river. No doubt they expected we would fire after them.

We kept shouting, then ran on after them, halfway up to the Little Boy's Falls. But we soon lost sight of them; for they scudded away like foxes.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THUS ended the affair, for that day. In the boat we found the other double-barrelled gun and the other of their old muskets. But the little rifle was gone. We concluded that Peter had taken that too. Fred's jack-knife was not in the pile on the barrel head. One of our combs, too, was missing, as also several other trinkets.

Their old dirty waistcoats we had no disposition to put on.

But the shirt Scott put in *soak* that night, and the next day he dried it and clothed himself in it,—not without certain inward misgivings and a great deal of repugnance.

One of the coats was an *army* dress-coat, a good deal worn and soiled. Another was an *army* overcoat with the skirts cut off. The two others were frocks made of coon skins, the hair turned in. The reader can guess how they looked. We first shook them, then we smoked them over the fire, then we hung them in the wind. But there was a certain odour about them that could not be shaken out. As it grew colder, however, we were glad to put them on.

We skinned Rogue; and after the hide had dried Fred made Scott a waistcoat out of it, and on the same pattern Farr made one for himself out of Spot's skin.

We found in the shed two blankets, which we were very sure were two of the four stolen from us when the old camp was burned. We had no doubt that it was the same party. There was also a large powder-horn full of shot, and a tin canteen nearly full of powder. Both of these we found hidden amid the boughs of the bunk. There was an old Colt's revolver lying with them, loaded with buckshot, and a rusty dirk-knife.

We did good sentinel duty that night; indeed, none of us slept much. The excitement of the day had strung us up too high. We watched alternately, with guns ready for instant use. There was a moon.

The situation of the old shed, however, in con-

nexion with the ox-camp, was unfavourable for defence. About twenty rods to the north of it, a high knoll covered with dry spruce tops, where the trees had been cut, commanded it in most approved military fashion; and there were thickets on the west and south sides, from any of which a concealed Cannuck might fire upon us. We had little doubt that they would come back and watch for a chance to surprise us. The following morning we held a serious council.

'Will it not be better to pack up, find what of our traps we can, and go off—down to Metallic Pond, say—and leave them "alone in their glory?"' Scott said. 'Then we shall be sure of no more trouble from them.'

For my own part, I was much of Scott's mind.

'When that blear-eyed, pit-faced captain of theirs gets back with the rum, there'll be a great to-do about this,' Scott went on. 'They'll come round here again, trying to get revenge; and we shall have a fight with them, as likely as not.'

But Fred would not hear a word of leaving on this account.

'I'll not be driven out by any such set of ruffians,' he declared. 'They've no business here whatever. They are a lot of "deserters" from the army—now turned into robbers and perhaps murderers. I'll not run for any such trash! They've no business whatever on the soil of this State. I won't budge for them an inch. If I see one of them hanging round here again, it will be the worse for him. And as for their firing at us, they will find that we can fire back. We've got the upper hand of them now, and I for one mean to keep the upper hand.'

At such talk as this we all began to wax warlike again. We had not run from them yet, and did not mean to do so. Let them come if they wanted to. They would find a hot reception. They would not find us all asleep again with the door unfastened—so we talked. Then it was debated how we should fortify our camp, to prevent a surprise, evenings and nights.

'Let's tear down the old ox-camp and build a strong palisade round our shed here,' Scott proposed. But the rest of us did not like the way the knoll overlooked the shed. We went up on the knoll to look about, taking our guns, of course, and keeping a careful eye about us.

This knoll was some twenty or thirty feet higher than the ox-camp. On the side next the river it fell off very steep to the water. On the west and north sides the declivity was not so great. On the lower side, next the camp, it was rather steep. The best of the spruces had been cut off. But there were scattering trees all about.

From the top of the knoll it was what Fred called 'all clear shooting' for fifteen or twenty rods on all sides.

'Why not build a camp up here?' Farr said.

After some talk we settled that we could not do better. Axes were brought up: those put away in the old grain-box. We set to work chopping, all four of us, in good earnest. The spruces were felled and cut up into logs thirteen feet long. With these we built the walls of a shed. On three sides we built up with the logs, notching and locking the ends together as is done in building a log camp. The heaviest logs we placed at the bottom, and then rolled the lighter ones up into their places on skids. These walls were about six feet high. The roof we made of ash poles, over which we laid splits from the old shed. On the open front side we hung up the tent, which we found in the shed as we left it. It furnished us with a very good door or curtain to our hut.

The building of this hut occupied all the forenoon; we worked hard, too. But we had a still harder task planned for afternoon. For we had no thought of trusting ourselves in the shed with no other protection.

'We must have a wall round it,' Fred declared.

But as stones were scarce, and the building of a stone wall would have been a great task, we decided to make a stockade of logs.

During all the afternoon, allowing ourselves only an hour for dinner, we toiled till the sun set, and raised a huge fence nine feet high on all sides of the hut. This fence was of logs laid upon each other, leaving but few cracks. It was about thirty-six feet square on the outside, and so it left a walk about ten feet wide around the hut inside the fence. The hut was our castle and the fence was our castle-wall.

The only door-way through the fence was a hole about three feet square. Through this we crept. For a door we brought up the door from the grain-shed, and set it sidewise betwixt stakes on the inside in such a way that no one could open it from the outside. Whichever of us happened to be on guard, he had to open it for the rest of us when we returned from our trips to visit traps, or otherwise.

Inside the fence we had a platform of logs built up, where the guard could stand and look off over the top of the fence.

That was a hard afternoon's work. Just at dusk we carried up the old stove and set it up inside the stockade.

The Cannucks had made a great hole in our potatoes. Evidently they had found them very good; and they had eaten up nearly the whole of our butter.

It was dark before we had fairly got moved into our new quarters. But once in there, within our nine-foot fence, with the 'sheep-hole' (as Farr called the door) stopped up, we felt much more secure.

'They would have hard work to get over *that* before we could pop them!' Fred said.

We took care to have our guns loaded and at hand. I have often thought since that we were rather fierce in those days. Yet what else could we do? If we stayed we must defend ourselves, and Fred was determined to stay; he certainly had a right to stay, though I suppose a genuine peace-maker would have thought it better to go away at once. But there must be some fighting in the world, or else the peace-makers themselves would soon find nothing to do.

(To be continued.)

TWO SORTS OF BLESSINGS.

IT is a great blessing to have what one wishes, but it is a greater blessing not to desire what one does not possess.

AN EGYPTIAN CARRIAGE.

EGYPT was famous for its chariots and horsemen at a very early period, but they did not possess a wheeled carriage of any kind.

Long ago, when the Pharaohs built vast pyramids for their sepulchres, the horse was not known in Egypt; the ass only was used, and wheels had not been invented. The picture shows the kind of vehicle in use more than 2000 years before the birth of Christ. On such a simple contrivance as this the kings, princes, and great people must have ridden, until some gifted man invented a wheel at each side of the seat. The Egyptians appear never to have ridden on horseback, but always in chariots. In Solomon's time chariots and horses were exported from Egypt to Judæa.

The war-chariot had two wheels, and was furnished with a quiver and bow-case at each side, the quivers having cases for two spears. Sometimes there was an additional quiver, and a mace and battle-axe. Pharaoh's army was composed of chariots and foot-soldiers.

PALM SUNDAY IN RUSSIA.

IN former times the Russian Church celebrated Palm Sunday at Moscow by a great ceremony.

Early in the morning of Palm Sunday a hundred men were ordered to clean the streets before the procession began. The Czar then set out from his palace in the Kremlin to a church called Jerusalem. He walked on foot arrayed in his royal robes, embroidered with gold and precious stones, and preceded by the officers of his household. On the way he stopped at a stone tribune, from which the Imperial edicts are read to the people, and, ascending the steps and turning towards the East, he bent his body to the earth as he repeated his prayers. He then entered the Church of Jerusalem, where the ceremony lasted about an hour; and the Patriarch of Moscow, standing in a niche, blessed the Russian people. The Czar and the Patriarch then came forth, and the procession set out on its return to the palace.

The Patriarch, in his richest vestments, sat sideways on a horse that was clothed in white linen, whilst the

Czar, wearing his crown, walked at the head of the horse with a bridle on his arm. The reins were three ells in length, and were supported by three nobles who marched behind the Czar. The horse's head was held on either side by a noble. In front walked a band of young men, bearing pieces of cloth of various colours, and there followed about five hundred of the principal clergy, richly adorned with gold and jewels, whilst others bore the patriarchal staff, crosses, and costly copies of the Gospels. Others again carried branches of willow or birch instead of palm, and a triumphal arch, on which there was a tree, was also borne along. On this occasion the Patriarch wore a flat head-dress, adorned with diamonds and golden loops, and edged with ermine, in place of a great mitre he wore in the church. He carried a gold cross set with jewels; and as the procession moved the bells of Moscow rang out, all the people, including the royal guards, prostrated themselves on the ground, and the Patriarch bestowed his benediction on the multitude. The ceremony terminated at the Patriarch's palace, which adjoined the Czar's.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

138. If from *six* you take *nine* and from *nine* you take *ten*,
(You wiseheads this riddle explain),
And if *fifty* from *forty* be taken, there then
Will just half-a-dozen remain.

139. Thirteen farmers went to dine,
Six took beer and seven drank wine,
Each for meat a florin paid,
A shilling less the drink-bill made.
As the wine cost twice the beer,
Tell me truly, reader dear,
What paid each one, do you think,
To mine host for meat and drink?

140. A hare starts 40 yards before a greyhound, and is not perceived by him till she has been up 40 seconds. She gets away at the rate of 10 miles an hour, and the dog pursues her at the rate of 18 miles an hour. How long will the course last, and what distance will the hare have run?

141. I earn in three months what I spend in four,
In half a year, by minding well my trade,
Two dozen ten-pound notes are duly made,
And guineas ten, and added to my store;
Now, when you've thought it over, tell to me
The yearly fruit of this economy. G. S. O.

ENIGMAS.

142. Cut off my head, some fair one's heart I gain;
Without a foot, her hand I next obtain;
A good return for these full well I know,
Deprived of head and foot, I can bestow;
Take head and neck, exalted I am made;
And in my whole, you'll find a useful trade.

143. I daily am old, I daily am new,
I am praised, I am blamed, I am false, I am true;
I'm the talk of the nation while yet in my prime,
But forgotten when once I've outlasted my time.
In the morning no miss is more courted than I,
In the evening behold me thrown carelessly by;
Take warning, you fair ones, I, like you, have my day,
Your charms, in due course, must pass wholly away.

[*Answers at page* 183.]

GUESSING STORY.

I HAVE only one leg, on which I stand all day and all night like a bird asleep. But to make up for this scanty allowance of leg, our family generally possess an extra number of arms. Most of us, I should say, have four; some even more; though there are others that have only one or two.

Though we never stir a foot ourselves, we are amongst the best friends that travellers have. We are tall and very thin for our heights, and look as white as a sheet; yet we are strong all the same.

Though we never utter a sound, we are clear and useful teachers. Our poor arms may get broken in the course of many years' service to mankind, yet, like good soldiers, we stand bravely at our posts, injured and mutilated though we may be.

Like the ancient Britons we wear paint instead of clothes, but we are plain in our appearance, having no taste for ornament.

Should you ever be travelling in some new part of the country, I will answer for it that you will be glad to meet us then, though you may never have cared to see us when you were at home. Who or what are we? Edith C. Rickards.

REUBEN TRIPP AND HIS MONEY.

REUBEN TRIPP and his wife were quiet elderly folk, who did not go often from home, but remained in the old cottage from one year's end to another, with their two girls Sally and Rose, and Aunt Agatha, as Mrs. Tripp's blind sister was called. The neighbours (none of whom lived within a mile of Glen Cottage) reported that old Reuben was a rich man, and also that he was queer; but we may inform our readers in confidence that Reuben was not rich, though, being a thrifty man, he had saved a little money against a rainy day; and he was not queer, except in this, that from a foolish prejudice against banks he kept all his savings in the house, tied up in a cloth bag, and hid away in a great oaken cupboard which had belonged to his grandmother. As these savings amounted to about 200*l.*, boys and girls may easily calculate for themselves how much money he lost every year by receiving no interest for it; but Reuben did not seem to understand this, which we must admit was rather queer.

On one occasion, Reuben, though no traveller, did go from home, accompanied by his wife, and as they did not expect to return for two days, many injunctions were given to the two girls: they were to be very careful of fire, to see the animals fed, to be very attentive to poor Aunt Agatha, and, above all, to lock up the house at an early hour in the evening.

'I am glad, my dears,' said their mother, 'that I am leaving a good servant with you. Grace seems to be so steady, though we have not had her long; if that silly Kitty had been still with us, I don't

think I could have left home, but Grace is a perfect treasure.'

Now, neither Sally nor Rose liked Grace, but being kindly girls they did not say so, fearing to distress their mother.

'And after all, you know, Sally,' said wise little Rose, 'it is only a prejudice on our part; we do not know anything against Grace, and no one should allow themselves to be ruled by prejudice.'

'Very true,' responded Sally, with a little hesitation; 'nevertheless, my dear Rose, I do not like the woman, though, of course, I would not say so to dear mother.'

And so the old people drove away, and in due time Sally and Rose went upstairs to bed; but it must be confessed that they were not quite so lively as usual, and indeed were both of them a little pale and nervous-looking, the reason of which we must now relate. Grace had behaved rather strangely during the afternoon: she had gone out without leave and could not be found when wanted. Sally had rung the bell for coals in the course of the evening, but, finding the bell unanswered, had gone downstairs, lamp in hand, to examine into matters. The hall-door was open, Grace was nowhere, while as the half-frightened girl looked along the passage leading to the kitchen, she was almost certain that she saw a dark shadowy figure glide into the pantry, the door of which stood half-open. In her terror Sally could not venture to open the door fully and ascertain if any one really was there, and as Grace came in at that moment with many apologies for being out of the way when wanted, her young mistress, quietly desiring her to lock up the house, stood waiting for the key of the hall-door, and then went upstairs with it in her hand.

'But, oh, dear Rose!' she said, 'what good was it locking the door, when some one, I feel certain, is already in the house, and that dreadful woman is an accomplice?'

Here the two poor girls in their terror gave way to a few pardonable tears; they were young, only eighteen and sixteen, their aunt was helpless, and they were quite unprotected. But after a while they dried their eyes, and tried to think what they had best do. Little Rose lifted the lamp and placed it in the window, so that the light shone fully out upon the high-road to Farn Castle, which extended along by the river-side at the back of the house.

'If any one should be passing,' she said, 'they will be attracted by the light, and may possibly call in to see if anything unusual is going on; do you think this is a good idea, Sally?'

But before Sally could reply, the harsh voice of Grace was heard at the door, asking why the young ladies had the lamp in the window; did they want anything?

'Nothing,' replied Sally, with decision. 'Only I have some writing to do, and so I intend to sit up for several hours yet.'

Upon hearing this, the woman went away muttering, and the two young sisters were again left alone.

Now we must explain that Aunt Agatha slept in a room entering from the chamber occupied by the girls, she was therefore quite safe as long as the apartment of the young ladies was not invaded by any one. But the oaken cupboard! alas, it was in their parents' bedroom, quite at the other end of a long passage, and, of course, if a thief was really in the house this oaken cupboard was certain to be the object aimed at. Sally rose from her chair, and after whispering a word to her sister she slipped noiselessly along the carpeted floor of the passage, and with a beating heart, softly abstracted the key of the door, and brought it back in her hand.

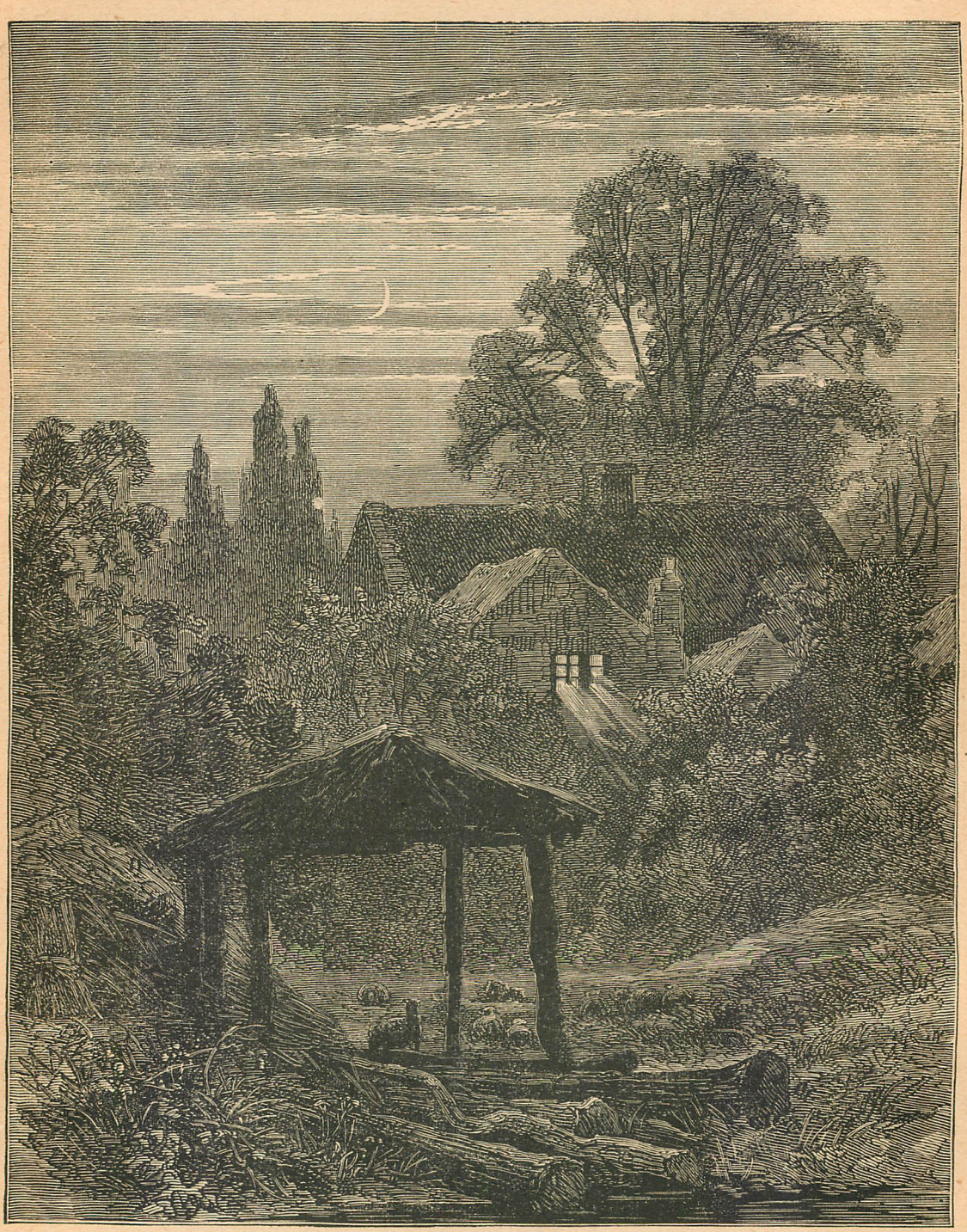
'Now, Rose,' she whispered, 'I mean to watch, and not allow father to be robbed if I can help it. After a while, if the lamp brings no one to the rescue, we must put it out, lest Grace should suspect that we know what she is about; then, when we hear them coming upstairs (here poor little Rose shuddered), I shall follow softly behind in the dark, and if I find a chance to do so I shall lock them in. Yes, Rose, I feel able to do it, or at least to try it; but, my dear, I may fail! I may be discovered! then, dear, you may scream as much and as loudly as you like; screams will scarcely bring any one to the rescue, our neighbours are so far off, but screams may terrify and bewilder the thief (evil-doers are always cowardly), and he may run. Any way I can think of no better plan than this, and I do believe I shall succeed in locking them in.'

Well, it was a brave thing for two girls to attempt; but Sally was brave, and little Rose trusted her fully. Everything happened just as they expected. Shortly after the lamp was put out and their bedroom door locked according to their usual custom, a stealthy step was heard on the stair, and some one breathing heavily outside their door; evidently Grace had been sent up to see if they were asleep. Hearing no sound the treacherous woman crept downstairs again, and all was silent for five minutes or so. Then a creaking sound gave notice to the two watchers that a heavier step was now ascending, and their hearts beat with terror; still they remained quietly on the watch, until the sound of picking a lock gave notice to Sally that it must be 'now or never.' Accordingly, after one silent kiss to Rose, the brave girl stepped outside, her figure shrouded in a black mantle. She could dimly see the two thieves at the far end of the room, the man kneeling in front of the cupboard while Grace held a dark lantern. Swiftly but noiselessly the girl glided along, until having reached the door she softly drew it close, and in one moment had turned the key. It is needless to dwell upon the scene that followed, the shouts and execrations from the prisoners within, the terrified cries of Aunt Agatha, the sobbing of little Rose, who feared every moment that the enemy would burst the door and revenge himself upon them.

'Don't be afraid,' cried Sally, hurriedly, 'but run, Rose, down to the village, you can do it in a quarter of an hour, and ask John Edgar to come; the door is a strong one, I defy either of them to escape unless they try the window.'

But what will a villain not do in order to escape the punishment of his evil deeds! The thief, after battering at the door in vain, did try the window, but unfortunately for himself he fell plump into the outstretched arms of John Edgar and the village constable. After this eventful night we need scarcely say that Reuben Tripp removed all his savings to the County Bank, and saw it handed over to safe custody.

M. K.



Reuben Tripp's Cottage.

A Clever Dog.

A CLEVER DOG.

THERE is a shrubbery near the house, about 200 or 300 yards long, and running in the shape of a horse-shoe. A small terrier used to start a rabbit nearly every morning, at the end of the shrubbery next the house, and hunt it to the other end, where it ran into an old drain. The dog then appears to have come to the conclusion that the chord of a circle is shorter than its arc, for he raised the rabbit again, and instead of following him through the shubbery as usual, he took the short cut to the drain, and was ready and in waiting on the rabbit when he arrived, and caught him.

THE MOOSE HUNTERS.

(*Continued from page* 163.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

FOR the sake of regularity and convenience, we divided the night into four watches: the first from eight, till half-past ten; the second from half-past ten till one; the third from one till half-past three; the fourth from that time till six, the hour for rising. And here Scott's old watch—which he carried without a guard in a little inside pocket within the waistband of his pants, and which escaped the general robbery by the 'Cannucks'—did us good service.

It had a curious semblance of military life—our hours of guard-duty by night, and the constant vigilance with which we watched during the day. I well remember that first night in the new camp, I had the watch from one till half-past three. It was chilly. The stars shone brightly. There were windy gusts now and again, to which the vast sombre forest rustled and sighed. The falls roared at a distance; and nearer at the foot of the knoll I could hear the fret of the black current on the banks, and catch the silvery reflection of stars. Once a bear called out in lonely plaint. A hooting owl answered. But the hours were hours of silence and desolation, for the most part.

And thus it has been here, I reflected, through all the ages since time began. No wonder that wildness and loneliness have become stamped as it were on these wilderness regions.

The next morning Farr was detailed to do guard-duty at camp for the day. Fred, Scott, and I set off to make the round of the 'saple line,' and look to our traps at the lower end of the lake. We went armed each with a gun; and Fred took the old revolver, which Farr had loaded with bullets.

On the east side of the lake we found two martens dead in the traps. We concluded that the 'Cannucks' had not hit upon the saple traps. But they had found our traps at the dam, and moved them into different places.

Down at the rapids we found a mink in a trap, dead also. It had probably been caught four or five days previously.

In the marten traps on the west shore of the lake there was one marten, just caught, evidently, for he was still warm, though the heavy weight had broken his back.

We hurried a good deal, and made this entire round in a little more than five hours.

Farr reported all quiet, with no signs of 'Cannucks.' Dinner was got and eaten. Then we went down the stream in the boat to look to the musk-rat traps in Indian Cove. The 'Cannucks' had been here. The traps had been changed about, but we found all save four. There were five musk-rats caught.

This trip took us about two hours, and we still had time to go up to Little Boy's Falls. Of the traps we had set here, the Canadians had removed all but two.

That was a hard day's work. We reckoned the entire profit from the fur at thirteen dollars.

That night Fred had the second watch, and at about twelve he waked us.

'Just come out here a minute,' he said.

We roused up and went out. Fred was standing on the log platform; and we got up beside him. 'Hark!' he said.

We listened. Some moments passed. Then, distinct on the cold air, there came a singularly prolonged and piercing cry from seemingly a long way off.

'I've heard that more than a dozen times,' said Fred.

'Any idea what it is?' Farr asked him.

'No; never heard anything like it before.'

It was repeated again and again, at intervals of five or ten minutes.

'I don't believe that it is an animal,' Farr said.

'Isn't it the "Cannucks" trying to frighten us?' Scott said.

That question made us laugh. It was a rather improbable supposition. We went back to our sleep. Fred said next day that the sound had continued for an hour or over after we had gone to sleep. And the next night Farr waked us at a few minutes after two to hear the same cries again. They seemed even more distinct this time. But we could gain no idea as to what produced them. The second time we heard the cry it seemed to be within three miles of the camp.

'Ah, I tell you fellows, there are things in these woods that folk do not know of,' Fred would say. This was a pet idea of his; and, indeed, we never did know what made that noise.

The fourth night after moving up to our fortified camp it was very dark and cloudy; and, at a few minutes after eight, it came on to snow—a driving storm. I had the first watch, but was glad to get down from the post of duty and take refuge inside the shed.

'I guess the "Cannucks" won't stir out to-night,' Fred said.

It was agreed to watch inside our camp-curtain. But at about half-past one there was a noise outside, on the log-fence, as of some one trying to climb it. Farr was on guard. He instantly cocked his gun, listened an instant, then peeped out very cautiously; for he knew, that, if there were enemies inside the

fence, they would fire into the camp at the slightest indication of our wakefulness.

The storm was driving so thickly, and the darkness was so great, that he could see nothing. But he stood ready for instant defence for fifteen or twenty minutes; then he quietly waked the rest of us, and, in whispers, informed us of what he suspected. We all took our guns, and listened a long while. At length Fred crept out under the curtain, with his revolver in one hand and the butcher-knife betwixt his teeth!

He was out ten minutes or more; and, on coming in, reported that he could find nothing either within or without the fence. But Farr was positive that he had heard a considerable noise. Afterwards we thought that it might have been a wild cat, or a bear that had smelled our meat. But the alarm had so excited us that we none of us went to sleep again till near five o'clock.

That morning the country presented a wintry appearance. The firs and spruce were laden with the snow. The open stream at the foot of the knoll looked like a river of ink in its white banks. It was still snowing.

Getting breakfast that morning was a work of time.

Toward ten o'clock the storm ceased. About four inches had fallen.

'We've got a sweet job before us, to dig out all our traps and set them up again,' Fred remarked.

He and I started down the river in the boat to look to the musk-rat traps, leaving Scott and Farr in camp. We were just emerging into the lake, when Fred stopped paddling.

'Hold on,' said he: 'I believe that's a moose!'

'Where?' I exclaimed.

'Right out between these islands ahead; on Indian Point,' said Fred. 'Don't you see something there?'

The distance was half a mile or over; but on the snowy shore of the Point, among the bushes near the water's edge, I plainly discerned some large animal moving about.

'That's a moose, as sure as you're breathing!' Fred exclaimed excitedly. 'Now, how are we going to get him? Antlers, too! Don't you see them? A big stag moose! We must have that old chap. But the minute he sets eyes on us you'll hear a smashing! And he will see us up here if we don't look out.'

'Can we not surround him?' said I. 'By going down through the woods we could cut him off, so that he could not leave the Point without our getting a shot at him.'

'Yes; but he would take to the water,' said Fred. 'The moment he heard us coming up the Point behind him, he would *splash* into the lake, and *fin* it across to the east shore. But I have it!' he exclaimed. 'We will two of us come down in the boat at the same time; and, if he takes to the water, we will overhaul him in the boat.'

As quickly, yet with as little noise as possible, we pulled back up to the camp.

Farr and Scott were both excited when they heard our account.

'But who will guard the camp?' I said.

That was a poser. We all wanted to go after the moose; yet we agreed that it was not safe for all to leave camp. The 'Cannucks' might come.

'I'll stay,' Fred said. 'Go ahead, the rest of you: I'll keep guard.'

Upon that both Farr and myself were seized with a fit of generosity. We offered to stay in his place.

'No,' said Scott: 'I'll stay this time.'

'Come on, then,' Fred exclaimed. 'Load up for moose!'

Both of the double-barrelled guns and two of the old muskets were charged with bullets.

It was agreed for one of us to run down through the woods on the west side of the lake to Indian Point and cut off the moose, to prevent his leaving the Point, while the other two went in the boat, as Fred had planned.

Farr volunteered to run down through the woods, and set off at a trot with one of the double-barrels. Fred and I rowed back down the stream as fast as we could. As Indian Point projects for a third of a mile or upwards into the lake, we had not much fear of the moose getting back off of it, especially as he appeared, when we saw him, to be leisurely feeding.

On coming out on the lake, Fred and I kept on the lee of the second island; but we pulled out to near the lower end of it, where we could peep through the alder fringe. From here we at first saw nothing of the moose.

'I'm afraid he heard us, and is gone,' Fred said. 'Their ears are quicker than magic oil!'

We were in an eager suspense, and hung there waiting for Farr to get down. He had some two miles and a half to go.

Presently we heard a *hound*, '*Ough, ough, ough!*' from the woods off beyond the Point.

'A hunting party!' Fred exclaimed, with a look of distress.

But the regular bay soon changed to a '*yap*.'

'That's no hound,' said I.

'That's Farr barking,' cried Fred. 'Well, let him bark. It's the best thing he can do.'

Soon after we heard a gun.

'If the moose is on the Point, he will soon be out in sight,' muttered Fred; and he was correct in his surmise. Immediately we saw the bushes swaying; and, a second afterwards, the moose sprang through them, and stood in the edge of the water, his great ears held up alertly, and his head turned to glance into the woods behind him. So motionless did he stand there, listening, that I should have taken him for a great black upturned root. Then he ran along the shore, through the bushes and brush, for several rods around the end to the south side. We held our breaths.

'He's going to cut out past Farr,' Fred groaned.

But, a moment later, we heard more barking; and the moose came tearing back round to the north side again.

The moose had not seen any of us yet; for Farr was not within a hundred rods of him, and the woods were thick. But the old fellow knew that something wrong was going on. We could see his great ears rising at each fresh sound.

(To be continued.)

COUNTY CHATS.

No. XXX.

SHROPSHIRE, OR SALOP.

SOME of the Shropshire hills are very high. The highest is Abdon Barf, 1800 feet, but the Wrekin's fame is greatest of all. Shropshire is a great county for oak timber. The Severn runs right through and cuts the shire in half. There are some lakes, the largest being Ellesmere.

Much good coal is raised in this county. Some of the seams are fifteen yards in thickness. In this shire and that of Stafford, the manufacture of iron is seen in its greatest perfection. Quantity, they say, in South Wales, quality in Salop.

Bridgnorth was anciently called Bruges. Charles I. thought it the pleasantest place in his dominions. Here is a curious walk hewn through the rock from the high part of the town to the bridge over the Severn. When Henry II. was besieging the castle, his life was saved by a knight, who advanced before him, and received in his own person the arrow aimed at the King. This was in 1157. Some say Bridgnorth is rather like Jerusalem. Moore, famous for his *Old Moore's Almanac*, was born here. The tower of the castle leans seventeen degrees out of the perpendicular.

In the *Monasticon*, Wenlock is called 'the windy place.' Like many other towns, it owed its early importance to an Abbey, founded by a king's daughter. It was at one time a splendid building, exceeded by very few in the kingdom.

Under the Wrekin, and near Telford's fine iron bridge, is Buildwas. It too has the remains of a grand old Abbey, whose cloisters (where learned monks used to walk pondering), is now a farmyard.

At Shiffnall was born the famous Dr. Beddoes. His grandfather had an accident, which required the urgent attendance of a surgeon, and this turned the boy's thoughts to medicine. He was very kind, and a great enthusiast in his calling.

A spring of petroleum was discovered at Broseley in 1711. After a very thundery day a man heard peculiar noises in the night under his feet. Digging to find out the cause of the sound, he found a spring of rock oil. It was set on fire, and kept burning for several years. Perhaps some day we shall have our lamps supplied with Broseley paraffine. To 'cock a Broseley,' used to be slang English for smoking a pipe—pipes being made here.

Madeley is near Coalbrook Dale. Here are vast ironworks. The dale has the first iron bridge ever made in England. The span is 100 feet, less by thirty than that built by Telford at Buildwas. The good Fletcher, a modern apostle, used to labour here. Here, too, Charles II. spent a day, hidden in the barn of a certain Mr. Francis Wolfe. When night fell on the land he and Richard Penderell forded the Severn, and walked in the dark all the way to Boscobel. The next day was spent in the famous oak at Boscobel.

At Wellington King Charles I. collected his troops in 1642, when on his way from Nottingham (where the royal banner was first displayed as a signal of war), to Shrewsbury. This town stood on the grand old Roman road called Watling Street, and to this fact it owes its name Watlingtown, whence Wellington.

At Drayton rest the ashes of the great statesman, Sir Robert Peel. The Peels are an instance of what men can do in this country by means of determination, sagacity, activity and boldness. Not only as traders, but also as loyal subjects, the Peels have been distinguished. In an hour of peril Mr. Peel raised from among his own workpeople six companies of Volunteers at Bury, and he also assisted in forming the Tamworth Armed Association.

From Mucklestone Church tower the unfortunate Queen Margaret of Anjou beheld the defeat of her party at Bloreheath in 1459. It was in the month of September, and she had good hopes of success, for her force was much the larger, but the Earl of Salisbury was a very good general, and, by showing superior tactics, he overthrew Lord Audley, and slew him and 2000 of his men. Oh, those bloody wars of the roses! Who can tell what lives they swallowed up?

The Shropshire people were mostly loyal in the Civil Wars. At Whitchurch the townsmen raised a regiment to support his Majesty. Here it was that King John assembled his soldiers for the purpose of invading Wales. He penetrated as far as the hoar hill of Snowdon, and then returned. To raise money for this adventure, the heartless King tortured the unhappy children of Israel. A very rich Bristol Jew would not consent to pay 10,000 marks, whereupon he had a double tooth wrenched out of his jaw for seven days running. On the eighth day the miserable Hebrew gave in.

Wem gave the title of Lord to the abominable Judge Jefferies. This was the man who sat in judgment upon Algernon Sidney. People used to call him in derision 'The Earl of Flint.' His name is only remembered now to be odious to all succeeding generations.

King John, who got as far as Snowdon, contrived to make Llewellyn, the then Prince of Wales, his son-in-law, and then he gave the married pair the beautiful Lake of Ellesmere and its fair surroundings. It was restored to the crown by Llewellyn's son, and it now belongs to the family of Egerton.

The Christian Oswald met the pagan Penda in battle at a place about sixteen miles north-west of Shrewsbury, and Oswald was slain. The barbarous Penda chopped his body in pieces, and stuck them on stakes here and there where the fight had raged. Then the place became known as Oswald's Tree, and now as Oswestry. The town has suffered often and much from border warfare, so much so that King Edward I. surrounded it by a wall and ditch. Some parts of this wall are yet standing. Walter Fitzalan, the ancestor of the once great Stuart family, was born here.

Shrewsbury is a famous old town. It was called Pengwern by the Welsh. Pengwern means Alder

VIEWS IN SHROPSHIRE. By W. H. J. Boot.

The Wrekin.
Wenlock Abbey.
Norman Chapel, Ludlow Castle.
Market-place, Shrewsbury.
Ellesmere.
Bridgnorth.

Hill, and Shrewsbury is Scrobbes Byrig, or Shrub Town. This place was given by the Conqueror to his relation, Roger de Montgomery. The last Prince of Wales was here done to death, and his body quartered by order of Edward I. The battle of Shrewsbury has been often alluded to. It was fought between Henry IV. and Hotspur and his allies. Hotspur fell in the conflict, and after his death his troops failed, and were driven off with great slaughter. It was then the comical boaster Falstaff said he had 'fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock' with Hotspur after that poor hero was among the slain.

Old Admiral Benbow was born at Shrewsbury in 1650. His whole life, from boyhood to his death, was spent in doing his duty at sea. After a gallant fight of four whole days with a French squadron, his leg was shattered by a chain shot. He was carried below, but the lion-hearted Admiral ordered them to take him and lay him on the quarter-deck, where he could see the action, and prevent his faint-hearted officers from hauling down the Union Jack. Three months afterwards the gallant sailor died.

The school at Shrewsbury has sent forth many famous men, such as Sir Philip Sidney, Lord Brooke, and Judge Jefferies. Waring, too, a first-rate methematician, and Wycherley, the writer of dramas, were here educated.

Stretton lies under the Caradoc hills. Caradoc is said to be the same as Caractacus, a famous Briton, who waged war with the Romans, and who, when captured, was carried off to Rome, where he much moved the purple Emperor by his glorious manliness under the severest trials.

At Bishop's Castle there was once a fortified house belonging to the Bishops of Hereford. The 'Castle Inn' is now the only visible sign of the old episcopal residence.

The most celebrated of all the Shropshire castles is that of Ludlow. When Edward IV. died, his youthful son was keeping a mimic court here, under the guidance of Lord Rivers. A short time before King Edward's death, he drew up rules for the conduct of his boy. Among them was one, enjoining that noble stories should be read to him while he was eating his dinner. At Ludlow, too, Sir Philip Sidney's father lived for some time, as Warden of the Marches. There is a beautiful letter, which he wrote to his Philip while a scholar at Shrewsbury school, in which he thanks his son for two letters, one in Latin, the other in French. In the old man's letter we find what fathers used to advise their sons in those days. 'Be humble, and obedient to your master: for unless you frame yourself to obey others, you will never be able to teach others how to obey you.' The letter ends thus, 'Well, my little Philippe, this is enough for me, and too much, I fear, for you. Your loving Father, so long as you live in the fear of God. H. Sidney.' Little Philip was only twelve years old. When a man, he became a soldier, and he died of his wounds abroad. Being thirsty, after he was hurt, he called for drink, but as he was putting the bottle to his lips he saw a poor soldier looking eagerly at it. When Sidney saw the soldier's wistful face, he would not drink, but stretched out the water-pot to the soldier, saying, 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.' This story has touched many more hearts than those which deal with deeds of valour. 'Of such a stamp was Philip Sidney,' says a writer, 'that every Englishman has reason to be proud of him.'

At Ludlow, Philip Sidney was a frequent visitor, and among the hills and woods around the castle he must often have wandered. When the Earl of Bridgewater was Lord President, Milton's famous *Masque of Comus*, was acted at Ludlow, in the great hall, now, alas! roofless and without a floor. The beauty of the scenery about Ludlow is perhaps not to be equalled in any other part of the island.

G. S. O.

MOTTOES.

IN olden times great people chose for themselves mottoes, which were attached to the badge, or to the crest if the family had no badge. The motto which is attached to the Royal Arms of England is, '*Dieu et mon Droit*,' a French sentence which means 'God and my right,' and is said to have been a battle-cry so long ago as the time of Henry VI., in the fifteenth century. Some of the mottoes which are still attached to the crests of our great families remind us of the warlike times when they were chosen. For instance, the motto of the Dukes of Athol is 'Furth fortune, and fill the fetters;' that of the Marquis of Hastings is, 'And we, too, have scattered arrows;' while Earl Howe's crest shows round it the words, 'Let Curzon hold what Curzon held.'

These are very good mottoes for warlike times, but there are some which are good for all time. 'Try,' the motto of the Dundas family, is a truly grand one. It reminds us of the old couplet,—

'The Greeks got into Troy, there's no denying,
All things are done as they did that, by *trying*.'

It reminds us, too, of that well-known piece of advice, which I dare say we all of us heard many a time in our childhood,—

'If you don't at first succeed,
Try, try, try again.'

How many great men there would be in the world if every boy who heard these words acted up to them!

'*Nil desperandum*'—'Never despair'—is the motto of the Earl of Lichfield. What an inspiring sermon it is, and preached in only two words! the very same sermon which the spider preached to Robert the Bruce!

'Love—serve' is the motto of the Earl of Shaftesbury—a motto nobly acted up to by the 'Good Earl,' whose life of love and service closed not long ago.

'Honesty is true honour,' says Viscount Chetwynd's wise motto; and 'Think and Thank,' says the motto of the Ailesbury family. That is a capital motto, that last—'Think and Thank!' I wish a great many people would adopt it for their own; there would be fewer long faces in the world.

'Over fork over!' the motto of the Marquis of Conyngham, is a very strange one. It is difficult to see the slightest meaning in it now, but no doubt it was full of significance to the Conyngham family when it first appeared upon their badge. C. P. G.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

144. A good ship sprang a dreadful leak,
There was no land in view,
Save where uprose one distant peak,
Cloud-like, from out the blue;
The shore was *forty miles* away,
In peril great the *Peep of Day*.

Each hour the pumps, with thudding din,
Threw out *twelve ton* of waters,
Whilst, each *twelve minutes*, entered in
Of tons just fifteen quarters;
And, *sixty tons* the captain knew
Would sink the vessel and the crew.

'Work on, my lads,' cried he, 'work on,
The wished-for port is nigh;
It is a race for life we run,
Pause not, or we shall die!'
They did their best, men can no more,
And kept her, floating, to the shore.

And, there she sank, in fathoms five,
And there her travels ended,
And now, one moment, look alive,
My boys, and be commended;
And, tell me, for I ask no more,
The rate at which she made that shore?

---

145. I held a lemon in my hand,
A penny it had cost me,
When into an unmoneyed land
Some fairy took and tost me;
I stepped into a grocer's shop,
In that strange land of barter,
Where sweets are bought with pail and mop,
And screws with cream of tartar;
And fifty oranges, you see,
Are worth a pound of Congou tea.

I stretched my lemon out, to find
Its value in some other kind;
For aught I knew, in that strange town,
It might at least be worth a crown.
He picked an orange from a box,
He held my lemon to his nose,
Then said he, looking like a fox,
Seven tens such oranges as those
We give for lemons eighty-four.
My hopes were dashed. I sought the door,
Hissing these cross words in his ear,
'I think your tea is very dear.'

G. S. O.

ENIGMA.

146. We are a score, or something more,
Within a cave reside;
And though we never disagree,
We very oft divide.
If we fall out, it is a doubt
If we e'er meet again.
Both beau and belle our worth can tell,
Though oft we cause them pain.
In white array the ladies gay
And sprightly, often show us;
And he indeed would well succeed
Who'd find a plan to grow us.

[*Answers at page* 183.]

'HOBSON'S CHOICE.'

THOMAS HOBSON, a carrier of Cambridge, was born about the year 1544, and was a well-known character in his native place.

For many years he passed monthly with his team between his own home in Cambridge and the 'Bull Inn,' Bishopsgate Street, London, conveying both packages and human beings. Hobson is said to have been the first person in the kingdom who let horses for hire, and the scrupulous pertinacity with which he refused to let any horse be taken from his stable except in its proper turn has given him a kind of celebrity. If the animal he offered was objected to by the customer, he curtly replied, 'This horse or none;' and 'This or none,' or 'Hobson's Choice,' became a proverb, which it is to this day.

In 1630 his visits to London were suspended by order of the authorities on account of the plague having appeared in the city, and it was during this cessation from business that the old carrier died at a very advanced age, his epitaph being written by the great Milton himself.

D. B. McKean.

THE TWO SLAVES.

A True Story.

SOME years ago a gentleman living in Jamaica bought two little slave-boys, to whom he was very kind. He not only treated them well, but he also taught them about God, of Whom they had never heard before. He tried to make them understand the *presence* of God, Who saw all they did.

One of the boys, Pete, was careless, and paid no attention to the truths which were taught him. The other listened attentively to instruction and firmly believed in the All-seeing Eye.

At last the gentleman found that he must return to England, and he was anxious to take his little servants, but he could only take *one*. How should he decide? It was a wonderful chance for the one whom he did decide to take, for then, as now, the moment a slave put his foot on the shore of Britain he was free!

To him the boys were equally civil and obedient, and before him and under his eye both were equally honest and trustworthy. How was he to choose?

At last he hit upon a plan. He had a room which had a glass window leading into another room, and through this glass window it was possible for any one in the first room to be watched without his knowing anything about it. In the first room he put Morris and Pete, and on the table a large bowl of sugar; then he stationed himself in the other room, and looked through the window. This is what he heard and saw.

'Look, Morris!' said Pete; 'look at all dat sugar! I'se goin' to have a bit.' And Pete crept cautiously up to the sugar-bowl.

'No, no, Pete,' cried Morris, catching his arm; 'you no eat dat sugar!'

'What for no?' said Pete.

'Why dat is massa's sugar, dat no belong to us; you no touch dat, Pete!'

'Massa no here, massa no see me eat dat sugar!'

'Oh, Pete, if massa no here, God here. Massa no

"Dat ar is Massa's sugar. You no touch dat, Pete."

see, but God up there He see!' And Morris caught Pete's arm again, but it was no use.

Pete cried, 'Me no care,' and seized a large lump of sugar and crunched it up. Then the door opened, and the master came in.

'Morris and Pete,' said he, 'you did not know, but massa saw too, and heard all you did and said. *You*, Pete, have shown me what you are, that I can never trust you out of sight; but *you*, Morris, stood your trial well, and God has rewarded you. I will take you with me next week to England, and once there you will be free!'

The gentleman kept his promise; he brought Morris to England, and when the boy was a man he became a worthy servant, winning friends by just the same behaviour that won his first master's favour.

"With a yell Farr dropped the pail."

THE MOOSE HUNTERS.

(*Continued from page* 171.)

ANOTHER report was wafted across the lake; and, even before the sound reached us, we saw the moose plunge into the water, and strike off toward the east shore.

'Now go for him!' cried Fred.

We both pulled hard. The boat ran out past the island. Looking over our shoulders, we could see the high antlers, and just a hand-breadth of his black nose going steadily off from the Point. Faint splashes came to our ears.

'Steady,' said Fred. 'He has got a good mile to go to get to the other shore. We are all right for him.'

But the great beast swam powerfully; and he kept bearing away to the southward. Probably he had sighted our boat. We drove the boat along at a right jolly rate; but we did not gain much. The moose was a full hundred rods in advance of us. We found that we should have to put out our strength, and settled down to it for a regular heat. We were earning the game. For the first quarter of a mile we had not perceptibly gained a rod. Then we *buckled* down to it; and, the next time Fred looked, he said we were nearing him.

But we neared very slowly; and if the creature had not kept sheering off from us, thus giving himself farther to swim, the chances are that he would have got away. But he tired himself down at length; and, after the first three-fourths of a mile, we began to close up with him. The hundred rods shrank to fifty, and this distance to twenty, while yet he was a quarter of a mile from the shore.

'Keep at it,' Fred exhorted me; for I was getting nearly as badly blown as the moose himself.

'His head keeps going under water,' Fred said to me.

I expect this was from the great weight of his antlers. Fred would not stop to fire till we were close up to the creature, lest we might miss, and allow him to get the start. It was not till we were so near that I could distinctly hear the laboured breath of the animal that my comrade pulled in his oars, and seized one of the muskets. I stopped rowing to see the shot. Fred aimed at the back of the moose's head. At the report, he jumped in the water, with a loud grunt that threw the spray in two jets from out his nostrils. Then he sank partially, but rose, and swam again. I caught up the oars. Fred took up the double-barrelled gun and shot it twice more. One of these bullets, as we afterwards found, passed through his head completely.

We were now close upon him; but, not knowing whether he was dead or not, we did not dare to approach too near. He had ceased to swim, and, as we watched, he sank down so far, that even his antlers went nearly out of sight.

'He's dead,' Fred said; 'and if we don't take him he will sink to the bottom, and we shall lose him.'

With a couple of strokes, I sent the boat close upon him; and Fred caught hold of the top prongs of the antlers.

We drew the carcass up to the stern; and, getting a noose about the antlers with our tow-line, we drew his head entirely above water, and made it fast to the ring. We then took breath.

We had got our moose; but we had not got him home by any manner of means, as we soon began to realise; for, on taking the oars for our return pull, we found that the carcass was a terrible dead weight to tow. Fred declared that it was like towing a raft of logs. It seemed to me like a ship dragging her anchor. There was no help for it either, unless we cut loose from him altogether, and that we did not want to do. At best, we could only move at a snail-pace; and the labour was so fatiguing, coming as it did on the end of our race down the lake, that we were obliged to rest at intervals of ten minutes.

Some idea of the task we had to tow the carcass up to camp will be obtained, when I state that we were from a few minutes after eleven till near four o'clock getting back with it.

Farr had seen the chase from Indian Point: he had watched, and saw us kill the moose. Scott and he had long been expecting us. But when they came to help us pull him out of the water, they did not wonder at our slowness. All four of us had hard work to get the carcass out of the stream upon the bank.

The antlers of this moose were two feet and seven inches high as they grew out of the skull. There were two main branches, with eight minor branches, or prongs. The entire length of his body was eight feet four inches; the height, to the tops of his withers, six feet five.

It took but a slight knock of the axe to detach the antlers from the skull. It was getting toward the season of the year (December) when moose shed their antlers. It is said that moose frequently knock off their antlers while running through the woods.

So exhausted had Fred and I become with our labour, hunting this moose, that we did nothing more for that day.

Farr and Scott skinned him, and afterwards hung up the best parts of the meat inside our log-fort.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE snow melted somewhat during the afternoon; but, as night came on, the wind grew very chilling and it began to freeze. Farr and Scott moved the stove into the shed, cutting a hole through the roof for the rusty old funnel; and, in order to make our position as cosy as possible, they brought an immense mass of the long fan-like boughs, from the green tops of the spruces we had felled, and overlaid our shed with it, shingling them on to the depth of several feet.

For supper, we had all we wanted of the moose sirloin, with some roasted potatoes.

The morning following, Fred had the watch from half-past three to six; and, at a few minutes before the time we generally got up he waked us, bidding us be quiet and come out without noise.

It was just beginning to get light a little. We

crept out. Fred was on his knees, looking through a chink in the fence on the side next the river. I knew there was something in sight.

'What is it?' Farr whispered.

'"Cannucks,"' Fred whispered back.

That was a *word* that rendered us broad awake on the moment. We crept along, and applied our eyes to the chink.

'Where?' queried Scott.

'Look straight across the stream. About three rods from the bank. Right behind that big fir,' Fred directed. 'See him?'

We looked attentively, anxiously; yet it was not at once, in the dim dawn, that I made out that there was a man standing behind the fir, with just a segment of his face visible, peeping from behind the trunk. And it took Scott and Farr even longer to make him out.

'Only one?' I said.

'That's all I've seen yet,' Fred said. 'The others may be back in the woods, waiting, while he reconnoitres.'

'How long has he been standing there?' whispered Farr.

'About ten minutes,' Fred said.

'I don't see how you came to see him at all,' said Scott.

'In the first place I heard a stick snap off over there,' Fred explained. 'That set me to looking. And a minute after I saw this chap steal along to this fir. They are watching for a chance to pounce on us.'

'Shall we fire on them?' Farr asked.

'I should not like to kill him,' said Scott.

'No: we don't want their dirty blood on our hands,' Fred said. 'But it would be well to fire and scare him: let him know he cannot surprise us, and that we are up to all their tricks.'

'The old double-barrel's loaded for partridges,' whispered Farr. 'The shot would not hurt anybody at that distance.'

'Bring it on,' said Fred, grinning.

Back crept Farr after the gun.

It was growing lighter. We saw the concealed prowler turn and beckon with his hand, and immediately another figure came stealing cautiously forward from a tree a little farther off. Then they both got on their hands and knees, and crept cautiously forward into a clump of alders not a rod from the river. In the increasing light, I distinctly saw a silvery gleam from the nickel-plating on the skeleton stock of the little rifle. Fred saw it, too, and nudged me.

'I believe I could *pick* him from here with this musket,' Fred whispered, 'and stop that rifle from going away again!'

It was a temptation. The sight of our little 'pet' in their hands made us feel revengeful.

'They would shoot us with it in a moment, if they could,' Fred said.

Farr came back with his shot-gun.

'They've got our little rifle there,' Fred whispered.

'The thieves!' muttered Farr, after an indignant look. 'Let's give them bullets!'

But we could not bring ourselves to do that.

'No,' Fred whispered. 'We'll shed no blood, unless we are obliged to do it in self-defence. That's the best rule to go by. It would be a bad thing to have to think of afterwards.'

The two 'Cannucks' were still crouching there in the alder clump. The distance was ten or twelve rods. We knew the bird-shot would not hurt them.

'Let it squirt at them,' Fred whispered.

Farr cocked the barrels as easily as possible; then, just resting the muzzles in the chink, he took aim, and discharged a barrel.

The flash and the sharp report broke the early morning quiet with startling suddenness. Instantly the two 'Cannucks' jumped out of the alders and ran. We heard the oaths flying out of their mouths. Before they had got ten yards, Farr fired again; and Fred, pointing the old musket in the air, discharged that. We heard them heeling it off at a great pace through the brush.

It was vastly laughable. We lay there, and shook ourselves. We did not know whether they were really meditating an attack on our camp, or had merely come round to steal the boat, which lay in the stream at the foot of the knoll. In either case, they got pretty thoroughly frightened.

'They won't be seen round here again to-day,' said Fred. 'It will take them about forty-eight hours, I reckon, to get their courage screwed up to the fighting point again.'

That day Fred and I went the round of the sapleline and the traps down at the dam. They were badly filled with snow. We had hard work to clear them out and set them in order.

'Trapping is poor business after snow comes,' Fred kept saying. 'The sooner we give it up, and go to digging gum, the better.'

It was sunset before we had made the entire round, and got back to camp. The snow made the walking more than usually difficult.

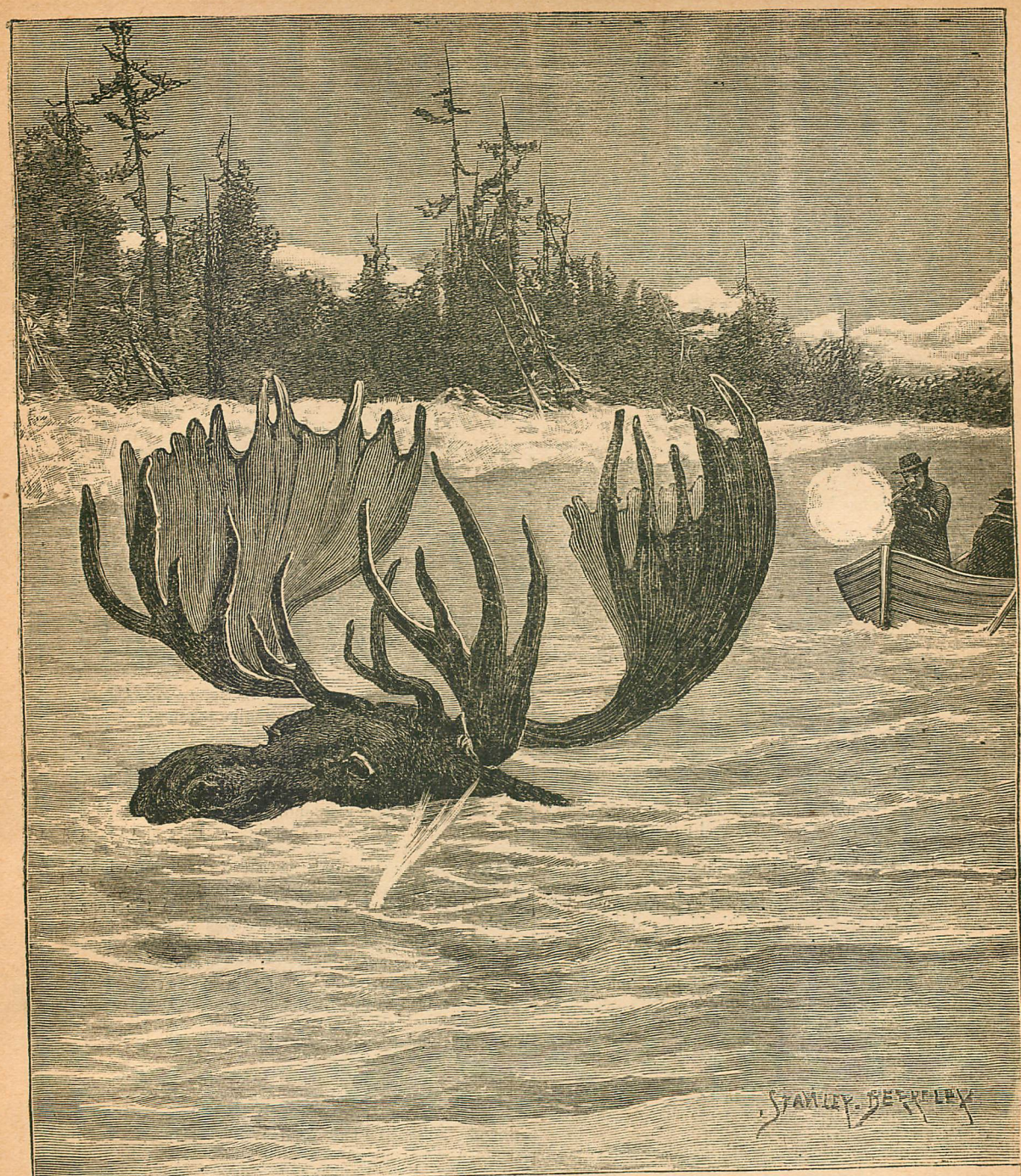
That night there was another prowler about, of a different sort. It was getting dusk. Farr had taken the pail to get some water for tea. We brought our water from the stream at the foot of the knoll, where the boat was moored. To avoid the more stagnant water near the bank, we used to step into the boat and dip it over the side. Farr was just about to step from the shore into the boat with the pail, when a snap of twigs caught his ear: twigs snapping were ominous sounds with us in those days. It seemed to come from the bank a little above and up the stream. He glanced quickly, hearing the brush crack, and saw through the bushes, indistinctly, a long black object stealing down toward him!

With a yell Farr dropped the pail, and came up the knoll 'at three jumps,' to use his own expression. The rest of us were in the camp, where we had already lighted the basin-lamp; but, hearing the outcry, we seized our guns, and sprang out, just in time to see Farr dive in at the 'sheep-hole.'

Thinking there was an enemy in close pursuit, Fred and I leaped to drop the *door;* while Scott jumped upon the log platform, gun in hand.

'What is it?' Fred cried out, cocking his gun, and glancing alarmedly round.

'I dunno!' Farr answered; then he got up on the log platform beside Scott, and peered excitedly over the fence.



"Fred aimed at the back of the Moose's head."

This did not make the matter very plain to the rest of us.

Said Fred, 'I should like to know what's up, anyway, Farr.'

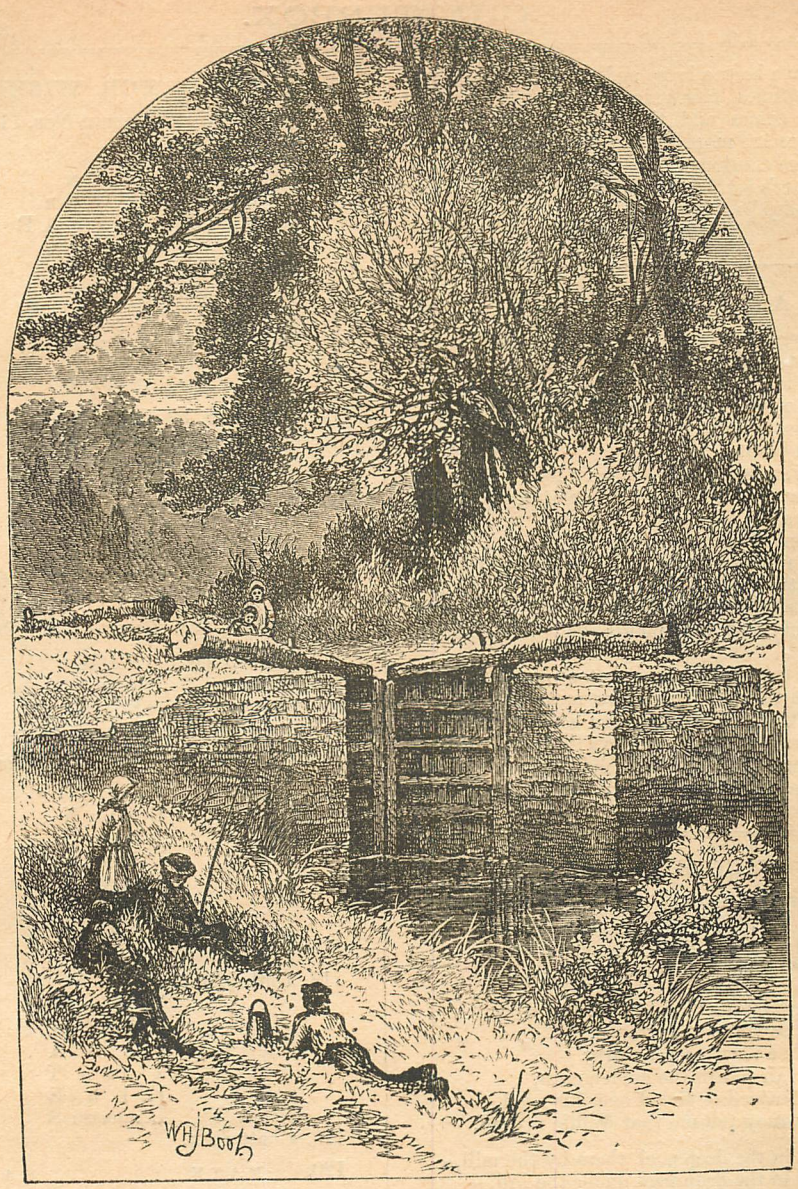
'Well, I guess you'd have thought something was up,' said Farr. 'Didn't you see him, Scott?'

'I thought I saw something,' Scott admitted; 'but it darted away like a shot.'

'Well it came like a shot, you'd better believe,' says Farr. 'The first I saw of it, it was crouching almost to the ground, and coming like a dart! I came up this hill at just three jumps, and the *thing* was at my heels when I came in the hole.'

'But what did it look like?' asked Fred, getting on the log platform, and glancing sharply about the camp.

'Well, I don't know exactly. It was *long*, and it looked dark-coloured; and it came after me like a



Willie is Dead.

"Drowned in the deep pool, there by the mill,—
Drowned in the deep pool under the hill."

streak of goose-grease! Another foot, and it would have caught me! I didn't hear its feet at all.' This was about all Farr could tell.

'What did *you* think it looked like, Scott?' persisted Fred.

'Why, it is so dusk, I could not see very well,' said Scott. 'It went out of sight among the spruce tops so quick, I only barely got one glimpse of it.'

'That must have been a queer animal,' Fred laughed.

'It was a catamount!' exclaimed Farr: 'that's what it was.'

'Might have been, possibly,' Fred said rather incredulously. 'Wish I could have seen it, though.'

'Well, I wish you could!' cried Farr, who did not quite like the humorous view of the *chase* in which the rest of them were indulging. 'I should have been very willing to change places with you just at that time; and if you've a mind to, you may go and bring that pail of water.'

'All right,' said Fred, and went and brought it.

Farr would not say anything more about it, because we laughed. But there really was something that made a dive at him. What it was it was hard telling. As Fred said, it might have been a panther possibly;

or it may have been a large and ferocious lynx, such as are sometimes fallen in with in this section. After snow comes and the weather gets cold, all wild creatures are more dangerous. Ever after that we were more cautious about going out after nightfall; but Farr's 'streak of goose-grease' was always a pretty good joke.

(*To be continued.*)

A SCARCE PLANT.

AN amusing story was told the other day of how an artist tried to hoax his gardener.

'Do you know these seeds?' asked the painter, showing the man a packet of dried herring roe.

'Yes,' was the reply, 'they are those of a very rare tropical plant.'

The artist smiled, and asked how long they would take to grow, and the gardener answered promptly, 'Fifteen days.'

'Then plant them,' said the painter.

He told a number of friends the story, and invited them to see the result on the fifteenth day. As they were sitting at their wine, the gardener sent a message to the effect that the plants had that morning sprouted.

'Oh,' said the painter, 'this is too impudent! But let us go and see what the fellow means.'

They went, but the laugh was against the artist, when his gardener led him up to a little bed carefully screened from the sun, and, lifting a glass bell, showed them four rows of red herring sticking in the ground.

WILLIE IS DEAD.

THEY tell me Willie is dead—
Willie, the rosy boy,
Who used to shake his sunny head,
And laugh in his childish joy.

They say he died last night;
I saw him yestermorn,
Like a rosy beam of light
Half hid in the golden corn,
And the butterflies flitted over his head,
And now they tell me that Willie is dead.

Drowned in the deep pool, there by the mill,—
Drowned in the deep pool under the hill,—
Nobody saw him; nobody knew,
When the sun died, that Willie died too;
Nobody knew when the harvest moon shed
Its light on the meadows that Willie was dead.

Somebody found him lying there,
And his cheek was pale, but no less fair;
And the water dripped from his yellow hair,
As they carried him back to his little bed,
And solemnly whispered that Willie was dead.

Willie the joy of the whole hillside!
Willie the darling! Willie the pride!
'Where is Willie?' the mother said,
But no one dare answer that Willie was dead.

CAVE WINSCOM.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES NOS. 110 TO 146.

110. New Year.

N
T E N
T O W E R
N E W Y E A R
N E E D Y
R A Y
R

111.

C row D
Z o n E
AlgebrA
R atio N

112. Brighton, Hastings.

B e a g H
R o n d A
I l l i n o i S
G h e n T
H o h a I
TeheraN
OldenburG
N a p l e S

113. Steam—Tea. Prices—Rice. Oranges—Range

114. Port Wine.

P e W
O u I
R. N.
T o E

115. The letter 'a,' because it makes *her hear.*

116.

J u s t i c E
U n i o N
B l e s s i n G
I m p e r i a L
L a v A
EvergreeN
E n D

117. Mile.

118. United States.

U z e S
NewmarkeT
I o n A
T r e n T
E l b E
D amascu S

119. Chatterbox.

120.

FATE	FATE
AFAR	AWRY
TARS	TREE
ERST	EYES
FATE	FATE
ANON	ASIA
TOAD	TIPS
ENDS	EASY

121. The Electric Light.

L E E
E P O C H
C O N N E C T
T O U R I S T
R U B B I S H
I N C O G
C L I

122. Bark.

123. $55\frac{5}{5}=56$; and $(4\times4)+40=16+40=56$.

124. Sand-ring-ham.

125.

	s.	d.
Seven threepenny pieces....	1	9
Seven fourpenny pieces	2	4
Seven sixpences	3	6
Five half crowns.....	12	6
£1	0	1

126. Because it would *make him fast.*

127. Because I hear *both sides.*

128. Because it is *Wick-low.*

129. Because they have *studded* (studied) the heavens ever since creation.

130. Because he always has a *pupil* in his eye.

131. Because he feels for his *fellow-creatures.*

132. When it is made into *little Pats.*

133. Because it is *hardly* done.

134. *A law-suit.*

135. Myrrh.

136. Because they never *saw* it.

137. Because it strengthens the calves.

138.

SIX	IX	XL
IX	X	L taken away.
S	I	X remain.

139. Those who drank beer paid 3*s.* 3*d.* Those who drank wine paid 4*s.* 6*d.*

140. Time of course, $60\frac{5}{25}$ seconds. Distance the hare ran, 490 yards.

141. 125*l.* 5*s.*

142. Glover.

143. A Newspaper.

144. $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour.

145. The price of the tea was 5*s.* a-pound.

146. The teeth.

AN ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

147. A MAN was told to lay out 100*l.* in the purchase of one hundred animals, consisting of ducks at 1*s.* each, pigs at 1*l.*, and calves at 5*l.* How many of each kind must he buy?

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

TWO ENGLISH MANUFACTURING TOWNS.

148. (1.) A TOWN in the Midlands.
(2.) Our Eastern Empire.
(3.) A province in further India.
(4.) A river in the United States.
(5.) A lake in Ireland.
(6.) A river in Africa.
(7.) A Scotch manufacturing town.
(8.) A forest in England.
(9.) A Western Republic.
(10.) A Northern City.

ENIGMAS.

TWENTY BIRDS EXPRESSED ENIGMATICALLY.

149. (1.) A BIRD full of frolic and fun,
(2.) The standard old Romans adored;
(3.) The bird that sad judges put on,
(4.) And the bird that from Eden hath soared.
(5.) A bird that must help you to dine,
(6.) And one that is useful in chess;
(7.) A bird made of paper and twine,
(8.) And a bird in mourning dress.
(9.) The bird that must be in the fleet,
(10.) And one raising a ponderous load;
(11.) The bird that supplies us with meat,
(12.) And the name of an iron road.
(13.) A bird that *helps* to make clothes for men,
(14.) The bird that oft sells from door to door;
(15.) The bird that can write with a pen,
(16.) And the name of a foreign shore;
(17.) The bird that in ages long past,
Was the scourge of imperious Spain;
(18.) The bird that should travel fast,
(19.) And one with a shallow brain.
(20.) My readers may often have heard
Of many a wonderful nest;
But tell me the name of the bird
That built of our churches the best.

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150. GREEN am I in spring; late in summer yellow;
In the autumn red, when the days grow mellow.
You may on me read; you may on me write;
Green, red, yellow, though I am, yet I'm always white.
Wrinkle not my face,—let me live in clover;
Look, but handle not; yes, you *may* turn me over.

[*Answers at page* 215.]

A BELOVED COMMANDER.

DURING the Sikh war in 1846 was fought the bloody battle of Aliwal, when a staff officer was struck down by a fragment of shell, which shattered his right thigh and hip-joint in a very terrible manner. Some men of his troop, who were devotedly attached to him, carried him off on a stretcher to the rear, but on the way they encountered a sad sight—a poor private lying desperately wounded, and all untended on the ground. The poor fellow looked up piteously, and amid all his agony touched his cap as he recognised his officer on the stretcher.

Captain C—— immediately called his bearers to halt and to raise him slightly; then having ascertained that the soldier's wounds were far less dangerous than his own, 'Lift me out,' he gently said, 'and carry this poor fellow to the doctors; it is not too late for him, and I know they can do nothing for me.'

'But, sir,' remonstrated the men.

'You may return for me if you choose,' he said, with a slight smile. 'I am not likely to have run away from here.'

The men, almost in tears, did as they were desired, and having deposited the wounded trooper they returned to their beloved officer, but he was not there; his body still lay facing the enemy, but the spirit had fled—fled from the field of strife for that peaceful world where dwell the spirits of the just made perfect. Surely that wounded trooper would never forget so beloved a commanding officer. D. B. MCKEAN.

CAT SPREADING CRUMBS.

DURING a severe winter, a friend was in the habit of thowing crumbs outside his window. The family have a large black cat, which, seeing that the crumbs brought birds, would hide herself behind some shrubs, and when the birds came for their breakfast would pounce out upon them with varying success. The crumbs had been laid out as usual one afternoon, but left untouched, and during the night a slight fall of snow occurred. On looking out the next morning, my friend observed puss busily engaged scratching away the snow. Curious to learn what she sought, he waited, and saw her take the crumbs up from the cleared space, and lay them one by one after another on the snow. After doing this she retired behind the shrubs to await the coming of the birds. This was repeated on two other occasions.

Farr and Scott wrestling in anger.

THE MOOSE HUNTERS.

(*Continued from page* 182.)

CHAPTER XXVI.

THUS far we had lived, like the four animals in the fable, in the greatest peace and harmony; but the morning after this adventure we had a regular fuss in camp.

Farr was cutting wood, and bringing it into the camp, and Scott was getting ready to make some tea. He had poured water into the teapot, and, after rinsing it about, stepped to the doorway to throw out the 'grounds;' and he threw them, water and all, just as Farr was coming in. The whole mess splashed in his face and all over him. Farr thought he did it on purpose: he dropped the wood, and went at Scott, not even giving him time to explain.

They clenched, and flew round there at a great rate: they were not quite angry, but pretty near it. It took Fred and I both to pull them apart. Farr had got hold of a handful of the grounds, and wanted to scrub Scott's face with them. It was a cold morning, and they both felt a little fractious. The fun of the thing afterwards was, that Scott could never make Farr believe that he did not throw those 'grounds' on purpose.

That day we took up all the musk-rat traps. For several nights we had caught no more than one or two. We let the mink traps remain, however, and determined to tend the saple-line a week longer.

Our other traps we visited every second day; and it was while returning from one of these rounds that Scott and I had a lively adventure with some lynxes.

We had been round the pond, and were coming down the north-east side of it, when we came quite suddenly upon three of these creatures gnawing the bones of some animal. It was among brush and old spruce-tops. We were within ten yards of them before we saw them. They leaped up *spitting* when they saw us; and one of them, a hideous-eyed old male, began to *yawl* and *miawl*, and arch his furry back at us. They were mad at being disturbed while eating.

Scott had one of the muskets, and instantly cocked it.

'Now knock the eyes right out of the big one!' I said.

He fired. They all sang out loudly at the report; and then the first thing we saw was the old *Tom* coming straight for us, snarling like a dog when just going to join battle with another. The musket bullet (as we found afterwards) had torn one of his ears nearly off.

Scott gave a warning shout, and sprang aside amid the brush, and ran as fast as he could. For my own part, I dodged behind a great basswood standing there, and jumped to a small white maple about a rod off. The *cat* was making for me, with his back up! The idea of a hand-to-hand combat with all three of them was not pleasant. I dropped the axe I had in one hand, and shinned up the maple at my best rate of climbing! It was not a hard tree to climb. I readily gained the first limbs, and swung one leg over a large one,—not much too quick either. The old lynx, maddened by the pain of his lacerated ear, ran vengefully up after me, his great claws *cutting* audibly into the bark, and showing some ugly long teeth. I drew up my legs as snugly as possible, and, when the beast got within reach, I kicked down with emphasis. The heavy boot-heel, armed with iron 'buttons,' gave a hard poke, full on the creature's head. It relaxed its hold a little, slipped back a few feet, and then went sliding and growling, with its claws tearing through the bark, to the foot of the maple again.

I expected another onset next breath, and drew up my foot for another kick. But the old lynx contented himself by setting down, as did also the other two, and staring up at me out of their great silvery eyes!

The thought of tumbling down amongst them was not a pleasant one. I watched them a few moments, and then hallooed for Scott, who I thought ought by this time to be putting in an appearance with the gun.

'Here I am—out here!' responded my comrade, at a distance. 'Where are the varmints?'

'Under the tree here, all three of them, looking up at me. Why don't you come and shoot them?'

'Why don't I come and shoot them?' repeated Scott derisively. 'How can I come and shoot them when you've got the bullets?'

Sure enough, the little leather pouch of bullets was in my pocket, instead of his!

A pause succeeded this discovery.

'Well, what are you going to do?' said I, at length.

'I'm sure, I don't know,' answered Scott.

There was another pause.

'I'll tell you, Scott!' said I, after some thought. 'You begin and creep up *still*, through the brush; and I will throw the pouch out to you. I can throw it thirty or forty yards off over their heads. You will see and hear it when it falls; then you can creep up *sly*, and get it.'

'Not if I know it!' cried Scott, at once rejecting this proposal. 'They'll see me and take at me! Then *I* shall have to climb a tree.'

'But you really ought to do something for a fellow,' said I, feeling rather injured.

'I know that,' said Scott; 'and the only thing to be done is to go back to camp and get some more balls or shot.'

'Well, do go as quick as you can, and get Fred,' I exhorted. 'It's rather hard roosting up here.'

He went away; and I settled myself as best I could among the limbs. But it was hard roosting: it was not a good tree to roost in. The branches left the main trunk at a very acute angle. It grew fearfully tiresome holding on up there. I hoped the *cats* would go away. If I kept quiet, I presumed they would go back to the carcass, where we had disturbed them; and one of them did go back. Presently I heard it gnawing the bones. But the other two kept under the tree, and stared steadily up at me. The old male that Scott had hit continued to flip his

wounded ear, and grumble bitterly to himself. The pain was just enough to keep him angry.

It was getting dusk: Scott had been gone almost two hours; and I was nearly paralysed in my cramped and tiresome perch, when I heard Fred call out cautiously, and at some distance.

I thankfully responded.

'I'm coming,' said he. 'We've got three guns loaded with buckshot. I'll fix them now.'

'Yes,' said I, 'pepper them good; but don't shoot into the tree.'

Very cautiously he made his way from one tree trunk to another, till he got up within sight and range of the lynxes; then, crouching behind a log, he cocked one gun and laid it beside him ready, and, taking careful aim with the other, he fired both barrels at once. A squall from the 'lynxes' followed the report. They leaped up, as the large shot cut through their hides. The next moment Scott fired at them,—a good shot. The old male dropped; the other was leaping about, miawling loudly. I began to slide down the tree; and Fred, running up, knocked the wounded lynx on the head with the gun stock. The other one had skulked off at the noise of the firing. So stiff had my joints become from holding on so long, that I could scarcely step for some minutes.

We skinned the two lynxes. The carcass of the animal they had been eating when we came upon them seemed, from the black hair of the bits of skin that lay about with the bones, to have been that of a small bear. Whether it had died of itself, or the lynxes had killed it, we could not tell.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THERE came a number of warm and sunny days at this time. The snow nearly all went off.

We caught three more martens and two minks; and, the fourth day after our adventure over at the pond, Fred brought in an otter caught in one of the traps there. Now, an otter had been one of our fairest dreams, and we felt a good deal elated. We expected from twelve to fifteen dollars for the skin, and, as a matter of fact, we did get eleven dollars for it.

Fred came in, and threw it down without a word. Scott had never seen an otter. We made him believe it was a panther's kitten at first, till he got sight of its webbed toes. The colour of this otter seemed, at first sight, a deep wine-colour; but, on opening the long outer hairs, the fur was seen to be of a lighter tint. Fred skinned and stretched it very carefully. Its black ears were very short, but broad; and its nose was very broad, or blunt. Its tail was long, and very thick at the base, but tapered to a point. The fur of the tail, as also of the whole body, was very rich-tinted and glossy.

Encouraged by this success, we carried over seven or eight more of the traps, and set them round the pond; and Farr and Fred set the large trap over in the 'bear-path,' where we had caught the lynx.

Once the snow had come, we had noticed many tracks here; indeed, the forest was full of tracks. If one had judged from the tracks alone, he would have supposed that the woods were alive with ferocious beasts; for many of the tracks had a most formidable appearance. In running through snow, the lynx often takes eight and ten feet at a jump, and, striking all its feet together, makes the snow fly about smartly.

During this Indian summer weather we had begun to dig gum in good earnest. The woods on both sides of the lake offered plenty of gum for the digging. More than half of all the trees were spruces.

Leaving a man to guard camp (we did not omit that duty) three of us would sally out with our guns, gumming-knives, hatchet, and the sacks we had contrived to put the gum in, and work steadily for five and six hours at a stretch. It is not so exciting a business as trapping; yet it is as pleasant, and, judging from our experience, far more profitable. If we had gone into gumming in the first place, instead of trapping, we should have made double that we did. Gumming is a business you can safely count on from day to day. Trapping is just the reverse of this.

For a while we used to keep together as we gummed, and always laid our guns convenient. But as day after day went by without our seeing or hearing anything more of the 'Cannucks,' we grew less cautious. We hoped and began to believe that they had left the district, and that we should see nothing more of them. To carry a gun round with one constantly is a great task. At length we would take but one gun and the revolver, and take turns carrying the gun; and after a time we would get strayed apart. In such a business as digging gum it is very difficult for three to keep close together all the time. Often we would lose sight of one another, and, after filling our sacks, return to camp alone and at different times in the afternoon.

We had been gumming in this way for a week or upwards, when an event happened that threw a sad gloom over us for many days, and showed us the necessity of constant care and precaution.

On the morning in question, Farr had remained to guard the camp; and Fred, with Scott and myself, had gone over to the east side of the lake toward Moose Brook; and my own luck in finding good trees being unusually bad, I did not get back to camp till near dusk.

Scott had got in an hour and a half ahead of me. He and Farr had supper ready and were waiting, and had been looking for Fred and myself: they thought we might be together.

'Where's Fred?' was therefore the question with which they greeted me.

I had not seen him since a few minutes after starting out in the morning. No more had Scott, and Scott had carried the gun that day too; I had the pistol. Still we supposed he would be in before long; and, digging open the 'bean-hole,' we pulled out the kettle of hot baked beans, and fell to work with prodigious appetites.

(To be continued.)

THE SHEPHERD OF EPSOM DOWNS.

ON July 14, 1667, worthy Mr. Samuel Pepys, having gone 'to Epsom by eight o'clock,' for a little relief from his arduous duties at the 'Navy Office,' made the following entry in his Diary:—

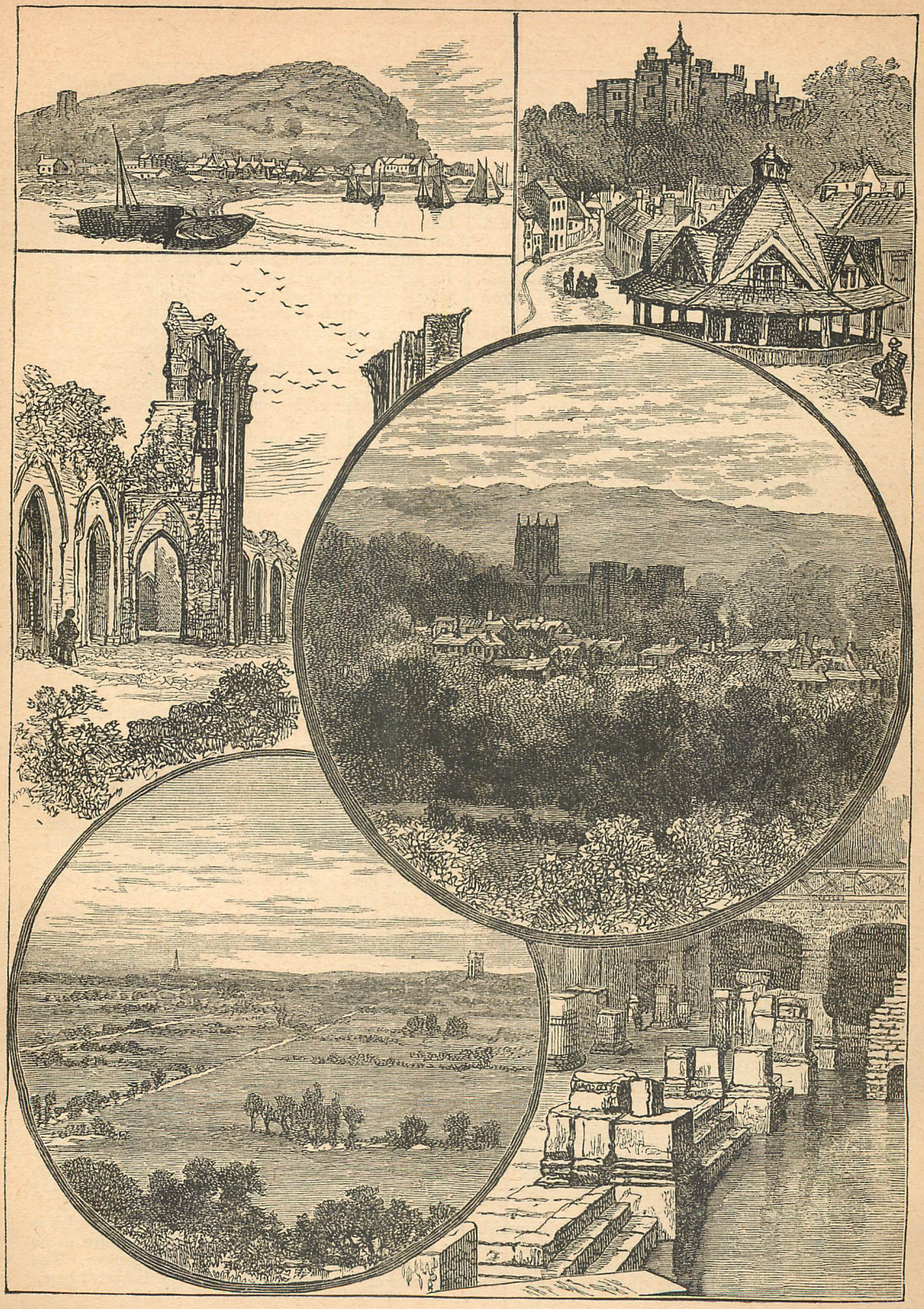
'. . . . At church this morning. I walked upon the

The Shepherd of Epsom Downs.

Downs, where a flock of sheep was; and the most pleasant and innocent sight that ever I saw in my life. We found a shepherd and his little boy reading, far from any house or sight of people, the Bible to him.'

At this time the affairs of the nation were at the lowest ebb, the Dutch had gained many victories, and all classes were accusing each other of being the cause of the general calamity. The officers accused the sailors of disobedience, and the sailors blamed their captains for lack of skill, and all were ready to cry out against the Court for misgovernment. But this good shepherd watched his sheep, and listened to 'his little son reading to him,' and did not neglect his duty because the squire drank too much wine or spent his time in hunting.

And so it should be with us all. We should do what is right as far as lies in our power, without giving heed to the shortcomings of our neighbours; for the ignorance or the evil-doing, even of those placed over us, will not hide one single fault of our own.



VIEWS IN SOMERSETSHIRE. By W. H. J. Boot.

Minehead.
Dunster.
Glastonbury Abbey.
Wells.
Sedgmoor.
Remains of a Roman Bath at Bath.

COUNTY CHATS.

No. XXXI.—SOMERSETSHIRE.

PASSING out of Devonshire, we arrive at Dulverton, where they make blankets. It stands in a deep valley, with richly wooded hills about it.

Exmoor Forest has been noticed in our Devonshire chat, but it extends into this county, and indeed its highest point is here.

Paulock is situated among fine cliffs near the Channel, where, of old, Danish pirates used to land and commit great havoc, and where the Saxon kings used to live and hunt.

At Minehead there is an alabaster statue of Queen Anne, who seems to have been a favourite in the West; for there is another statue of her at Ilfracombe. Minehead has a nice sandy beach and very beautiful air. The shoals of herrings which used to be hereabouts seem to have deserted the place altogether, for some reason or other. The whistling ghost, of which we read in the poem of *Rokeby*, was seen here in 1636. This place is on an iron-bound coast; and its harbour, though by no means convenient, is very valuable.

Culbone, near Minehead, is in the most romantic scenery. The little church stands upon a cliff 400 feet in height, and by it a rivulet tumbles into the sea.

Stoke-Pero lies under Dunkerry Beacon, which is the highest point of Exmoor, and indeed the highest in the West of England.

At Dunster the Saxon kings had a fortress called Torre. This was on the Downs, and it gave the name to the town, Danestorre. In the Civil Wars the castle was besieged; and the Parliament captain sent this message to the Governor: 'If you will deliver up the castle, you shall have fair quarter; if not, expect no mercy; and your mother shall be in front to receive the first fury of your cannon.' And this was how the Governor replied: 'If you do what you threaten, you do the most barbarous and most villainous act that was ever done. My mother I honour; but the cause I fight for, and the masters I serve, are God and the King. Mother, do you forgive me, and give me your blessing, and let the rebels answer for spilling that blood of yours, which I would save with the loss of mine own, if I had enough for both my master and yourself.' His mother replied, 'Son, I forgive thee, and pray God to bless thee for this brave resolution. If I live, I shall love thee the better for it. God's will be done.' We are glad to tell you the garrison at Dunster was relieved, and the mother of the Governor rescued. The large florid church was built by Henry VII., after he had won his victory at Bosworth. The Lutterells, who still live here, assisted him. The Dunster people seem to have helped the king, and thus it was he built them a church.

Watchet is on the coast. In a village in this parish there are four very old stone crosses.

Passing through Netherstowey, where Parsons the Jesuit was born, we get to the important town of Bridgewater. It was defended by Colonel Wyndham for King Charles, but the Colonel was obliged to yield at last, and a thousand prisoners, with much valuable booty, fell into the hands of the besiegers. The sacred picture in St. Mary's Church, which represents the Descent from the Cross, was captured in a French privateer. In this town was born Admiral Blake, one of the greatest names in our naval history. When the Civil War broke out he entered the army, then being about forty-five. He maintained Taunton during two sieges, and afterwards was appointed to command a fleet. He was now in his true element; and, after a career of singular credit to England and to himself, he died as his ship was entering Plymouth Sound, August 17, 1657. The amazed Spaniards used to say 'Blake and his sailors are devils, and not men.' At Castle Hill the Duke of Monmouth was proclaimed king before the battle of Sedgemoor. The battle-field is a marshy tract about four miles from the town. Sedgemoor was the last fight deserving the name of battle that has been fought on English ground. It was fought July 6, 1685. The most abominable cruelties followed the suppression of this revolt; and a great number of people were condemned and executed at Dorchester, Exeter, Taunton, and Wells. The poor Duke of Monmouth himself was beheaded by a man called Jack Ketch, a name which has been used ever since to designate a hangman. Ketch was so nervous that he had to strike blow after blow before he could kill the Duke; and yells of rage and horror arose from the crowd who stood by. An author of note says, in speaking of the battle, 'The Somersetshire clowns with their scythes, and the butt-ends of their muskets, faced the royal horse like old soldiers.'

About seven miles from Bridgewater is the island of Athelney. It was formerly surrounded by almost impassable marshes; and it was chosen by Alfred the Great for a hiding-place. A pillar, guarded by an iron railing, has been erected by a gentleman named Slade, with an inscription on it relative to Alfred's finding refuge here for a year. The king founded here a small monastery in 888, as a memorial of his preservation.

Taunton has always been a place of importance, and it looks like one still. It has a fine group of steeples: that of St. Mary Magdalene being the most beautiful. This church has five aisles. Here the unjust Judge Jeffreys held one of his bloody assizes, after the defeat of Monmouth. The 'Iron Duke' took the title of Wellington from a town of that name in this county. A pillar, which can be seen for many miles, has been built on a hill near the town, to commemorate the glorious victory of Waterloo. Alfred the Great gave this manor to his friend Asser, the learned monk of St. David's. Asser drew up a memoir of Alfred's life, which gives us an interesting account of the manner in which the wise king spent his time. He and Asser had much pleasant converse together, and when the king died he left his friend a legacy of 100 mancuses.

On the Isle, or Ile, is Ilminster. In this parish is a chestnut-tree, under which Monmouth dined as he was advancing to the fatal field of Sedgemoor. The founder of Wadham College, Oxford, is buried here.

Chard was anciently Cerde. It is on the highest land between the English and Bristol Channels. Here 500 coins of the Emperor Claudius were found in 1831.

Crewkerne was the Saxon Crocern, and means, we believe, Cross-cottage. Here they make sail-cloth and sacking.

At Petherton Bridge are figures in stone of two children who were drowned in the river Parret.

Yeovil gets its name from the Ivel or Yeo. It is the midst of a great glove-making district. On the same river is Ilchester, an extremely old place, and formerly of importance. Here no end of Roman remains have been and will be found. Those who are wise in such things say the entire site of the old city is filled with subterraneous ruins. Here is a sun-dial with four faces, supported by a Doric pillar. Roger Bacon was born or brought up here—the greatest of English philosophers, except Francis Bacon, his namesake. He was regarded as a magician by the ignorant clergy of his times. He died in the year 1292.

Where the Ivel and Parret join is Langport. The most interesting object in the town is an old building, with an arched gateway under it. It is called the Hanging Chapel, probably because it was used as a place of execution after the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion.

Somerton is on the river Cary. Here the West Saxon kings used to reside; and it is supposed, with good reason, that this place gave the county its name. The church-tower has eight sides; and in it is the effigy of a nun named Edithe. The houses of this place are built of blue-lias stone.

The church of Shepton Mallet is large and handsome. This town lies in a hollow under the Mendip Hills. Silk, crape, and velvet are made here. A fine cross stands in the market-place. Some of the Mallets, who gave their name to this town, were Crusaders. Thirteen of the Shepton people were tried and condemned to death here by the odious Judge Jeffreys in 1685.

We now approach the chief glory of the county, the Cathedral Church of Wells. Wells is an ancient city, lying at the foot of the Mendips. Its fine old Cathedral has a west front of singular beauty. There are in it about 150 statues, life-size, and above 300 smaller ones. The Bishop's palace has a broad moat around it, and looks very like an old baron's castle. Bishop Kidder and his wife were killed in bed by the fall of a stack of chimneys on the palace-roof. The chimneys were blown down in a great storm which happened November 26, 1703. Bishop Jocelyne built most of the Cathedral, and three other bishops built each a tower to it. The saintly Ken was once Bishop of Bath and Wells; and Bishop Bull, a very learned divine, was born in this city. In one of the chapels attached to the cathedral is Peter Lightfoot's curious clock. Peter Lightfoot was a Glastonbury monk. The clock shows a train of figures like knights in armour, who are made to move in a circular procession by means of machinery attached to the clock.

(*Concluded on page* 198.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

151. A SNAIL in trying to get up a wall 20 feet high, climbs 5 feet during the day, but slips back 4 feet in the night; when would it reach the top?

152. SLOW trains for me, while Tom, no less,
Scorns aught that is not called 'Express;'
So, as we have such differing tastes,
I travel slowly, and he hastes:
Full fifty miles an hour he'll go,
And then complain the speed is slow,
While I but travel twenty-eight,
And think *that* an alarming rate.
And, when I say, 'High speed is rash,'
He answers, 'Minutes gained are cash,'
And bids me count my loss between
London and Perth, miles four, seventeen.
As I've no turn for calculation,
We've asked a clerk at King's Cross station,
But, since he's busy, and won't heed us,
We ask an answer of our readers.

G. S. O.

AMPUTATIONS.

153. I AM but small, yet when entire,
Enough to set a town on fire;
Cut off my head, and then 'tis clear
I can maintain a herd of deer;
Again behead me, and you'll find
I once contained all human kind.

154. A FAVOURITE watering place beheaded will show you how to proceed when in the path of duty.

155. A COMMON alcoholic drink curtailed will give a pattern of industry.

156. A LITTLE boy's name beheaded will give his confession after eating too much.

157. A COUNTY town beheaded and curtailed becomes a sheep.

[*Answers at page* 215.]

A FABLE,

Which ought to be written in letters of gold on the walls of every cottage in the kingdom; or, better still, across the sky.

A GRASSHOPPER, half-starved with cold and hunger, came to a well-stored bee-hive at the approach of winter, and humbly begged the bees to relieve his wants with a few drops of honey.

One of the bees asked him how he had spent his time all the summer, and why he had not laid up a store of food like them?

'Truly,' said he, 'I spent my time very merrily in drinking, and dancing, and singing, and never once thought about the winter.'

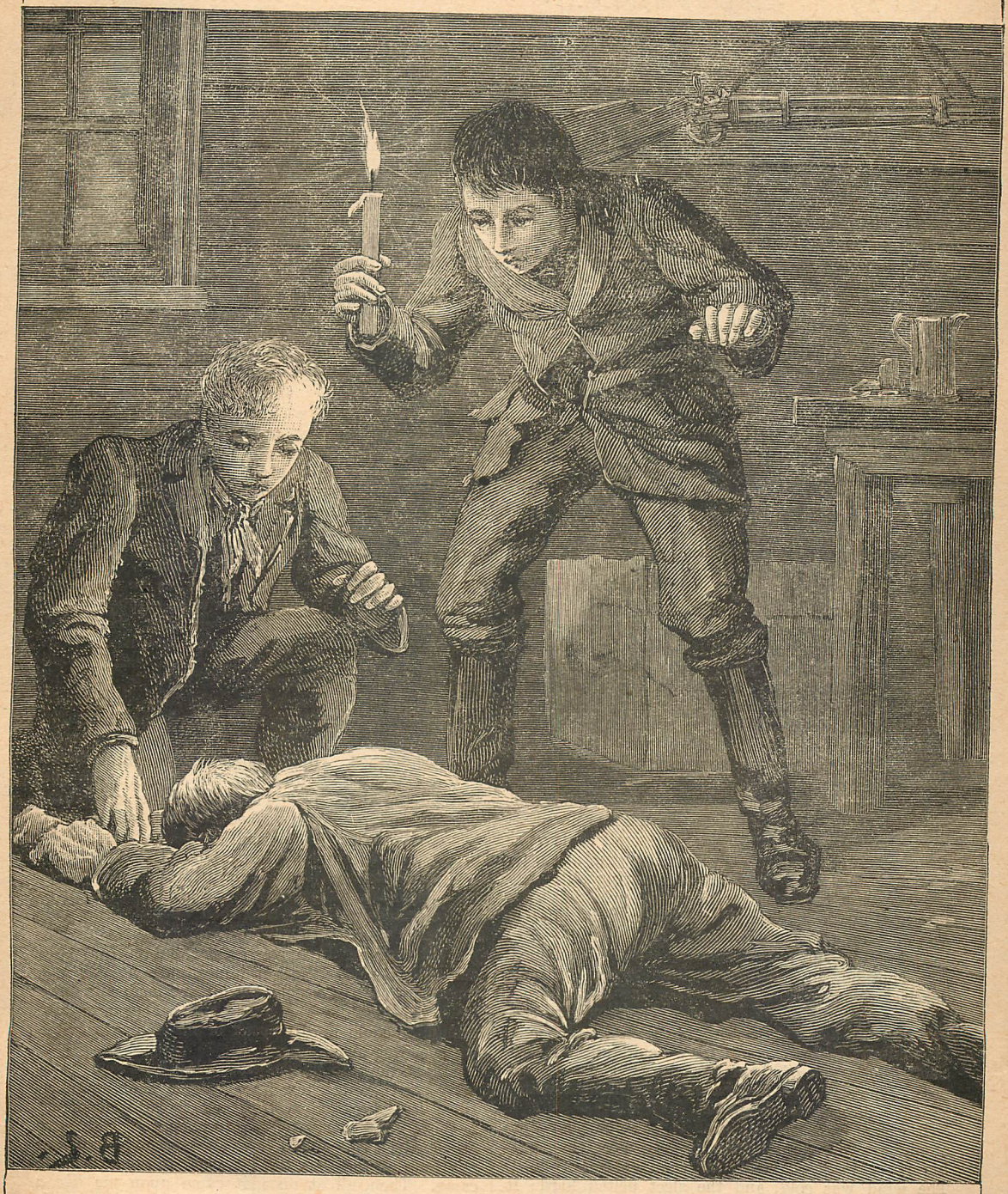
'Our plan is very different,' said the bee. 'We work hard in the summer, to lay by a store of food against the season when we foresee that we shall want it: but those who do nothing but drink, and dance, and sing, in the summer, must expect to starve in the winter.'

Who does not see that this most admirable fable applies not only to the summer and winter of the year, but also to the summer and winter of life?

A GENEROUS DOG.

TWO dogs, one a terrier called 'Tory,' and a Scotch collie named 'Flora,' lived in the stables, and some time since the following interesting incident occurred.

The collie was tied up in the stable whilst the dinner of the little terrier, who was at liberty, was brought to him, when, before beginning to eat, he was observed to take a large bone with plenty of meat on it and lay it down before the collie. The groom, who saw the terrier do this, was much surprised at witnessing the circumstance, and had thought the little animal was simply going to hide the bone, but he was still further astonished on finding that Tory returned and took two more pieces of meat to his tied-up companion. Having exhibited this beautiful example of kindliness in dog-nature, little Tory quietly returned and finished the remains of what was intended as only his own meal.



"Fred threw himself on the ground, and sobbed and cried like a child."

THE MOOSE HUNTERS.

(*Continued from page* 187.)

MEANWHILE it was growing dark rapidly. A biting wind blew from the north-east. It was overcast and dreary. Presently Scott started up, exclaiming, 'Fellows, I'm worried about Fred! It's been in my head all day that something was going wrong with some of us. I don't see where he is all this time.'

We all felt pretty anxious. To be out after dark in the wilderness there, was not safe.

'I guess we had better fire a gun,' said Farr.

Our supply of ammunition was very scant. Scott drew the shot from one barrel of one of the shot-guns, and carefully put it back into the pouch; then, stepping out in front of the log shanty, he discharged it. Farr and I listened intently. Save the quick, smothered echo, and the surge of the wind amid the tree-tops, there was no response. Then we hallooed repeatedly; then we discharged the second barrel of the gun.

'He may have heard it,' said Scott. 'If he did, he will come in. We will wait and see.'

We waited ten or fifteen minutes; he did not come: we grew really alarmed.

'There's something wrong with him,' said Scott; a chill fell upon us standing there.

'Fred isn't a fellow to stay off like this,' Farr remarked. 'He's either lost, or something's caught him.'

We thought of the 'Cannucks.'

'If he is lost, we must hunt him up if we can,' said Scott. 'It's no more than he would do for any of us.'

By this time it had grown dark—the darkness of a cloudy night. Farr split up an armful of pitch-wood splints; Scott discharged the gun; I looked to the fire, and took one of the muskets. We then crossed the stream, and, lighting two of the pitch-wood torches, we entered the woods, taking the direction we had gone in the morning.

But it was blind work, picking our way among and over windfalls. Once I spied a marten staring at us from a mossy rock; but it vanished ere I could raise the gun. A lynx saluted us with a long *yawl* at a little distance; but more dismal and annoying still were the *hoots* and *tu-hoos* of a couple of owls, that were attracted by our torchlight, and pursued us, circling and flapping among the fir-tops.

It began to spit snow—snow and sleet commingled. We kept on, however, for a mile or over, till we reached the height of land where the heavy spruce growth takes the place of the firs. Here we stopped, and hallooed again and again; but the owls replied so provokingly that we could have heard nothing else. Scott fired at one of them but missed it in the darkness. The sleet, too, made a dull, continuous rattling, as it fell through the branches.

It was of little use to search for him at that time of night. Our splints were already more than half burned. We went back; we were obliged to do it. The wind was cold, and the sleet pelted hard; it seemed as if winter was coming on. I remember that we scarcely spoke. Our fears for Fred filled us with a strange gloom. We sat round the stove. Not one of us closed his eyes that night.

As soon as it was light we ate a few mouthfuls and set off. The whole forest looked snowy and bleak in the grey light of that cloudy morning. There had fallen about an inch of snow and hail; it was slippery walking. We hurried forward, however, and went over the whole ground where we had gummed the previous day. We had taken our guns, and did not get out of sight of one another; for the forest seemed fearfully wild and savage now that Fred had disappeared within it.

But we found nothing, and saw no trace or track of him; half hoping that he had come in, and that we should find him at the camp, we went back to it at noon. He was not there.

In the afternoon we set off to make a wider circuit; and, almost running in our anxiety, we hallooed at intervals, and fired the gun several times, but we did not find a trace of him.

'We shall never know what has become of him,' said Scott. The tears would come when we thought of that.

It was dusk before we got round to the camp; for we nearly lost our way ourselves. It was a sad thing to feel that we had done our best, and yet had done nothing to bring him back. Too sorrowful to eat much, we sat looking gloomily into the darkening woods, when the cracking of the brush made us start. Through the fallen spruce-tops, on the west side of the camp, something—a person—was coming towards us.

'It's Fred—or his ghost!' cried Scott.

We all ran out and called to him, as he staggered toward the camp. A sick thrill went through me as I looked at him. His clothes were torn. He looked wild and haggard. His eyes were bloodshot; and he cried out in a strange voice, 'Fellows, *I've been more than two hundred miles!*'

Then he threw himself flat on the ground, and sobbed and cried like a child. I took his hand, and put my finger on his pulse. It was fearfully quick. His flesh burned. He was on the verge of brain fever.

We said not a word to him, but took him up and laid him in the bunk. Then Scott got some luke-warm water, and we washed his feet; which were blistered and cut. After that we bathed his head in cold water, and washed his hands. He was utterly exhausted, and in about an hour he dropped asleep, but kicked and muttered a good deal.

We watched him a while, then we fell asleep ourselves, for we were thoroughly fatigued.

Next morning Fred was calmer, but pitifully pale and hollow-eyed. We got him a warm breakfast of roast potatoes and toasted biscuit, and made him some tea. The food did him good; and he began to talk, though he could hardly speak of his hardships without shedding tears.

His account to us was like this:— '*I kept* gumming, and going from tree to tree that morning, till I had dug my sackful, and thought, from my feelings, that it must be afternoon. It had come on cloudy. But I had not felt 'turned round,' nor anything of the sort, till I started to come back to camp. Then, all at once, it came upon me *like a whirl*, and I could not tell which way to go! It startled me a good deal; but I kept cool. I laid

down my gum-sack and hatchet, and climbed a yellow birch to the first limbs, about twenty-five feet, to take a look off. I was not fairly up above the spruce-tops; but I saw a mountain that I took for old Bose-buck, across the lake. So I slid down, took up my sack and hatchet, and set off in that direction. I wasn't very uneasy; I thought I was all right. I walked pretty fast, and after a while I began to wonder why I did not come out at the shore of the lake. But I kept on for as much as fifteen minutes longer, with no signs of coming to the water. Then I knew that I must be going wrong; the woods, too, looked different from that round the lake. I began to grow bewildered again, and I climbed a white maple almost to the top. Not a sign could I see of a mountain anywhere, nor of the lake!

'You see, that wasn't Bose-buck that I saw from the first tree. I was turned round then. Instead of Bose-buck, it was old Birch-board mountain, away up toward the Canada line.

'But I wasn't certain of anything now. I got down out of the tree. My head began to whirl, and the strangest feelings came over me. There was a brook in the valley. I got down and drank from it, and bathed my forehead. That brook, I suppose, must have run out into the Magalloway. If I had had sense enough to follow the brook, I should have come out upon the river; but I never thought of it, I was so confused.

'I got up from the brook, and started the way it seemed to me the camp was, and ran just as fast as I could. I must have lost my gum-sack about that time; but I didn't know when I lost it. On I went. My head began to ache as if it would split.

'All at once I came to a brook, took a drink, and stuck my head in the water; then I jumped across, and ran on again as fast as I could; and in about fifteen minutes I came to another brook, just about as big as the other one, drank, and ran on again; and in a few minutes, came to still another brook! And though I had drunk not ten minutes before, I was so parched with thirst that I flung myself down to drink again.

'As I was getting up, I saw a boot-track in the wet gravel and sand. I thought for a moment that I must be near where some of you were or had passed. But, on looking again, I saw the mark of my iron button in the heel; it was my own track! All those brooks I had been coming to were the same. I had been running right round and round; and the last time I had come around to the same place exactly where I had jumped across the brook before.

'That thing scared me worse still. I was getting wild. I pulled my coat off and climbed another tree, —a large ash. But it had grown so dusk, that I could not see much. I got down, and started with my back to the brook, and every large tree I passed I gave it a "spot" with the hatchet; and that, or something else, kept me from circling, for I did not come to the brook again.

'I think perhaps, that I had gone three or four miles from this brook when I heard a twig snap behind me. I looked round, and could just make out something in the dusk, seven or eight rods away. I had raced about so much that some creature had got on my track. I was so desperate and wild, that at first I did not care for it. But I kept looking back, and the more I thought of it the more alarmed I grew; for I knew that after it got dark the beast might spring upon me, and that I ought to build a fire.

'I had matches in my pocket, and the next pine stump I came to I split off a lot of shivers with my hatchet, and kindled a blaze.

'As soon as I got a light started, I could not see about me as before. But every few moments I could hear the snap of some dry branch, now on one side, and then on the other. The animal was hanging about—walking round the fire. That was not a very pleasant thing to know. I had no idea what it was. I sat down between the fire and the stump, and hewed off splinters to keep the blaze bright, and cut up a small sapling of white birch to make brands; so that after that, whenever I heard the brute's step off in the brush, I would let a brand fly in that direction.

'Two or three times I heard it jump aside when the brands fell near it; and once I thought that I heard it snarl.

'Two or three hours passed. Despite my fear of the prowling animal, I began to grow very drowsy from fatigue. I had several bushels of chips cut off; and I now placed my back to the stump, and stretched my feet out to the fire. Every few minutes I would throw on a handful of the dry chips. I must have dropped asleep while sitting there, for suddenly I jumped to my feet. The fire was nearly gone out, and I had a glimpse of a wild, ferocious head, with gleaming eyes, scarcely a rod away, that drew back into the darkness as I stirred. The beast was stealing upon me.

'This startled me so much, that I did not go to sleep again. Once after this, when the fire had waned a little, I heard the animal not far off; but as I threw on more chips, and thumped lustily on the stump with the hatchet, it did not approach nearer; and, during the latter part of the night, it must have gone away, for I heard nothing more of it; and when, at length, day broke, it was nowhere in sight. There was, however, a beaten path of tracks in the snow round the stump and fire, at a distance of about a hundred feet.

'As soon as it had got fairly light, I started forward again with my back to the lightened east, for I supposed that our camp must be to the west of where I then was.

'To appease my hunger, I chewed a great quid of gum, which I dug from a spruce. But I felt very weak, and had to stop often and rest myself.

'During the forenoon I crossed a large brook, by wading through it at a place where the bottom was sandy, and then it occurred to me that this might be the upper course of the Magalloway. The more I thought about it, the more certain I felt of it. So I walked on, steering myself by its course.

'The afternoon was passing. I grew bewildered again, and soon got as wild and feverish as I had felt the night before. In this manner I wandered on; and it had begun to grow dark again, when I caught sight of your fire, and came out to the camp and the river.'

Such was Fred's story of his 'two-hundred-mile' tramp. It was nearly a week before he was strong enough to go out with us into the woods again.

(To be continued.)

THE EMIGRANTS.

ACROSS the waters wild and wide,
With saddened hearts we roam,
Mothers and children by our side,
In search of work and home.

Behind us lies the fair green isle,
The only home we know;
But, ah! she drives us forth the while,
And bids us further go.

Our little cabin, roofless now,
Stands on the hillside lone,
Like a poor bird's forsaken nest
With all the young ones flown!

But God's fair world is very wide,
And, surely, we may find
Some home to shelter us, instead
Of what we leave behind.

D. B.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A True Narrative.

OUR party, consisting of five, set out to cross the Tête Noire. Being pressed for time, we arranged overnight with one of the drivers who was loitering outside our hotel to take us on to Geneva the following morning.

We rose early to see the summit of Mont Blanc lit up by the morning sun.

For the first few miles the road is very rough and dangerous, but after awhile it winds in sharp curves, and skirts at one side fearful precipices unprotected by either parapet or railing. It was at this point of our drive, after we descended a few shoots and rounded the sharp bends in the road at the same speed at which we travelled on the level road, that our party began to suspect something wrong with our driver.

For a time, however, nothing further caused uneasiness, until rounding one of the dreadful angles in the road we seemed to be on the verge of the yawning precipice. We then determined not to sit still any longer, and to our horror we discovered that our driver was drunk, and being in that state, what was alarming to us gave pleasure to him, and thus every descent of a hill made him increase his pace.

But while we were talking we had mounted the next hill, and before we had time to stop the horses we began to descend a steep incline. It was too late! the carriage swayed from side to side, and as we held on by the seats, we prayed that we might be saved from a fearful death which seemed to await us.

The moment came at last when our wretched driver lost all control of his horses, and missing the turn in the road there remained only an awful plunge to death and eternity. For a second or two the horses seemed to pause upon the brink; in that interval of time we lived a life and died a death. We sat motionless and breathed a prayer for our children at home. But the good hand of God preserved us.

Between the road and the precipice a small meadow intervened, with a deep drop of about eight feet from the road. At the moment the horses made their spring we were not aware of this. Both the sagacious animals, with one mind and with a sure step, made their jump, landing us safely on the meadow below without injury to the carriage, themselves, or us.

If the horses had swerved or bungled in their leap,

the carriage would have been dashed to pieces, and we should have been hurled over the yawning precipice just in front of us. Not a bone was broken, not a soul injured, but I must confess that I expected to find my hair as white as the snow on the Alps when I next looked at myself in a glass.

COUNTY CHATS.

XXXI.—SOMERSETSHIRE.

(*Concluded from page* 191.)

GLASTONBURY ABBEY is certainly in many respects the most interesting ruin England possesses. Most likely, the very first Christian Church that was ever built in this country was built here. The legend is, that the Apostle Philip sent Joseph of Arimathæa, at the head of twelve Christians, to try and do the darkened Britons some spiritual service. There is a place close by called Weary-all-Hill, where the famous thorn grew which blossomed at Christmas, and which came from Palestine. The name of the hill is said to be derived from Joseph and his party, who were fatigued from their long journey and rested here. He built here a little house of prayer; for the ground, then an island, had been given him by the king. And so Glastonbury was called the first ground of God in England. When this privileged building, and the Christian religion as well, fell into decay, King Lucius, A.D. 180, invited other missionaries to settle and build here. St. Patrick and St. David visited this holy spot in the sixth century; and here the good King Arthur died of his wounds and was buried. And subsequent kings and great nobles honoured the Abbey, and enriched it with large endowments. The Bishop of Wells and all his clergy used to visit it every year, and sing the Litany therein. One of its costly chapels was covered inside with plates of silver. This abbey had more revenue than any except Westminster, and was the largest religious building next to old St. Paul's. This once splendid abbey used to cover no less than sixty acres, and its estates would be now worth 300,000*l.* a-year. As the last abbot refused to yield to King Henry, he was condemned to be drawn on a hurdle from Wells to Glastonbury, and there hanged and quartered.

On the west side of Axbridge Church tower stands the statue of a king with his sceptre, and on the east side may be seen the figure of a bishop in his robes. This is one of the oldest boroughs in England, but it is not now a place of much importance. Near Axbridge is Cheddar, where very excellent cheese is made. The cliffs here are wildly beautiful. There is a chasm about a mile long, walled in on either side by lofty precipices. There are several large caves in the ragged sides of this romantic cavern, and the nine springs which flow from the foot form by their union the river Cheddar. The chasm extends across one of the highest ridges of the Mendips, and it yawns from the summit to the roots of the mountain, laying bare a sublime and tremendous scene of phantasy, terror, and gloom.

About eight miles north-east of Axbridge is a place called Nempnet, where, in Fairy Field, is one of the most extensive sepulchres in England. It is supposed to cover a vast number of bones of men slain in battle. It is 180 feet long by 60 broad and 45 in height—a huge tomb.

John Locke was born at Wrington, in a cottage near the church. This great man wrote many very learned books. He died in 1704.

The Samson of Somersetshire, named Hautril, has an effigy at Chew, which is cut out of a solid piece of Irish oak. Hautril lived in the reign of Edward I., and was one of the strongest men ever known. The red ochre with which sheep are marked is found here.

Weston-super-Mare is a fashionable watering-place much used by Bristol people.

The Somersetshire suburb of this famous old city is Bedminster. We have not found much to interest our readers here, so we pass on by Keynsham to Stanton Drew. Here is a stone called a quoit, which they say the giant Hautril threw over the river. The famous Druid circle here is older, some think, than that in Wiltshire. The stones are not so big as those at Stonehenge, but they are of a fair size, some of them being nine feet high and twenty-two feet in girth.

Bath is the chief city of this county. Its warm mineral waters were discovered by Bladerd, a legendary king of England. The Romans were very fond of Bath, and called it *Aquæ solis*, meaning the waters of the sun, from their being so warm. It is said that no city in England, except perhaps Newcastle-on-Tyne, can show such a number of interesting Roman remains. The Romans surrounded it with a wall twenty feet high. The modern city is very beautiful, and its streets are regular and clean. The Abbey Church is rich and handsome outside; but within it is much disfigured by the monuments with which its walls are covered. There are some very ancient manuscripts in the vestry. The temperature of the hot bath is 117°, and it yields 128 gallons per minute. Bath stands on the Foss Way. It was brought into the notice of the fashionable world by Beau Nash, a celebrated dandy of the last century. The grateful Bathites have voted him a statue.

At Kelston lived the wit and poet, Sir John Harrington, who was honoured by Queen Elizabeth with her friendship. She was his godmother, and used to speak of him as 'that witty fellow my godson,' 'that merry poet my godson.'

At Norton St. Philip, the royal troops attacked Monmouth's ill-disciplined army in 1685. At the 'George Inn,' on the site of the old grange of Hinton Abbey, James II. slept in what is called the king's chamber the night before the attack.

Frome is near the old forest of Selwood, and on the banks of the Frome, which is a good trout-stream, there is a fine church, with a monument to Bishop Ken, the revered author of the Morning and Evening Hymns. Frome is noted for its good ale. At one of the inns they show you an immense cask, which is said to hold 600 puncheons of that truly national drink.

Bruton is on the Brue. Here Queen Elizabeth's auditor, named Sexey, founded a hospital. Some say

that he was a waiter at an inn here before he became rich and famous.

Castle Cary was Cari in Domesday Book. In an old manor-house of this town Charles II. was hidden after the battle of Worcester.

At Cadbury Church there is an epitaph which surely must be the longest in the world. It consists of ninety-six lines of poetry, forming the summary of the life of Lady Margaret Hastings. It tells us how, in her last illness, the good lady employed three preachers, who alternately assisted her in her devotions until she died, June 1596. Besides this almost endless poem there is some prose matter as well.

At Wincanton the first blood shed during the Revolution was drawn. For here the Prince of Orange captured some of James the Second's dragoons. It is pleasantly situated, and wears a very regular appearance, arising from its having been rebuilt after a dreadful fire in 1747.

A tower of 120 feet has been built at Pen Selwood, to celebrate the visit of King Alfred, disguised as a harper, to the camp of Guthrum the Dane. The tower stands where the Danish camp was.

Milborne Port was of some note before the Conquest, being then a borough and market-town. It has a very ancient Guildhall, with some bits of Norman architecture in it. As the houses are almost all detached from one another, it looks much more like a village than a town. G. S. O.

IVORY.

THE Elephant is not of much use to mankind if we except his tusks, which supply the markets with the best ivory, an article which brings so large a price that wherever elephants abound there the ivory-hunter is on his track.

The west coast of Africa is well supplied with elephants, whose tusks yield the finest ivory of all; still, the principal supply of this article is derived from Calcutta and other East Indian ports. The tusks vary much in size, some being quite small, while others weigh upwards of one hundred pounds each. Ivory takes a very high polish, and is easily worked; nevertheless, few persons in this country can compete with the Chinese for the skill and dexterity with which they produce fancy articles from this material. Ivory is chiefly used in the manufacture of knife handles, billiard balls, chessmen, napkin rings, and ornaments for ladies' wear, even the scraps being turned to account and converted into buttons, penknife handles, and other trifles. Ivory can also be cut into very thin sheets, and is frequently used for veneering purposes. It very readily takes on a beautiful dye.

The number of elephants annually killed for their ivory alone can scarcely be estimated; but some idea may be formed, when it is known that the slaughter of twenty-two thousand elephants a-year is required to supply the cutlery establishments of Sheffield with handles for the knives and other cutlery made there.

In considering this statement, however, one must remember that inferior cutlery has handles of bone as a substitute for the more expensive article.

K.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

158. Our limestone crag soars steep and grey
Above earth's tallest churches,
And here, for ever and a day,
The jackdaw safely perches:
About its height are brisk debates,
And sometimes almost broken pates!

In school, one day, it happened, we
About our cliff disputed;
Our master heard us, and, said he,
'Now work away till half-past three,
Then, if I'm duly suited,
I'll show you, by the slanting sun,
How high the cliff is ere we've done.'

Dear master! how he greased the wheels
By those few words delicious!
School done, we urchins at his heels,
A formidable rod he peels,
Yet never looked less vicious;
A rod, at times a fearful thing,
With fruit, just then, was blossoming!

The biggest knew not what he meant,
And breaths were held, and eyes were bent
Upon the necromancer.
Digging a hole, he curved his back,
And prated, like a learned quack,
Of Horoscope and Zodiac
And Gemini and Cancer:
But I, who read the good man's smile,
Knew that he fooled us all the while.

Straight stood the rod. 'Now, Jones,' said he,
'Measure its shade length carefully,
No fractions now o'erlooking;
And some of you, my little friends,
Mark where the cliff's long shadow ends,
E'en if it fall the brook in;
He who would stores of knowledge get
Must mind not hunger, cold, nor wet.'

Jones grasped the tape, and, on the sod,
The shadow of that ten-foot rod
Near fourteen feet he reckoned;
Two inches and seven-twelfths it lack'd—
The master verified the fact:
Jones, for a wonder, was exact,
And looked big things that second.

Now, while he fumbled with his tape,
I, who was nimble as an ape,
Ran in the crag's huge shadow;
'Hurrah, my lads! hurrah!' I scream,
'She reaches yards across the stream,
Into old Blowhard's meadow.'

I sprang across a narrow bend,
I stood upon the shadow end,
And shouted, 'All alive O!'
Deftly I cut a bit of wood,
And stuck the stick in where I stood;
We found the shadow length was good,
Five hundred feet but five, O.

By Rule of Three the crag we try,
When Jones, to his vexation,
Makes it full fifty feet too high,
And spoils his reputation! G. S. O.

[*Answer at page* 215.]

THE SWAN.

THIS beautiful bird, so familiar to English eyes, is seen on lakes and rivers, especially on the rivers Thames, Isis, and Cam. This is the stately bird which the poet Milton admired.

'With archèd neck
Between the white wings mantling, proudly rows
Her state with oary feet.'

The wild swan is not so graceful as the tame one. He carries his neck erect, his plumage is not so snow-like, and his wings are closer to his body. Two or three kinds of wild swan visit England in the winter and depart on the breaking up of the frost, or on the first favourable wind. Their flight is high and swift. They are said to make 100 miles an hour. Most of them go to the polar regions; Lapland, Siberia, and the countries around Hudson's Bay are their favourite breeding-places.

The "Hungry Man" eating the "sprung" pork.

THE MOOSE HUNTERS.

(*Continued from page* 195.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WE made a solemn promise then and there never to lose sight of each other again while off in the woods.

During this following week Farr and I gummed alone; Scott, by voluntary offer, remaining at camp with Fred. Saturday we varied the programme, by going down the lake into Bose-buck Cove with the boat, and thence down to Sunday Pond to our old den at the lower end of it, in order to get the gum and other property left there.

While we were down there, we had dug what we estimated at twenty-four pounds. And for five days that week we brought in what we called six pounds apiece each day.

We dug nothing but good gum. In the evening we would scrape and clean it nicely, then put it up in packages or boxes made of birch-bark, strongly sewed together with small roots of spruce. These long, tough spruce-roots, are what the Indians use for sewing their canoes.

We used to go over now and then to look to our traps at the pond we had discovered. For more than a week nothing disturbed the large trap in the bear-path. Farr and I had got sick of going over to it for nothing, and we set off determined to take it up and have done with it, when, to our surprise, we found it gone, and the bait we had lavished about it all eaten up.

As before, we had attached two clogs to the traps. These made a very distinct trail, which we followed for a mile or more, to the foot of a steep ridge. Here a large spruce had blown partially over, raising a great mass of earth and brush with the roots, and leaving a dark hole underneath them. The creature with the trap and clogs had taken refuge here. Indeed, the cavity was large enough to 'drive in a flock of sheep,' as Farr described it. It was a dark hole too. We could not see much inside it. All was quiet about it, yet we did not care to get too near. Whether the creature was a lynx, a bear, or a panther, was not certain, though we presumed that it was a lynx.

We had the hatchet with us, and with this Farr cut a long pole,—twenty feet at least—and began to prod inside, to stir up the game. To the first three or four punches there was no response; but, on trying the other corner of the den, there came a snarl so loud and vicious that Farr dropped the pole, and we both retreated to a safe distance. The trap-chain rattled. Evidently the game was alive and kicking.

'I don't see how we're going to get him out,' Farr said, after we had considered the situation.

At length we concluded to fire under the root at a venture. Taking aim at what seemed to me the probable nook in which the beast was lurking, I fired first one barrel, then the second. The only effect of this was to make the besieged brute growl ferociously.

We went round the root, and beat on it with the pole; but the creature would not run out. We discovered, however, that the mass of dirt and dried leaves on the root was not very thick, and we set to work to dig a hole through it. Cutting some short stakes, which Farr sharpened at one end, we fell to tearing away the earth, and at length we got a small hole through into the cavity beneath. But no sooner had our stakes broken through, than, with a clank and rattle, the animal bounded out on the other side, and went off on a leap, jerking the trap and clogs after it. It was as black as a crow.

'A bear!' I exclaimed, catching up the gun.

'Too small for a bear,' Farr said.

We ran on after it. But, even encumbered as it was, it went off at a round rate; and we should have had a chase to come up with it, had not one of the clogs caught under a beech-root, bringing the creature up short. There it hung, springing and jerking, till, hearing us coming up behind, it suddenly turned, facing us with a growl of defiance. There it stood at bay, its eyes flashing, its body crouched close to the ground, its short ears cocked, and the long black hair along its back standing up like bristles. It was as large as a lynx, but had short legs.

Farr fired at it with a heavy load of buckshot. It went heels over head, but immediately got on its feet again, wheezing and growling, a bloody and piteous spectacle. Farr then stepped up, and fired the second barrel full at its head and killed it. Farr carried the carcass, and I carried the trap.

On arriving at camp, Fred at once pronounced it to be a *fisher*, or fisher-cat as some hunters call them,—an animal of the weasel family (*Mustela Canadensis*). Its colour was black all over its body, save a few white hairs on its belly; its tail was rather long and shaggy. Its legs were remarkably short, but stout; it had broad feet, and sharp black claws. Its teeth were as long and sharp as those of the lynx.

It came on very cold that night. The stream froze, but there was too much wind to permit of the lake freezing. The next day, too, was cold and chilling. We shivered as we gummed. The following night it came on colder still. Shortly after midnight the wind lulled. I had the watch from half-past three till six (morning). It was stinging cold. We were not surprised, as day broke, to see that the lake had 'skimmed' over.

'How are we ever going to get out if the lake freezes up?' Scott asked.

'Oh! go down on the ice,' Fred said.

'But how about the boat?' I said.

'We'll put it on runners,' Fred laughed.

We were glad to hear him laugh again, for he had had a sober time of it. The next day he went out g umming with us for the first time since his misadventure.

The weather continuing very cold, the lake froze still harder, till it was like a huge mirror of plate glass set in its black shores. It was a grand chance for skating, if we had had skates and the time for it. As it was we gummed on steadily. Our food was three-quarters moose-meat.

Friday night of that same week,—about the 24th of November this was—Farr called me up a few

minutes after eleven o'clock, and waked Fred at the same time.

'There's a "Cannuck" down at the ox-camp,' he whispered to us. We did not wake Scott, but, taking our guns, we went out with Farr.

There was a moon again now on its second quarterage. It was just setting off over the spruces, but threw a bright light down into the opening below us. The ox-camp was plainly visible, so also the space about it, the frozen stream, and the blackened ruins of the burned camp. We looked, but saw nothing.

'He's gone into the camp,' Farr said, 'or into the grain-shed. Hark!'

We distinctly heard a noise, a rattling of boards, and a sound as of pounding with a stone or a hammer.

'He's in there after our fur,' I suggested. 'Thinks, perhaps, we may have left those musk-rat skins or that lynx's hide down there.'

The noise continued louder than ever.

'He must be a fool,' Fred said, 'or else he doesn't know we are up here. He must know that such a racket as that would wake us up.'

Bump-bump! pound-pound! we could hear him knocking at something or other.

'Well, now, he isn't a bit afraid of making a noise, is he?' exclaimed Fred, wonderingly. 'Just as lief we would know he is breaking in there as not!'

It struck me as a very strange performance. We could not imagine what sort of job he was at.

'You don't suppose it's a trick?' Fred said, 'to get us out after him, and have his friends rush in and take our camp?'

'Like as not,' Farr said.

We went round the camp inside our fence, and looked sharply off on all sides, but saw nothing of any lurking party. Still they might be hidden among the brush in the shadow.

'Let him pound,' said Fred, 'we will stay where we are.'

On a sudden the man came out of the grain-shed. We watched him attentively. He came along to where there was a stump, about a dozen yards from the shed door. He had something in his hands, and sat himself down on the stump. Pretty quick—so still was the air—we heard a sound of smacking.

'He's eating something,' Fred said.

He was certainly eating. We could now see him raise a piece of something or other, and tear off mouthfuls from it.

'Did we leave anything fit to eat down there?' I said.

'Nothing there but that barrel of "sprung" pork,' Fred replied. 'And I believe he has broken in the head of that, and got out a chunk of it. That's the noise of pounding we heard!'

'He must be hungry,' said Farr.

'*Hungry!* I should think so!' said Fred. 'Why, I would as soon eat carrion as to eat that stinking stuff raw!'

'Well, that's what he's up to, sure as you're born!' exclaimed Farr. 'Best to let a charge of shot fly at him?'

'No,' said Fred. 'Oh, no! he is welcome to that "sprung" pork, for all of me.'

A minute later the moon went out of sight altogether, behind the thick green tops; and it grew too dusk to even see the outline of a man so far off. But we could hear *smacking* going on for fully twenty minutes longer. The fellow, whoever he was, was clearly making a square meal. Once, some ten or fifteen minutes later, we heard the crack of brush on the farther side of the stream to the east of our camp.

'He's going off, I guess,' Farr said.

We sat up with Farr an hour longer, I think; then, hearing nothing more of the mysterious pork-eater, we turned in again.

The next morning this midnight raw-pork eater was the subject of conversation. It puzzled us completely. We did not know what to think,—unless some of the 'Cannucks' had, in reality, got starved out. We went down to the ox-camp, and found, as we had suspected, the head of the barrel broken in with one of the old axes lying there. Otherwise the hungry man had left no trace.

Fred was on guard-duty that day. Farr, Scott, and I gummed on the hills. There was a snow-squall near sunset; but the evening cleared up pleasant, with a broader and larger moon. I had the first watch; and, at about ten o'clock, I heard something moving through the bushes on the east side of the river. It was going down the east bank. I watched sharply; and, a few moments after, saw a man come out on the ice, and cross the stream at a point directly opposite the ox-camp. He went straight to the grain-shed. We had fastened the door with a nail. But the man broke it open readily and went inside. Fred and Scott had not yet gone to sleep. I stepped into our camp and spoke to them.

'It's the same one, no doubt,' Fred said, 'come back after another pork supper.'

This time the 'hungry-man' was not long getting what he wanted. Immediately he appeared with what we took to be a piece of pork, and, going to his old perch on the stump, began to eat it.

'Well, doesn't that beat the Dutch?' Fred exclaimed.

'We've got him for a regular boarder,' Scott said.

There was something so strange about this unknown person and his habits that we felt queer as we watched him.

'He has no gun with him, no weapon of any kind,' Fred remarked.

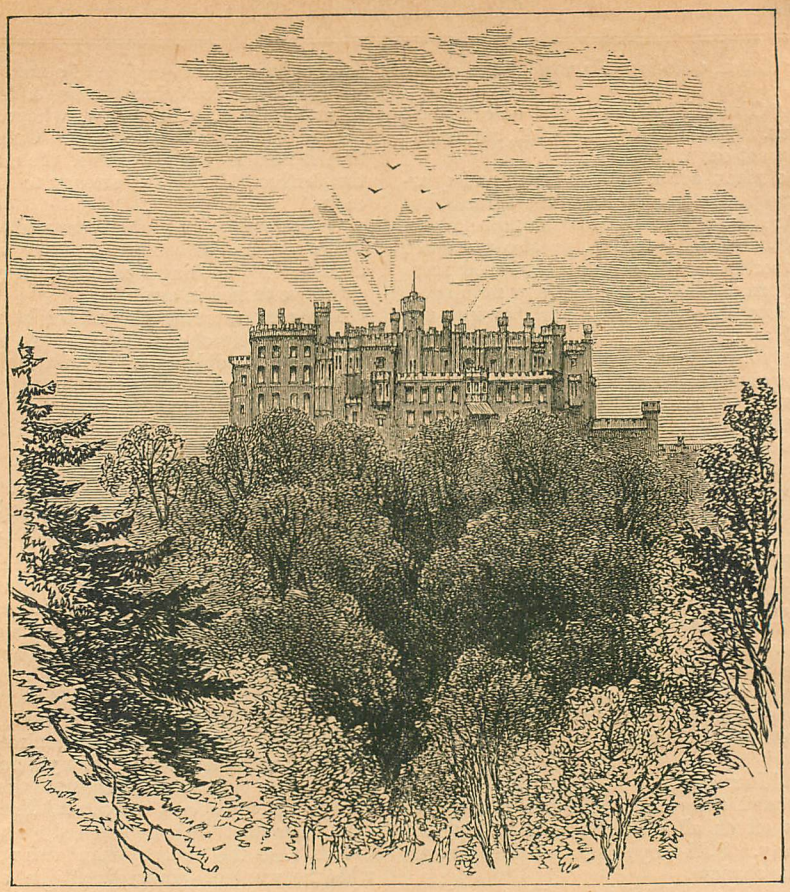
'But he may have a pistol,' Scott suggested.

Yes, he might have a pistol. We could not see him plainly: though the light was brighter than on the previous evening, we could yet do little but make out the figure of an ordinary-sized man.

After eating his pork he sat still a while, then got up, stared around for a minute, and then stretched himself, or at least seemed to do so; for he raised his arms over his head in a slow and peculiar manner. Pretty quickly he turned, and, going down to the river, he crossed on the ice, and entered the bushes on the farther bank. We heard him going off through the woods.

We watched awhile. Then Fred took my place, for it was his turn; Scott and I went to bed. We were so completely mystified as to this strange person and his movements, that we did not now like to talk of him.

(To be continued.)



BELVOIR CASTLE.

BELVOIR Castle, the seat of the Duke of Rutland, is reckoned to be one of the most beautiful castellated buildings in England. It stands on an abrupt elevation in the north-east corner of Leicestershire, and commands a magnificent view, extending over the whole valley of Belvoir and the adjoining country as far as Lincoln.

The original castle is said to have been founded by Robert de Belvedeir, standard-bearer to William the Conqueror, but during the turbulent reigns of Stephen and Henry II. the castle passed from one hand to another, undergoing many changes, until it became by marriage the property of the Manners family, about the year 1508, and in their possession it has continued ever since. During the life of George, the seventh Earl of Rutland, Belvoir Castle received a visit from Charles I., in 1634. The eighth Earl, however, having attached himself to the Parliamentarians, the castle was attacked by the Royal army, and lost, and won again and again. In these struggles for victory the place of course suffered greatly. But to describe the various events which occurred at Belvoir Castle during the Civil Wars would occupy much space; it is sufficient therefore to say, that in 1649 the Parliament ordered the castle to be demolished, but it was rebuilt again after the Restoration. John, the ninth Earl, was created the first Duke of Rutland; he died at Belvoir in 1710. Since then the castle has been much altered, and the interior newly arranged. It contains a very valuable collection of paintings, but unfortunately, by an accidental fire in 1816, a large portion of the ancient part of the building was destroyed.

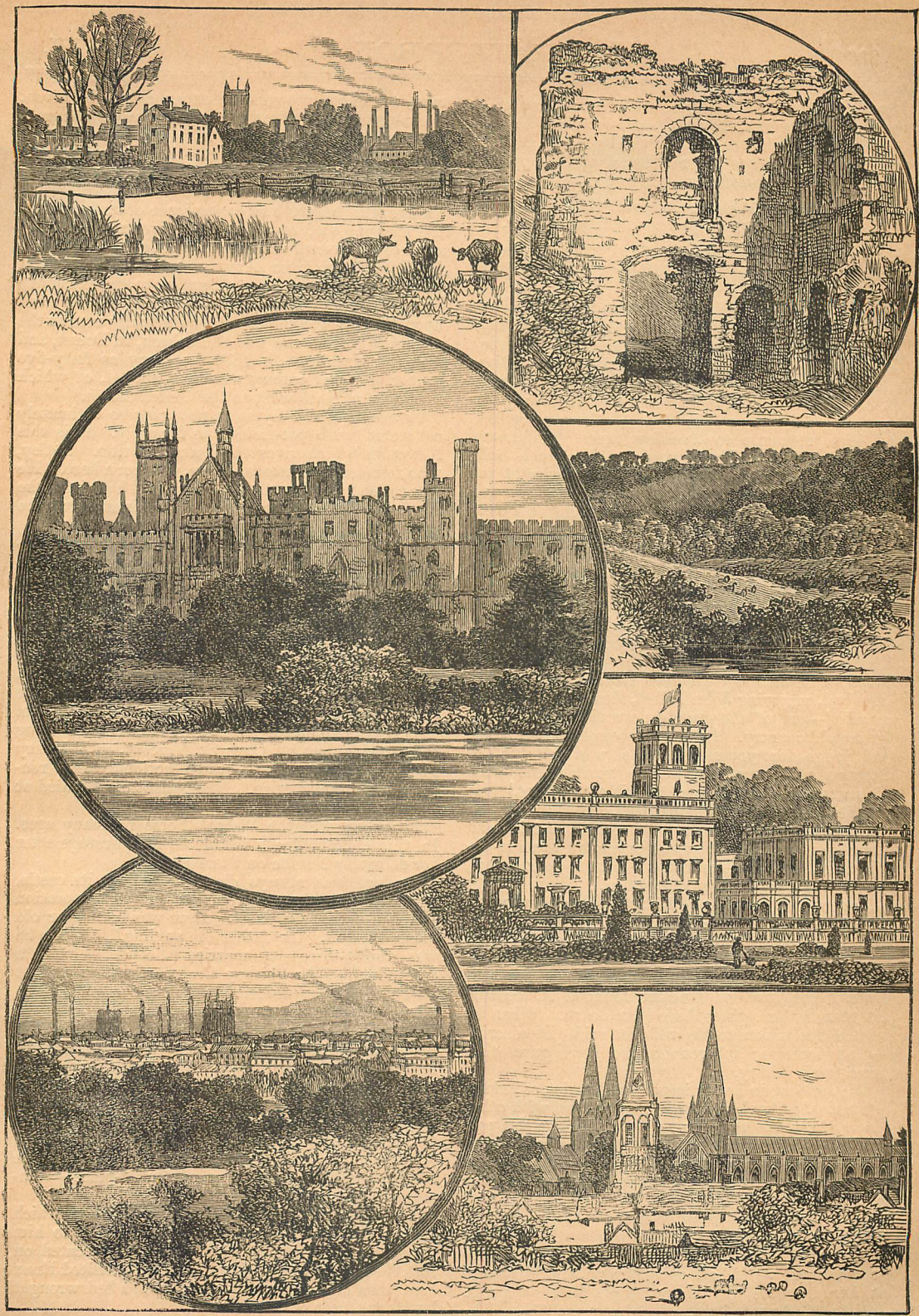
In recent times two memorable royal visits have been paid to Belvoir Castle: the first in 1814, when George IV., then Prince Regent, spent a few days there; and in 1843, when it was honoured by the presence of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort.

McKEAN.

COUNTY CHATS.

No. XXXII.—STAFFORDSHIRE.

IN the northern part of this county there are many lofty eminences, and wild moors, some curiously named, as Mow Cop and Cloud End. There is also high ground in Needwood Forest; and Castle Ring in Cannock Chase, between Stafford and Lichfield, is also 700 feet. The Rowley Hills, between Dudley and Halesowen, are nearly 1000 feet. There are some funnily-named rivers. We have a Sow and a Dove; and there is a Tame River, and also a Blyth one. The Manifold ought to be very winding, and it may be for aught we know, for it runs several miles underground, and comes out at Ilam. We fear the Churnet never succeeds in producing butter. The man-made river, the river in harness, called the Grand Trunk Canal, unites the Trent and Mersey, and so cuts England in halves. The Dove is noted for its good



VIEWS IN STAFFORDSHIRE. By W. H. J. Boot.

Burton-on-Trent.
John o' Groat's Gateway, Tutbury Castle.
Alton Towers.
Cannock Chase.
Trentham Hill.
Stafford.
Lichfield.

meadows, and when the country folk speak of a wealthy gentleman, they call him as 'rich as Dove.'

Now let us chatter a bit at the beer city, Burton-on-Trent. Who has has not heard of Allsopp and Bass? Sings a foolish Cambridge poet:—

'He who would shine, and petrify his tutor,
Must drink his Allsopp from its native pewter.'

Alabaster has given place to ale. St. Modwena, an Irish Abbess, who doctored King Alfred, built a church here.

Tutbury, or Toteberie, has a ruined castle. Here John of Gaunt lived in great splendour, and here Mary Queen of Scots was confined. Like every other place of her confinement it is a ruin. More than 100,000 coins were found in the river here in 1831. What a find! It is supposed they were lost by the Earl of Lancaster in 1321. Tutbury is supposed to have reference to Tuesday, and Wednesbury to Wednesday. There used to be cruel bull-fights in the town of Tutbury. After service at the old Norman church, and dinner eaten, the bull was turned adrift, with horns and tail cut off, his body well soaped, and his nose filled with pepper. He was then chased by the singing men, and, if they could catch him and hold him long enough to cut off a bit of his hair, he was theirs, to make beef-steaks of.

Uttoxeter was called Wotochshede at the time of the Norman invasion, and given to Henry de Ferrers. One of the glories of this county is Alton Towers. This property came into the Shrewsbury family by Maud, daughter of Thomas Neville, fifth Baron Furnival, marrying John Talbot, the famous 'English captain'—one of the grandest warriors ever reared by the old country. Read of his exploits in France, and judge for yourselves. He was called 'The Scourge of France,' and was so terrible that 'with his name the mothers used to still their babes.' He was slain at the siege of Chatillon.

Cheadle, or Cedla, is in the moorland district, and Longnor is probably the smallest market-town in the kingdom. It is some credit to a man to be a dwarf, and Longnor enjoys that distinction.

Leek was agitated in 1745 by the passing through of the Pretender's bare-legged army. Near Biddulph are the curious remains called 'Bride Stones.' On the moor is a sort of gipsy race who live apart from other folk. The remains of Dieulacres Abbey are near Leek. The Earl of Chester founded it, because his grandfather's ghost bade him do so. When he related the vision to his wife she said, 'Dieulacres'—God increase; whereupon the Earl gave that name to his Abbey.

We are now in a very important district, called the 'Potteries.' Burslem, Hanley, and Stoke, with other places, form the abodes of those who live by pot-making. Pottery has been made for ages hereabouts. In old maps this place was called the Butter Pottery. The great Wedgewood was born at Burslem. He was lamed by smallpox, and had to leave the potter's wheel, but his great talents for the making of ornamental ware soon attracted the attention of the Queen, and in course of time Wedgewood became 'a household world' all over Europe, and his works at Etruria were visited by people from all parts. In fact, Wedgewood was one of our great Englishmen, to whom too much honour cannot be given. Stoke-upon-Trent seems to be the centre of the great earthenware manufacture. This is one of which we may be justly proud. A foreigner says of our earthenware, 'Its excellent workmanship, its solidity, the advantage it possesses of sustaining the action of the fire, the beauty and convenience of its form, and the cheapness of its price, have given rise to a commerce so universal that in travelling from Paris to St. Petersburg, from Amsterdam to the furthest part of Sweden, and from Dunkirk to the extremity of the South of France, one is served at every inn upon English ware.' The clay principally used in the potteries is from the Isle of Purbeck, in Dorset, and from Devonshire. In 1835, as many as forty-five million pieces of pottery were sent abroad, of which seventeen millions went to the United States.

Newcastle-under-Lyme is not now so intimately connected with pot-making as formerly. It is this Newcastle which gives the Duke his title. Astley, who founded the famous Circus, was born here. He was called 'The Handsome Dragoon.' Witrings, the Newcastle butcher, was famous for his strength; he could lift 168 pounds with his teeth.

The Trent gives its name to the Duke of Sutherland's fine Staffordshire mansion. It used to be an old brick house; but now it is a noble pile built by Barry, and called Trentham.

The King of Mercia, having murdered his two sons for becoming Christians, became one himself, and in their honour erected a religious house at Stone. There is a monument here to Lord St. Vincent, who was born at Meaford. His name was John Jervis. He entered the navy at the age of ten. The great exploit of his life was that of defeating the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent, on February 14th, 1797. In this celebrated action Nelson rendered important service. The gallant old tar died at the age of ninety.

Eccleshall was the Bishop's home for many ages. In this church, Queen Margaret found refuge after her defeat by Neville on Blore Heath.

Stafford was always distinguished by its castle. As early as 913 there was one here. The Corporation seal has a castle upon it. Here was born dear old Izaac Walton, 'the father of angling.' When he was thirty-three he married Rachael Floud, a descendant of Archbishop Cranmer. After his first wife's death he married a half-sister of Bishop Ken. Izaac was a staunch Royalist, and the 'lesser George' was confided to his care after the battle of Worcester. This was a gold medallion representing St. George and the Dragon, which is worn suspended by a blue ribbon. When Izaac was sixty he wrote that beautiful book, *The Complete Angler*, and at the age of seventy-seven he published the life of George Herbert. There is a picture of 'Old Izaac' in the National Gallery. He lived to be ninety, and he lies in a grand burial-place—Winchester Cathedral.

About six miles from Stafford is Chartley, which belongs to Earl Ferrers, having descended to him through a sister of the Earl of Essex, executed on Ash Wednesday, 1601. Queen Elizabeth visited Essex here (then high in favour), and here is a bed wrought by Mary Queen of Scots.

The Forest of Needwood has the Swilcar oak, twenty-one feet in girth.

The seal of Lichfield has three slain martyrs. The meaning of the name is 'The Field of the Dead.' Lord Brooke, who had come at the head of the Parliament forces to attack the Cathedral—March 2, 1643—had asked God to show some remarkable token of approval or dislike of the work he was engaged in, and lifting up his beaver to see what execution was done, a man on the tower, known as 'Dumb Dyott,' levelled his piece and fired, when Lord Brooke fell, and died immediately.

When the Cathedral was taken, the soldiers made havoc of it. They broke the costly windows, hunted a cat with hounds, and heard with joy the echoes made by the barking of the dogs; they brought a calf wrapped in linen to the font and christened it. The lead was stripped off the roof, and turned into bullets; the famous bell, called Jesus, was knocked to pieces, and the tall centre spire was battered down. Dr. Hackett, being appointed Bishop, set to work the morning after his arrival, with his servants and horses, to remove the rubbish. He wrote a letter to the Coventry folk, begging for help. King Charles gave 'one hundred fair timber trees out of Needwood forest;' the choir men collected 10*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*; and Mr. Jennings gave a ton of iron, valued at 18*l.* 10*s.* The city of Coventry sent 60*l.*, and good old Bishop Hackett gave 1683*l.* 12*s.* And so well did all work, that on Christmas Eve, 1669, the Cathedral was reconsecrated with much pomp. The last care of the aged Bishop was for a new ring of bells. Chantry's monument of 'The Sleeping Children' is one of the gems of the interior. Doctor Johnson was a native of this city, where his father was a bookseller. He was 'touched' by Queen Anne for the cure of scrofula—one of the last who ever was so touched. From the time of Edward the Confessor to the days of Queen Anne scrofulous people were taken to be touched by the Sovereign.

Tamworth is half in Stafford and half in Warwick. King Alfred's daughter rebuilt the town, and lived here until her death. In Henry the Eighth's time, 'the toune of Tamworth was all builded of tymber.' The fine old poet Drayton was born near Tamworth. He wrote *Polyolbion*—a poem describing England—a sort of 'County Chat' in rhyme. He was poet-laureate, and he sleeps in 'the Abbey.' The late Sir R. Peel has a bronze statue here, erected in 1852. Robert de Marmion held the castle in the Conqueror's time. We have a very few words left for the 'Black Country,' and its busy towns of Walsall, Wolverhampton, and Bilston. Lord Chancellor Somers was educated at Walsall. The pulpit at Wolverhampton Church is carved out of a single stone. In the churchyard is a Saxon column, twenty feet high. Wulfrana, sister of King Edgar, or Egbert, was the foundress of the monastery, around which Wulfrana Hampton, now Wolverhampton, gradually grouped itself. Bird, the painter, was born here. He began as a tea-board painter. His best picture is that of 'Chevy Chase.'

Bilston was awfully stricken by cholera in 1832. A fire has been burning in the ground at Bradley for about a century. They call it 'The Wild Fire.'

G. S. O.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

159. I saw a gallant army
Upon the tented plain;
Their coats of blue were smart and new,
Their arms without a stain.

Once more I saw that army,
The tented plain ran red,
Those men of might had fought their fight,
And *thousands twelve* lay dead!

Again I saw that army
March, tired and travel-stained,
Great wastes were crossed, and there they lost
A *sixth* of what remained!

Next day that noble army
I saw with pride again,
And heard the drum and murmuring hum
Of sixty thousand men!

Peace-lovers, can you tell me
How many men I saw
When first they went, on duty bent,
To try the tug of war? G. S. O.

CONUNDRUMS.

160. Which were made first, elbows or knees?

161. Why are an ear of wheat and an oak-tree alike?

162. When is a man at the same time hospitable and a cheat?

163. Why do little birds in their nests agree?

A SQUARE WORD.

164. A Welshman's delight; a woman's name; to escape; an anchor; to despise.

A DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two noted Englishmen—a Philosopher and a Poet.

165. (1.) A Devonshire watering-place.
(2.) A country of Europe having no Navy.
(3.) A woman burnt at Smithfield about 350 years ago.
(4.) One of the Spice Islands.
(5.) A noted Oxford martyr.
(6.) A Russian province.
(7.) A city in Cambridgeshire.
(8.) A celebrated battle-field.
(9.) A South American town, noted for a medical balsam.
(10.) A Scotch watering-place.
(11.) A Canadian lake.

ENIGMAS.

Towns enigmatically expressed.

166. A woman's name and pretence—in Worcestershire.

167. A mineral eaten with food and a tree—in Cornwall.

168. A bird and part of a window—in Cumberland.

169. The resort of lawyers and a fishing implement—in Hertfordshire.

170. Two parts of a cow—a seaport in Italy.

171. Found long ago, yet made to-day,
Employed while others sleep;
What few would wish to give away
And none would wish to keep.

[*Answers at page* 215.]

WILD FLOWERS.

ABOUT us everywhere they grow,
These children of the sky.
They deck the fields and valleys low,
The great hills lone and high.

They blossom where each passing breeze
Can shake their tiny bells,
Under the shade of ancient trees
And in secluded dells.

Friends of our youth! when every nook
Gave forth its summer smell,
Were you not then our dearest book,
The words we best could spell?

You comfort life in many a way,
You cheer the dull sick-room,
And when we here no longer stay
You do not loathe our tomb.

A sharp Sheep and her Lamb.

A SHARP SHEEP.

IT is not generally supposed that sheep feel any great attachment to particular places. Still, one instance is recorded in which a black ewe travelled very many miles in order to reach the place of her birth. This animal had been sold by her owner in Tweedside, Scotland, to a farmer in Glen Lyon, Perthshire; but not liking her new quarters, she set off over mountain and moor, accompanied by her lamb, to return to her old home.

As she was speedily missed, a shepherd was sent after her, who followed her all the way to Crieff, where he turned back and gave her up. The poor sheep had reached Stirling on the morning of a great annual fair, and judging it imprudent to venture through the crowd with her lamb, she halted for a whole day, lying close by the road-side. But next morning, a little after break of day, she stole quietly away and resumed her journey.

At a toll-bar near St. Ninian's she was stopped by the man, who thought she was a strayed animal and would be claimed by some one. When he opened the gate she tried several times to break through by force, but being prevented she turned patiently back. She had, however, found some means of eluding him, for home she came on a Sunday morning, having been missed from Glen Lyon ten days before.

Her old master, greatly pleased with this instance of affection in an animal generally considered rather stupid, paid her price to the Highland farmer from whom she had escaped, and it is pleasant to know that she never became mutton, but was allowed to live on her native pasture till she died of old age in her seventeenth year.

D. B. McKean.

THE MOOSE HUNTERS.

(*Continued from page* 203.)

THE next night the strange creature came a little after eleven—so Farr reported next morning; he had not thought it worth while to wake the rest of us. We were beginning to get prodigiously curious to know something about him.

Said Fred at breakfast that morning, 'I'm bound to find out who and what he is.'

'If we should go down when he is there, he might fire at us with his pistol, or draw a knife on us,' Scott observed. 'And if he is really so hungry as to come every night after that raw pork, why, I, for one, do not grudge it to him—though perhaps Brown might,' he added with a laugh.

'Tell you what we might do, fellows,' Farr said. 'We might hide there in the old ox-camp. Then we could take a square look at him if he comes again. He doesn't go into the ox-camp at all: he makes straight for the pork-barrel in the grain-shed.'

We determined to do it, and the next night after supper we loaded the guns afresh; and then Fred and Farr and I went down to the ox-camp, to lie in wait for our nocturnal visitor.

Inside the old camp it was dark as pitch. The moon was just coming up over the tree-tops as we went down. Soon the little clearing was all aglow with the silvery radiance.

We set an old grain-box six or seven feet within the door, in such a manner that any one sitting on it could see out readily, while the darkness inside the camp would prevent his being discovered from without. On this long box we seated ourselves with our feet hanging off it, and began our vigils; or rather I should say that Farr and I sat on the box, for Fred stood in the doorway the most of the time on the look-out.

An hour or two passed. It was rather chilly, moping there. But our curiosity to solve the mystery kept us up to the mark of watching, though fully another hour passed before Fred at length exclaimed, 'He's coming, I believe! I can hear the brush crack!'

Then we listened intently. Something was coming down the farther bank of the stream. A moment after we saw him come out on the ice. We retreated back into the darkness, so that he might not discover us. We expected to hear his steps on the chips before the camp, but we heard not a sound of them; and the form of the man passed suddenly—before we were looking for it—into the grain-shed, without our getting more than a glimpse. So we drew forward as near the door as we dared, and looked for him to come out.

We could hear him pulling over the sopping pork; and anon he emerged and went directly to the stump, as before. I was startled by his odd looks!

His hair, as we could now see, was very long, and straggled all over his face and shoulders. He had no hat. His arms were bare, as high as his elbows, where began the tattered sleeves of his coat. His feet and legs were bare, too, up higher than his knees, to where the ragged skirts of his old coat covered them. Indeed, the only garment he seemed to have on was that tattered coat, apparently an overcoat in its day, but now hanging in rags about him.

His arms, in the moonlight, looked brown and roughened. He held the chunk of pork in his black hands, and tore at it, animal-like, with his teeth; and as he ate he champed like a hog! A strangely queer feeling came over me as I looked at him: I felt sick at heart.

'I do believe it's a woman!' Farr whispered.

'You don't suppose it is a wild man?' I whispered to Farr.

Farr said that he looked wild enough for that or anything else. He sat with his back partially to us, so that we could not get a good view of his face. After he had devoured the pork he went off as he had come. We went back up to camp to tell Scott.

'I've heard stories of a sort of woods-devil, like what we've just seen,' Fred said. 'The lumbermen and "drivers" are always telling of such things. I supposed they were lying; but I begin to believe them.'

'Nonsense!' said Scott. 'I don't.'

But we none of us knew what to think of it.

Strangely superstitious feelings crept over us; the more we thought of it, the more unsettled we felt: it was like a nightmare.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE next night the 'hungry man' came at a little past twelve. Fred had the watch. He waked Farr. They told us next morning that they had set out to fire at him, and either kill him or scare him off.

'If it's the devil, we ought to kill him!' Fred said; and this shows what a bad hold the thing had taken on our minds. Scott was more sensible.

'That's a human being,' said he, 'as much as we are. To shoot him would be murder.'

Farr said that if it was a human being it was the queerest specimen that ever he saw; for his part, he believed it to be a woods-witch, and if we did not look out it would bewitch us. Scott ridiculed this talk.

'I'll be one of three to go down there and catch him,' said he. 'It's some poor woodsman who has got lost, and perhaps turned light-headed.'

Fred admitted that he had heard of these cases, where men had got lost in these forests, and become crazy from wandering about. But he declared that he did not care to be one of the three to catch him. He should be very loth to lay hands on that creature, he said: should be afraid he might vanish.

'Oh, what stuff that is!' Scott exclaimed in derision.

Thus we talked of it. Of one thing we were pretty sure, namely, that he had no weapons. The next night Scott tried to induce us to go and help catch the man.

'If he's crazy, wandering about here, we ought to do something about it,' he argued. 'By-and-by he will freeze to death, as the weather gets colder.'

But he could not bring Fred or Farr to see it in that light at all.

Evidently the many stories that Fred had heard from the lumbermen had not been without some effect on his mind. He declared that he was not afraid of the man, but he did not mean to interfere with him.

Scott, on the other hand, argued that it was our duty to find out what ailed this person, and assist him. That very evening he roasted a piece of moose-meat in the oven, and, taking it down to the grain-shed, hung it up by a bit of rope directly in the doorway. It was his watch (the first watch) that evening, and he watched till one o'clock (two watches) to see what came of it.

Next morning he told us, that, at a little before twelve, the man had come; and that, on spying the roast meat hanging there, he had seized upon it with strange, wild exclamations of what Scott took for delight. Scott now gave us no peace; and during the next two days, first I, and then Farr, agreed to help him to catch the unknown; and at length Fred consented to help. For my own part, I had by this time very little fear that it was a supernatural being; but I did dread to touch the poor filthy creature.

Accordingly, that night, at ten o'clock, we all four went down to the ox-camp, and hid ourselves there in ambush as before. And this time we did not have long to wait. We had not been there more than twenty minutes before we heard him coming through the brush on the other side of the stream.

'He's more prompt since he has got a taste of your moose-meat, Scott,' Farr said.

The strange being came up to the door of the grain-shed, looked about it awhile, then went inside. We held ourselves in readiness.

'Disappointed that he didn't find one of your moose-steaks waiting for him there,' Farr whispered.

Presently the wretched creature came out with a piece of pork, and sat down on the stump.

Said Fred, 'I had rather tackle a catamount than go near him.'

'What foolishness!' Scott whispered back. 'The bare fact of his eating that pork shows that he is human fast enough.'

'Well, come on,' Farr whispered. 'If we must, we must. Now for him!'

We had laid down our guns; and, at the word, made a rush at the unsconscious pork-eater. But I must needs confess that we did it with no great alacrity. I think that each one of us was very willing that some of the rest should be the first to lay hold of him. We had but a few yards to go, and were upon him before he had even time to turn. Had we seized him pluckily on the instant, we should have held him beyond doubt; but we all held back a little. Up leaped the unknown.

'Whooh!' he snorted. 'Moon-tykes! Moon-tykes!'

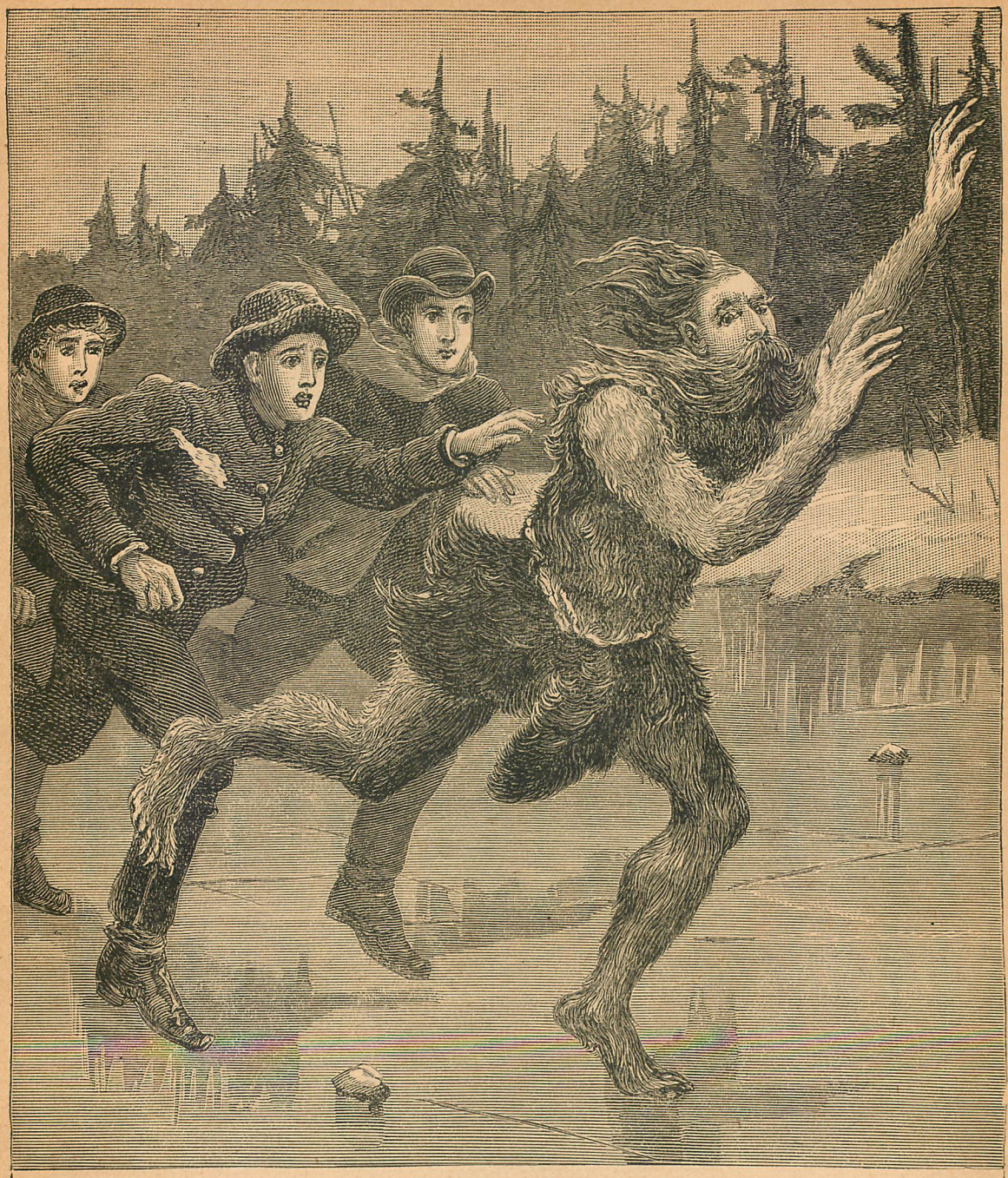
Scott seized hold of him; so did I, and so did Farr. But the man whirled, kicked, and struck with such effect, that he threw us off and ran.

But now that our blood was up, and we were fairly into it, we gave chase hard after him,—Fred ahead. Down the bank, on to the ice, and across the stream, went the 'hungry man,' screaming 'Moon-tykes! Moon-tykes!' at every leap. Half-a-dozen times going across the river, we had our hands on him—almost. The opposite bank was three or four feet high, and set thick with alders. Among these the man leaped; but, before he could force his way through them, Fred grabbed him, and threw him back upon the ice. We all laid hold of him, by guess, but it was slippery as glass there. Round and about we went, and all came down together. I, for one, had both hands fastened into that old coat, and held on. But the coat did not hold the wearer! It gave way like brown paper. The pork-eater jumped out of it, and regained his legs. Fred seized one ankle; and the wretch ran, dragging Fred, stomach down, on the ice. His bare feet stuck, while our boots slipped. Fred said that the man kicked him in the head, and for that reason he let go his ankle. At any rate he got away, and ran off up the stream for twenty rods or more, and thence into the woods—naked as when he was born!

'I guess he will freeze to death now!' said Fred, as we listened to his departing footsteps.

Scott was disposed to blame the rest of us for not holding him. 'We had better have let him alone than used him in this bungling way,' he said.

Farr laughed as if it were a good joke. We hung his coat up on the alders, so that if he ventured back after it he might take it. But next morning there hung the coat! I went down to take a look at it by



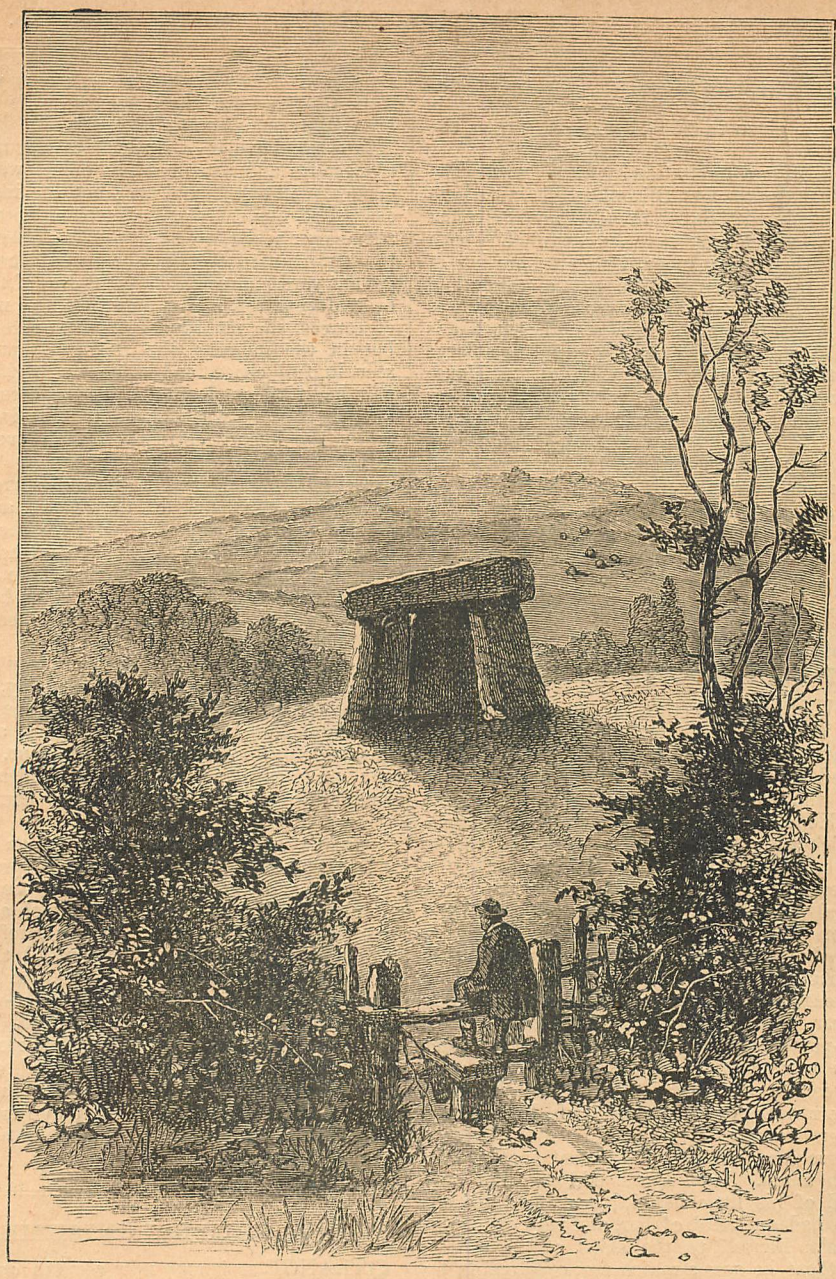
Chasing the "Hungry Man."

daylight. Of all the coats I ever set eyes on, that was the *shockingest* one! It was a mere bunch of rags, filthy, and ill-smelling to the last degree!

We watched the following night from ten till after one. The 'hungry man' did not come; and next morning there hung his coat still. We never saw so much as a hair of him afterwards.

Farr said, that, as he had nothing to wear, he was probably too modest to pay us another visit. Scott regretted the way the affair had turned: he talked of little else for several days.

Three nights after, the old coat either blew away, or else the owner did actually come after it. And the man may even have come back to the grain-shed after more pork, for the moon did not now rise till toward morning, and cloudy weather had set in. As to who or what he really was, we never knew further than I have related.



Kit's Cotty House.

I believe that he was a person more or less light-headed, very possibly one of the 'Cannuck' gang, whom the others had unfeelingly turned adrift to shirk for himself. The existence of several of these roving gangs is a well-ascertained fact. Sometimes they have plundered the fields, and stolen horses from the pioneer towns and plantations. The Moose River settlement were seriously troubled by a party of nine of these woods-thieves only recently. Six or seven horses were taken; and the gang was dispersed and driven off only after a sharp and bloody fight with the citizens. (*To be continued.*)

KIT'S COTTY HOUSE.

NO one can tell us exactly why this rare collection of stones, known as Kit's Cotty House, was piled up. It appears now as it did centuries ago, standing apart from the Rochester and Maidstone high road in Kent. 'It is of four flat stones, one of them standing upright in the middle of four others enclosing the edge sides of the first, and the fourth laid flat across the other three, and is of such height that many may stand at either side the middle stone in time of storm or tempest safe from wind and rain, being defended with the

breadth of stones, having one at their backs and either side, and the fourth over their heads.' This is the description given in 1590 by Master Stowe the Antiquarian.

Was it built for a habitation? Surely not. The story runs that the ancient Britons fought near here a desperate battle with Saxon invaders under Hengist and Horsa, in which they were successful, but with the loss of their commander, Catigeru, brother of Vorlemer. In his honour there was a stately and solemn funeral, and over the brave man's body was raised this marvellous pile. It is stated that Kit is short for Catigeru, and Coit or Cotty means a large flat stone, therefore it may be that Kit's Cotty House signifies House of Catigeru built with Coits. Another explanation is that this great pile of stones is of religious origin, and that here the Arch-Druid priest, in his flowing robes, surrounded by his priests and followers, made human sacrifice.

Human sacrifice was a part of the religion of the ancient Britons. The priest executed his victim, and then watched the manner in which he fell and the flowing of his blood as a guide to future events.

HOW LORD DUNDONALD ESCAPED FROM THE SPANISH FRIGATE.

LORD DUNDONALD (then known as Lord Cochrane) was one of the bravest and ablest of the naval officers who played a part in the long war which raged between England, France, and Spain, in the end of the last and the beginning of the present century. He showed so much energy and application, which are qualities quite as necessary to the seaman as physical courage, that six years after he entered the service as a midshipman he was appointed by Admiral Lord Keith to the command of the *Speedy*, then cruising in the Mediterranean Sea.

The *Speedy* was a rather unseaworthy vessel, little larger than an average coasting-brig; she had scarcely room on board for the crew considered necessary in time of war, and her armament consisted only of fourteen 4-pounders—little better, as the Commander said, than a row of blunderbusses. Not a very tempting vessel, you will say, to go to sea in, when the Mediterranean was teeming with French and Spanish men-of-war.

But one man can do with little what another fails to do with much. Lord Dundonald was not only very proud of his little vessel, but many a fine adventure he had on board of her, and very obnoxious did he make himself to the ships of the enemy, capturing those he was a match for, overcoming by ingenuity even those who were his superiors in strength, and cleverly evading, by many a device, those whose attacks he felt he could not withstand.

It is one of his devices which I am going to tell you of now.

The *Speedy* had just succeeded in capturing a French brig of four guns, and after lying at anchor in Port Mahon for a couple of days, had put to sea again, when, on the evening of the day on which she left the harbour, she perceived away on the blue waters of the Mediterranean a large frigate bearing down upon her in full sail. She gave the private signal, but received no answer, and it was evident from this that the strange vessel was one of the Spanish war-ships on the look-out.

It would have been madness to encounter a vessel of her size and armament, so orders were given to make all sail away from her; but she instantly gave chase and evidently gained ground upon her lesser adversary; while, to add to the embarrassment of the unfortunate *Speedy*, she sprung her main-top-gallant yard and so lost a good deal of time. However, during the night, by crowding on every inch of canvas, she managed to make up for lost time; but in the morning the strange frigate was still seen in full chase, and evidently beginning to regain her former advantage, for the breeze freshened and the *Speedy* was obliged to take in her royals, while the enemy carried on with every sail set. What was to be done?

Lord Dundonald had no idea of surrendering the *Speedy* into the hands of the enemy, and yet there seemed to be no way of escape; for the result of an action would, undoubtedly, be against her, and, make what sail she could, it was impossible to get away.

But what can a man not do if he has a gallant heart in his breast and a good head upon his shoulders?

Lord Dundonald in this emergency hit upon a plan. All through the long, weary day, he kept his little vessel with all the sail set that she could carry, bravely making what way she could, although the enemy gained upon her with every hour. And when the darkness came, as it does suddenly in those southern regions, the Commander carried out his scheme.

Ordering a large tub to be brought on deck, he had a light so fixed in it that it would be protected from the wind and water, and would also be clearly seen at almost the usual distance at which a ship's lights are visible. This 'decoy' he then carefully lowered into the sea, immediately put out all the lights on board, suddenly altered his course, and left the tub floating about as a sort of 'Will-o'-the-wisp' to lure the Spanish ship on to disappointment.

Lord Dundonald never knew what results his *ruse* bore, other than that the *Speedy* herself escaped; but you can imagine for yourselves the rage and confusion of the Spaniards when they found that they had been cleverly led into a wild-goose chase by such very simple means.

R. M.

A CRUEL PUNISHMENT.

STRANGE as it may now seem in our eyes, it is nevertheless true, that the law of England made pressing to death a punishment under certain circumstances as late as the year 1827. It was, however, only used when a prisoner refused to plead either 'guilty' or 'not guilty' to a charge. Stow records that in 1605 a gentleman belonging to Colverley, near Leeds, was pressed to death in York Castle, because he 'stood mute' when charged with murdering his wife and children. An Act passed in 1827 humanely put an end to this horror, by providing that persons who 'stood mute' should be regarded as pleading 'not guilty.'

A. R. B.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES NOS. 147 to 171.

147.

80 ducks.....	£4
1 pig.....	1
19 calves	95
100	100

148. Birmingham—Manchester.

BIRMINGHAM
I ndi A
R angoo N
M errima C
I n a g H
N i l E
G alashiel S
H ainhaul T
A rgentin E
MANCHESTER

149.
(1.) Lark.
(2.) Eagle.
(3.) Black-cap.
(4.) Bird of Paradise.
(5.) Swallow.
(6.) Rook.
(7.) Kite.
(8.) Blackbird.
(9.) Frigate-bird.
(10.) Crane.
(11.) Butcher-bird.
(12.) Rail (Corn Crake.)
(13.) Goose.
(14.) Hawk.
(15.) Secretary-bird.
(16.) Turkey.
(17.) Drake (Sir Francis).
(18.) Swift.
(19.) Booby.
(20.) Wren.

150. A leaf.

151. On the sixteenth day: for during a day and a night it gains an ascent of 1 foot, so that at the beginning of the sixteenth day it will have climbed 15 feet, leaving 5 feet which it will climb that day and before night comes on.

152. Tom does the distance in 8 hours, 20 minutes, 24 seconds; and I do it in 14 hours, 53 minutes, 34$\frac{2}{7}$ seconds; he therefore gains 6 hours, 33 minutes, 10$\frac{2}{7}$ seconds.

153. Spark—Park—Ark.

154. Brighton—Right on.

155. Beer—Bee.

156. William—Ill I am.

157. Lewes—Ewe.

158. The height of the cliff is 359 feet 1$\frac{4}{3}\frac{7}{9}\frac{}{7}$ inches.

159. 84,000 men.

160. Knees; beasts were created before man.

161. They both spring from acorn.

162. When he takes anybody in.

163. Because it would be dangerous to fall out.

164.
LEEKS
ELLEN
ELUDE
KEDGE
SNEER

165. Isaac Newton—Edward Young.

I lfracomb E
S witzerlan D
A nne Aske W
A mboyn A
C ranme R
N ovgoro D
E l Y
W aterlo O
T o l U
O b a N
N ipissin G

166. Evesham.
167. Saltash.
168. Ravenglass.
169. Barnet.
170. Leghorn.
171. A bed.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

172. IN the London hurly-burly
Ruth and I cry, late and early,
Oranges! sweet oranges!
Gathered in a sunny land,
By some merry sister's hand,
We are selling in the Strand,
Oranges! sweet oranges!

Father buys the best in town,
Buys *one hundred for a crown.*
Oranges! sweet oranges!
Sends us with that look of his,
Meaning, well we know, a kiss
If you sell them not amiss,
Oranges! sweet oranges!

As we part beside the wharf,
Ruth with half, and I with half,
Who most looks alive,
I, who sell *for pennies three*
Every four of mine, or she,
Netting *three pence halfpenny*
On every *sold-off five?*

G. S. O.

CHARADES.

173. MY *first* is the head of a fox,
My *second* the middle of box;
My *third* is the head of an owl,
And my *fourth* the tail of a fowl.
My whole you now surely can easily name,
Unless you are willing the title to claim.

174. MY *first's* a female Christian name
Curtailed to letters three;
My *next*, I think, at dinner-time
You'd *rather* like to see!
My *whole's* a creature often seen
To hop about and fly,
And sometimes even known to speak
Like either you or I.

175. MY *first* true lovers wish to gain;
My *second* always causes pain;
My *whole* makes people oft complain.

ANAGRAMS.

SEVEN WELL-KNOWN FLOWERS.

176. HERE'S a seat.
177. MEN crush my hat.
178. AN odd line.
179. RAP Ann's dog.
180. LOVE it.
181. I GAVE Peter lands.
182. NEAT chairs.

[*Answers at page* 255.]

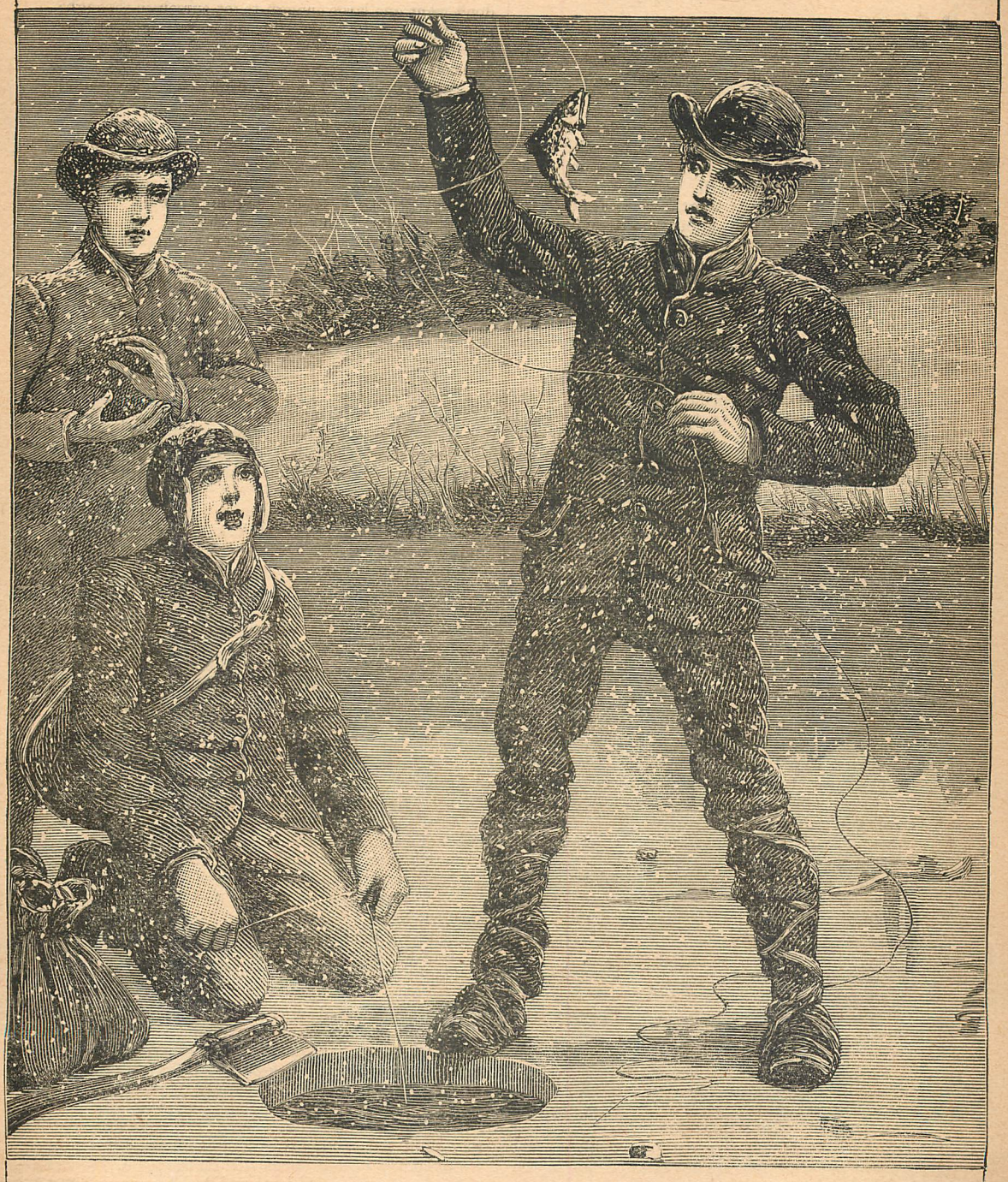
SOME divines have had the curious power of sending many of their congregation to sleep as soon as the sermon began. This was not so with Whitefield. A ship-builder was once asked what he thought of the celebrated preacher. His reply was: 'When I go to some churches I feel I could build a ship from stem to stern under the sermon; but under Mr. Whitefield I could not lay one single plank.'

A CAT'S LOVE.

TOBY was a black female cat with a white spot underneath her chin. She always went with my father to his office, returning home when she had seen him safe inside, then waited for him at the garden-gate until his return at dinner-time. During this meal and supper she would sit on his knee, and he would now and then notice her by patting and calling her 'Old Girl.'

This went on for some years, when my father was seized with the illness of which he died. During the illness the cat showed great uneasiness, making distressing noises, so that it was necessary to debar her the house. My father died, and was removed in his coffin downstairs. On the following morning the cat was found sleeping on the lid of the coffin. The cat followed the corpse to the grave, a distance of a quarter of a mile, after which the animal was missed. On the next day a member of the family who went to put flowers on the grave found poor pussy stretched there, evidently starving. Food was taken to her as she resisted all attempts to make her return home; but it was impossible to save her life, and she was found one day quite dead on her master's grave.

H.



Fred pulling out the Speckled Trout.

THE MOOSE HUNTERS.

(*Continued from page* 213.)

CHAPTER XXX.

A FEW days later there came a heavy snowstorm for the season. As many as seven or eight inches fell in one night. Our boots had worn almost entirely out. Scott had rubber boots; but the rest of us went with wet feet for three days in succession. We took cold by it, and felt miserable enough. At length we determined to sacrifice one of our moose-hides and make it into moccasins. This we did; though they were not of any particular pattern, being mere oblong pieces of the hide folded over our old boots, hair side out, then bound tightly round our ankles. Meantime we gummed on perseveringly; and another week passed.

Quite unexpectedly we now struck a new branch of business. I think it was Monday night of that week that Fred proposed to try the lake for trout, through holes in the ice. There were trout in the stream; and he did not see why there might not be trout in the lake. We all hailed this project with delight. To tell the truth, we had become a little tired of gumming so steadily and so long. A change of business, even for a single day, was pleasing.

The next morning we were early astir. Farr lamented that fate gave him the duty of guarding camp that day: the rest rejoiced, I fear. Directly after breakfast we got out our stock of fish-hooks and lines.

'What shall we have for bait?' Scott questioned.

'Pork,' said Fred.

'Not that sprung pork?'

'Yes: they will not mind it.'

Farr suggested moose-meat.

We decided to take both, and wrapped up a generous chunk of each in one of the 'Cannuck' waistcoats. Then, providing ourselves with a couple of the axes to cut holes in the ice with, we set off.

'Aren't you going to take something to bring your fish home in?' Farr called after us. 'Better take the pail and the big pot!'

'You just attend to your duty,' Fred retorted: 'we'll attend to the fish. We don't mean to tempt Fortune to disappoint us by carrying a large dish.'

'You're a superstitious fellow, Fred,' laughed Scott.

We followed down the stream on the ice, and went out on the lake to a point directly between the first and second islands, this being the channel of the river in its course through the lakes.

'We'll try them here,' Fred said. 'They will be more likely to be passing back and forth here than in dead water.'

There were about six inches of snow on the ice. This we scraped aside; then Fred began to hack through the ice. It was no great job at this season. The ice was not over four inches thick; later in the winter—February, say—the ice would be found nearly a yard in depth. To cut a fishing-hole would then be a task—half an hour of steady chopping. Fred cut a small hole, eight inches in diameter.

'It isn't well to cut a too big one,' he said. 'We don't want one large enough to let ourselves through; else, if we should hook a big laker, he might do the catching part himself. That, you see, would not be pleasant.'

'No,' said Scott, 'I should think not. They would soon pick a fellow's bones clean, those big trout, if he should tumble through here.'

We agreed that it was not well to give the fish the advantage of a too big hole.

Meantime I had cut some stout alder sticks, about two feet in length, to the middle of which we made fast the ends of the lines, so that, if dropped, or twitched out of our hands, they might not be lost through the hole into the lake. This done, Fred cut off a bit of the moose-meat, carefully baited his hook, and dropped it in at the hole. Down it went, five—ten—a dozen feet. Then he began to play it up and down, after the manner of anglers. Scott and I looked on expectantly. A minute passed, and no bite.

'Aren't hungry, I guess,' Scott said.

'Loss of appetite,' I hazarded.

'Froze up,' Fred suggested.

'Gone a-visiting,' Scott added.

'Moose-meat's too dark-coloured,' Fred observed. 'I will try the pork. That's whiter. See it better. Dark down there, perhaps.'

He was drawing up the hook, when there came a smart and most unexpected jerk. Fred jerked, too, and then held on.

'Got him?' we cried.

'Guess so,' said Fred, carefully drawing in the line. 'But he comes easy!'

All at once he did not come so easy, for the moment Fred brought the fish to the surface it made a sudden bolt off under the ice, pulling the line sharply through Fred's hands, and running out fully fifteen feet of it. Then began a sharp fight. To and fro went the strong fish, right and left, down and up, making the water fairly boil in the hole.

'Hold him, Fred!' we exhorted.

Fred held him easily enough; but a second later the fish drew the line against the sharp edges of the ice on the sides of the hole so forcibly, that it frayed and snapped.

'Gone, sure, hook and all,' Fred said, examining his hands where the line had sawed into them.

'And now he will go and tell all the others,' groaned Scott.

Fred took the axe, and carefully rounded the sharp edges of the ice round the hole.

'Ought to have done this in the first place,' he said.

Then we prepared another line and hook, baiting it as before with moose-meat. It had not gone down six feet before it was taken with a smart pull. This time Fred was on the look-out, and, drawing the line quickly up, he pulled out a large, speckled trout, without giving it time to lunge and jerk. It came out quivering and struggling, the light flashing from its bright red spots. Swinging it off from the hole, we unhooked it, and knocked it on the head. It was a fine trout, and would have weighed two pounds and a half we thought.

'Not so heavy as that first one,' Fred said.

The fish that we lose are the heaviest and finest always. Hardly had the hook been re-baited and dropped in again ere a third took it.

'If he told them, they don't heed it,' Fred exclaimed.

'That's the fate of good advice usually,' Scott remarked.

This third fish was landed as quickly as the second. It was not quite so large.

'Going to have a streak of luck,' Fred prophesied.

'Well, Frank,' said Scott, 'let us have a dab at it! What's the use to let Fred have all the fun?'

'No use, clearly.'

We seized the axes, and, going off a little way, began to prepare each a hole for himself, into which we soon dropped our own hooks. In a very few moments I had pulled out a three-pounder—the biggest one caught thus far! I recollect the next two hours with delight, even now. It is fun to fish, when they bite well, and the mosquitoes do not bite too well. And we found Parmachenee Lake a rare good fishing-ground. We twitched out a lot of them that forenoon, and a very pretty lot too.

Fred caught during that forenoon thirty-one. Scott got nineteen, and I got twenty-three: altogether, seventy-three. We thought that they would weigh near a hundred and fifty pounds. At any rate, there were about as many as we could in any way carry, all three of us. We strung them on large alder stringers, and went toiling back to camp under the weight of them. Farr was astonished.

'How I wish I could have been there!' he bewailed.

We fried four for dinner, rolling them in meal to give them a good brown crust. They were delicious.

'What fools we were not to have fished there before!' Scott kept reminding us as we ate.

Toward four o'clock we went down again, and caught eleven more.

'I'm going to feed these holes,' Fred said, 'so as to draw a whole school of fish about them.'

It seemed a good plan. We brought down a great quantity of the refuse moose-meat and unpicked bones and dropped them into the holes—to draw the fish.

'But what shall we do with all these trout?' Scott asked that evening.

'They're worth twenty, and sometimes even fifty cents a pound in the cities—these speckled trout,' Fred said. 'If the weather holds cold, I don't see why we cannot take these out with us and get something handsome for them.' Of course, we all liked that idea.

Forthwith we got up one of the big grain-boxes from the grain-shed, and began to pack them down in clean snow. The next morning we fished again at the holes. Farr tried his hand. Fred was on guard-duty. We caught twenty-four, and five more about sunset. The next day we went down to the foot of the lake—Fred and Farr and I—and cut holes where the outlet leaves the lake. Here we caught twenty-two, or about fifty pounds as we reckoned it. The day following, the other three boys fished both at the foot and the head of the lake: they caught seventeen.

That day the weather began to moderate. Towards night it came on cloudy. It looked like rain. We were in jeopardy about our fish, lest they should spoil. We brought snow, and buried the box in it to the depth of two feet or over.

The next morning it was misty and wet. During the night there had been a most ominous groaning and roaring of the air beneath the ice on the lake—a sure sign of a thaw, Fred assured us. All that day it held wet and warm. The snow melted considerably. But we kept a heap of it on the fish-box.

(*Concluded in our next.*)

THE SUN.

DID you ever wonder how far off the bright sun, which lights and warms us, is from the earth on which we live? It is no less than ninety-one millions of miles distant! Ninety-one millions of miles sounds a long way—such a long way that we can hardly realise how far it is. Let us think about it a little, and try to picture to ourselves the distance. Once round our earth is twenty-five thousand miles; people think a good deal of themselves who have gone even once 'round the world,' as they call it. If they were to go forty times round the earth they would then have travelled one million miles, and the distance from the earth to the sun is ninety-one times as great as that. Lay a railroad from the earth to the sun, travel on it by express train at the rate of sixty miles an hour, never stop for a single moment night or day, and you will reach the end of your journey in 173 years. If you had started from the earth in the reign of Queen Anne, you would just about now, in the reign of Queen Victoria, be arriving at the sun. But if you could travel on a sunbeam, that would be a very different affair. A ray of light takes only eight minutes and a half to pass from the sun to the earth—eight *minutes* and a half instead of 173 *years*. It flashes onward and onward through space at the rate of one hundred and eighty-eight thousand miles each second; it traverses a distance equal to eight times round our whole earth in a single tick of the clock: surely if there be such a thing as 'less than no time,' this must be it. But you will say, 'How can we see the sun then, if it is so far off, and how can we feel its heat?'

We can see it even at that inconceivable distance because of its enormous size, and feel its warmth because of its tremendous heat.

The earth's diameter, her *through measure*—as, for instance, the line drawn straight from England through her centre to New Zealand—is about eight thousand miles. But the through measure of the sun is eight hundred and fifty thousand miles. It would take one million and a half of little earths like ours, rolled into one huge ball, to make a globe as large as the sun. If you had a gigantic pair of scales, and put the sun into one scale and the earth and all the seven planets into the other, the sun's side would go down like lightning. He would be found to weigh 750 times as much as all the rest put together.

Then as to the heat of the sun. Well, the heat there is about thirty thousand times as great as the heat of the fiercest tropical noonday ever known upon earth: so fierce that nothing on the sun is solid, but everything exists in the shape of white, hot vapour.

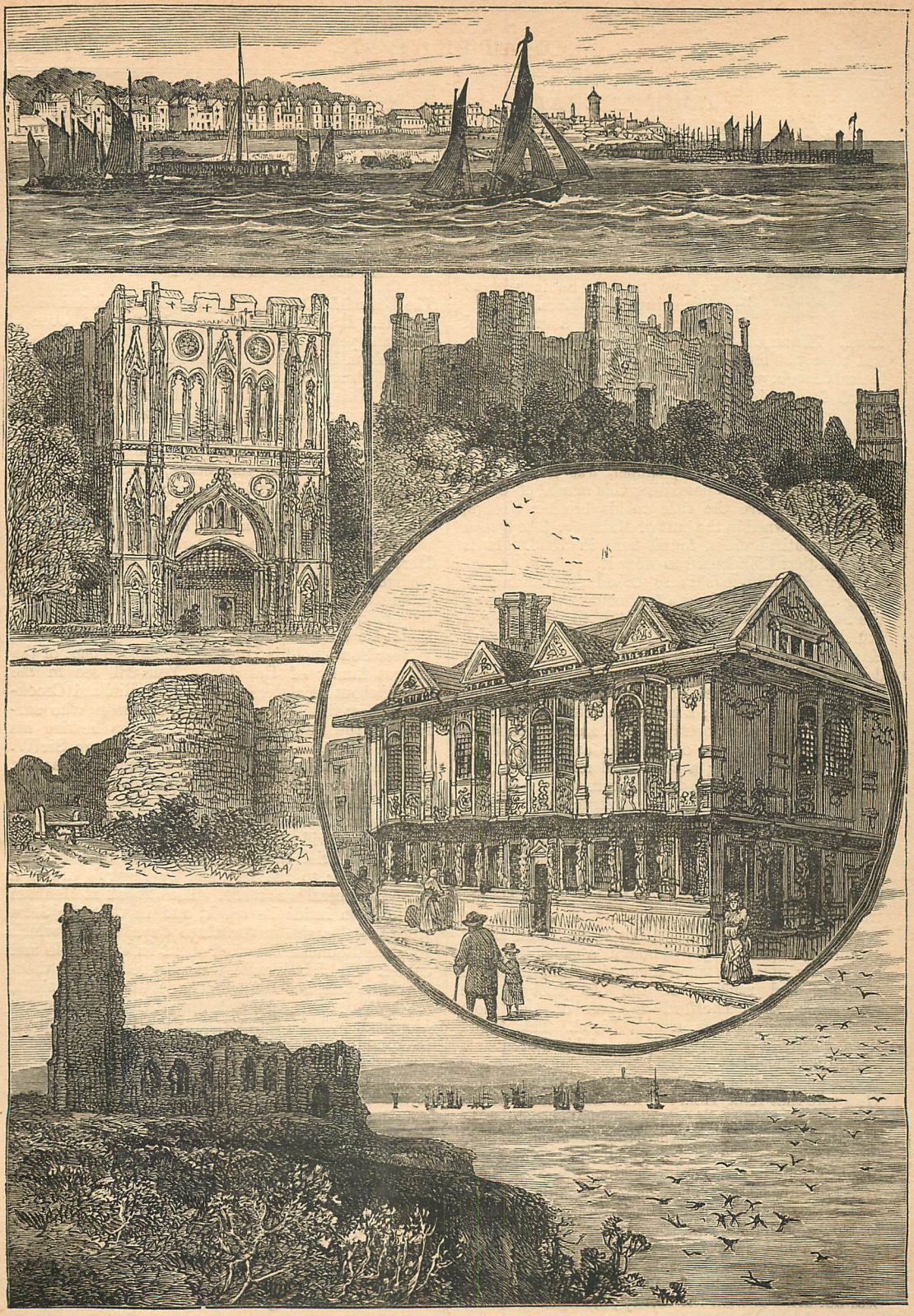
THE HAWKER.

BROOMS to sell, or baskets, lady,
Won't you buy a few to-day?
Bassinettes to hold the baby.
See! we have a choice array
Of everything that one could need,
All well-made and cheap indeed.

Chairs for breakfast-room and parlour,
Screens to shade you from the fire,
Tiny baskets for the garden,
Everything you could desire;
Dovecots for the darling boys,
Rattles warranted for noise.

Won't you come and buy, then, lady?
Oh, 'tis hard for us to live!
At home I have a drooping baby,
And scarcely any food to give.
Yes, I thought that you would come!
Oh, blessings on your happy home!

K.



VIEWS IN SUFFOLK. By W. H. J. Boot.

Lowestoft.
Bury St. Edmunds Abbey.
Framlingham Castle.
Burgh Castle.
Old House at Ipswich.
Sole Bay.

COUNTY CHATS.

No. XXXIII.—SUFFOLK

IS a gently undulating country, without a hill worth calling one. On a slight eminence stands All Saints' Church, Wickham Market. From thence you can count fifty churches. This is a great farming county. It is not a shire. When a man goes away from Suffolk he is said to have gone into the shires.

Sudbury was once a great wool town. Simon of Sudbury grew to be Archbishop, and then was murdered by Wat Tyler's mob. Here Gainsborough, the painter, was born. He used to sketch from childhood an old tree or shepherd and dog, and before he was twelve he had painted landscapes.

At Clare lies Edmund Mortimer, grandson of Edward III. His father, Lionel, was called Duke of Clarence, from his possessing this manor of Clare. Edward IV. gave the title to his brother George, who was drowned in the butt of Malmsey. The Queen has a beautiful cross, found here in 1866. It is believed that Lionel used to wear it.

Bury St. Edmunds is so called from Edmund, King and Martyr. Only a fragment now remains of the magnificent old abbey. In 1327 the Bury people attacked the abbey. It was in the reign of the weak Edward II. They sacked it and set it on fire, doing damage rated at 140,000*l.* There are many legends about Edmund. When hotly pursued he hid under a bridge near Hoxne; a newly-married couple saw his golden spurs and betrayed him, and he was slain. He pronounced a curse on all who ever crossed the bridge to be married; a curse still remembered, for no bridegroom nor bride dare venture there. He was pierced with arrows and his head struck off. It was guarded by a grey wolf till his friends found it. The wolf attended the funeral, and then gravely trotted back to his native woods—at least, so the story is.

Brandon was ruined, folk say, by the invention of percussion caps for guns, for that caused the old trade of flint shaping to decline.

Thetford was once a Bishop's seat and King Edmund's capital city. Though a small town it has an air of importance about it, from its three churches and remains of the old priory. The Conqueror gave Thetford to one of the most famous of his warriors, named Bigod. This Bigod lived mostly at Bungay, and one of his descendants was called 'The Bold.' Bold he was, but very false. It was he, mainly, who placed Stephen on the throne. He swore that King Henry I. was displeased with his daughter Matilda, and had named Stephen as his heir. A shameless lie! After supporting Stephen, the bold Bigod turned round and helped Matilda; whereupon Stephen, who was a capital soldier, humbled Bigod by taking his castle. Then he forgave him. In the next reign, Matilda's son, Henry Plantagenet, came to blows with the bold Bigod, and beat him well, and set a fine upon him. In an old song it says Bigod filled threescore sacks with gold pieces, and pitched them over his castle wall. But the King was not content with the money; he insisted on the destruction of 'the Castle of Bungay.' When this was done the crest-fallen baron went off to the Crusades, and died soon after his return. When Bigod lost the day he hurried home from the battle-field, closely followed by a king's officer, called by the song 'the Baily,' or Bailiff. It says:—

> 'When the Baily had ridden to Bramfield Oak,
> Sir Hugh was at Ilksall Bower;
> When the Baily had ridden to Halesworth Cross,
> He was singing in Bungay Tower.'

The Bramfield Oak was long one of the curiosities of Suffolk. It did not fall until 1843, aged over a thousand years.

Barsham is connected with one of our minor poets, little read, and to many of our readers unknown by name. This was Sir John Suckling—a witty man but not a very wise one. He assisted King Charles with a levy of 100 horsemen, on whose dress, &c., he lavished 12,000*l.*; but these fine birds in their fine feathers were not very brave, and a wit wrote a stinging poem about their conduct in battle. After leading a short and not very happy life Suckling died in a strange land, and, as some say, by poison.

Lowestoft is the most easterly point in England. Here the Duke of York defeated the Dutch Admiral, Opdam, in 1665. Not far off is Burgh Castle, an interesting Roman ruin. The sea used to wash its red-brick towers. The bricks are very thin, and some flints also were used.

Near Southwold is Henham, the abode once of the famous family of Brandon. You will see in the 'Chat' about Leicestershire how King Richard (Crook-back) hewed his way through the men who surrounded the Earl of Richmond. In so hewing his way he cut down the Earl's standard-bearer, Sir W. Brandon. This man was father to Charles Brandon, the chief ornament of the brilliant court of Henry VIII. He was a great favourite with all, and his royal patron made him a duke. He married Henry's sister Mary, widow of Louis of France, and enjoyed with her a brief career of glory. He died beloved by the King to the last, and by Henry's orders a splendid funeral was made. The old oak at Henham had a room inside its trunk, and in that Sir John Rous found a shelter for three days, during which time the Roundheads poked about in every hole and corner. Sir John's wife was pestered to tell them where he was, but she would not, and every night, when all was still, she stole out on tiptoe and carried him food. The door into the chamber was made of bark, and so well contrived that nobody suspected it was a door.

The sea has made sad ravages at Dunwich. Once it was the seat of a Bishop, and had six or eight churches, and was a busy, wealthy place. But the sad sea-waves have worked their wild will on Dunwich. Church after church has been washed away. St. Martin followed St. Felix, and St. Nicholas followed St. Martin, and St. Peter followed St. Nicholas—poor Dunwich!

Orford, too, has fallen from a chartered borough to a village. The castle remains—at least the keep. Orford sent three ships to the siege of Calais, which shows its then importance. The harbour is now choked with shifting sands.

Passing Woodbridge, a place of some trade, we reach many-towered Ipswich, a flourishing county-town. The river Gipping gives the name to the place. Its streets, like those of most old towns, are narrow and irregular. It has been singularly exempt from misfortunes. Four of its churches are dedicated to St. Mary, and 'Our Lady of Ipswich' is mentioned in the Homily against Idolatry. Cardinal Wolsey was a native of this town.

The village of Hadleigh is raised out of obscurity by one man, who has made it for ever a famous place. This is Dr. Rowland Taylor, who here was burnt. A stone marks the place and tells us how—

'Anno 1555,
Dr. Taylor, for what was good,
In this place shed his blood.'

It was a most affecting sight to behold the villagers weeping as their good Rector was led as a lamb to the slaughter. Some one in the crowd said, 'There goeth our good shepherd from us, that so faithfully hath taught us, so fatherly hath cared for us, and so godly hath governed us. O merciful God, strengthen him and comfort him!' The martyr was not allowed to address his afflicted parishioners, but just before he was bound to the stake he said, 'Good people, I have taught you nothing but God's holy word, and those lessons that I have taken out of God's blessed book, the Holy Bible; and I am come hither this day to seal it with my blood.' After some brutal treatment the torch was set to the fagots, and the sufferer died, saying, 'Merciful Father of Heaven, for Jesus Christ my Saviour's sake receive my soul into Thy hands.'

Framlingham possesses a fine relic of the olden days in the shell of its once grand castle. It is just a shell and no more, made of a wall eight feet thick. Here and there are disposed thirteen towers. After being the property of the Bigods, Mowbrays, and Howards, it became the property of Pembroke College. A spacious pond protects it on the west. It was once the proud seat of the East Anglian kings. At a distance the castle has the appearance of being an inhabited place. A beautiful monument of Lord Surrey is in the church; the Lord Surrey who won the battle of Flodden. Henry VIII's great ship, *The Sovereign of the Seas*, was built of Framlingham oaks. The poet, Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, used to live here. He carried a sword at Anne Boleyn's coronation. His life, full of disasters, ended in a death of ignominy, for having quartered the royal arms with his own. He was the first writer of English blank verse.

The coast near Southwold is remarkable for the arrival and departure of swallows. The bay is called Sole Bay, and is celebrated for a dreadful sea battle between the English and the Dutch in 1672.

G. S. O.

NEVER GIVE UP.

WHAT if you fail in business? You still have life and health. Don't sit down and cry about mishaps, for that will never get you out of debt nor buy your children's frocks. Go to work at something, eat sparingly, dress moderately, drink nothing exciting, and above all keep a merry heart, and you'll be up in the world.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

183. I TOOK some horses to a fair,
And when I tried to sell them there,
Folks only answered with a stare.

I stared in turn—because I found
Their ignorance was so profound,
None knew the value of a pound.

My yearling colt, the 'Busy Bee,'
I offered; but they answered me,
'We'll swap five cows for horses three.'

It seemed a sin no trade to do,
So, for the five I offered two;
But no: it was one horse too few.

As morning now was nearly sped,
I left six horses in a shed,
And took away ten cows instead.

In point of numbers, though my store
Was now increased to *twenty-four*,
I was no richer than before.

Upon the green a man I found,
Said I to him, 'Now I'll be bound
You know the meaning of a pound.'

'Aye, that I do.' 'Then what, I pray,
In pounds, not horses, did they pay
For cows like these last market-day?'

He poked his staff their ribs between,
He took a turn upon the green,
He spake, 'Four such made seventeen.'

And now I shall be very glad
To know what steeds at first I had,
And what their value was, my lad?

G. S. O.

184. A CLOCK which loses four minutes in twelve hours is ten minutes fast at midnight on Sunday. What time will it show at six o'clock on Wednesday evening?

SQUARE WORDS.

185. A KIND of poplar-tree; a musical ladder; steps; chosen; birds' homes.

186. A WELL-KNOWN musical instrument; a small island; watchful; a sinew; an amphibious animal.

187. RANGE us in an open square
You'll find we spell the same,
Read up or down,
Right or left,
The prefix to a name.

A CHARADE.

188. A WORD of six letters you may spell me with three,
And my *whole* of myself you will speedily see;
My *first* is the foremost in fancy and fun,
While my *second* the lead takes of every one,
My *third* is the first of the great and the good;
All three are in music where note them we should.

[*Answers at page* 255.]

SHEEP AND SHEPHERD.

IN the East, flocks of sheep are often seen following their shepherd when he wishes to take them home or lead them to some other spot. The shepherd has only to call, and the sheep quickly gather around him. A traveller once told a Syrian shepherd that he was sure the sheep knew the *dress* of their master and not his *voice*. To settle the point the shepherd and traveller exchanged their dresses and went amongst the sheep. The traveller in the shepherd's dress called on the sheep, but not knowing his voice they did not move. When the shepherd called them, although he was in the traveller's clothes, they at once ran to him, thus proving that it was his voice which led them. 'And the sheep follow Him, for they know His voice.'

The young Moose Hunters returning home.

THE MOOSE HUNTERS.

(*Concluded from page* 219.)

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE next day was *sloppier* still. We used all the snow around to keep our box buried, and even cut slabs of ice out of the river. That night, however, about one o'clock, Fred reported a change. The clouds and fog broke up; the wind began to blow from the north-west. The next morning it was blowing smartly, and the damp snow and *slosh* on the ice were beginning to freeze.

'There's sure to be a hard crust,' Fred said. 'By to-morrow it will be gay running.'

'And that means *Home!*' exclaimed Farr.

'Our fish won't stand another thaw, anyway,' Fred said. 'Let's be off.'

We did not care to stay longer, and run the risk of being blocked in by a three-feet snow-storm. Evidently now was our time. We fell to work to get ready. First the boat was cut out of the ice.

'Now, how can this be best turned into a sledge?' was Scott's question; and it was something of a question with the whole of us.

Fred went out and cut a stick of green white ash, twenty feet long. This, with the axes and with wooden wedges, he split in halves, for the runners. Then we knocked to pieces one of the old grain-boxes, to get nails. Along the flat bottom of the boat we next nailed strips of hewn plank from the ox-camp, in two rows, lengthwise, and upon these we nailed the ashen runners, turning them up at the nose of the boat. At best it was a rather rough contrivance, but we could not then do better.

After dinner we loaded in the great fish-box, then the gum, next the fur, and afterwards such of our remaining provisions as we might need—a few frozen potatoes, a little meal, some of the moose-meat, and a few of the trout which we had saved out of the box. That night we kept a vigilant watch, lest the 'Cannucks' should come and steal our exposed treasures.

At six next morning we ate our last breakfast at the fortified camp on the knoll. We had tea, trout, moose, and corn-cake. As soon as it was light we set off. It was not without regrets that we bade adieu to our strong camp, where we had done sentinel duty for so many nights. One comes to love a place which he has to fight to hold.

Long before sunrise we had started down the stream. A faint wreath of smoke was rising from out the funnel of the stove, inside the fence, as we moved off. Farr even proposed to burn up the camp, that it might not fall into the hands of the 'Cannucks.'

The tow-line was attached double to the nose of the boat. Fred and I pulled; while Scott and Farr pushed. Altogether, it must have weighed near half a ton. But when once we had got it started on the ice, it ran almost of itself.

Instead of going down to the outlet, we went directly to the foot of Bose-buck Cove. Here we arrived a few minutes before nine. From this point we had determined to cut a road through to Sunday Pond, and thence out to the Little Magalloway. We had our own axe, and had also taken one of those at the ox-camp, for this purpose.

From the bottom of the Cove to Sunday Pond it is about two miles. By carefully choosing our path where the woods were not very thick, we had to cut very few trees larger than bushes. But it was laborious work to drag the boat through. It took all our strength. If there had been soft snow, we should never have got through. We were all the rest of that day getting down to the pond.

That night we camped at our old 'den' at the foot of Sunday Pond. Tired enough we were, too. We had only our tent, and such boughs as we could cut for a shelter. We had a very cold night.

It took us all the next forenoon to get down to the Little Magalloway—about a mile. Here we built a fire, and fried moose-meat and potatoes.

Once on the river, we found good sledding. The slosh on the ice had frozen hard as the ice itself. We had no trouble now in going on as fast as we could comfortably walk. A little later we came to the junction with the Magalloway proper, and during the afternoon went down through 'the meadows.' Here it was that we again saw the robins eating 'round-wood' berries. In quite a number of places there was open water; but by keeping near the shore, on one side or the other, we got past with no great difficulty

That night we camped in the fir-woods on the bank, at the foot of 'the meadows.' Despite a large fire, we again had a pretty cold time.

The next morning, shortly after starting off, we saw and fired at a moose that crossed the stream at some distance ahead. The animal ran off at a great pace. As we saw no blood, we did not follow the trail. That day, too, we saw a marten in a pine at a little distance from the stream, but it escaped us; and we also saw either a large grey fox, or else it was a wolf, cross the river about twenty rods in advance of us. That night we reached the head of Escohos Carry. Here we camped.

We had a hard forenoon's job dragging our load over the Carry Road next day. It was near eleven o'clock when we passed 'Spoff's' (Mr. Flint's). Thinking about our long hair, 'coon-skin coats, moccasined feet, and generally dilapidated condition, we had hoped to keep out of sight of Mrs. Flint. But I saw her at a window, laughing, as we toiled past.

'Pete' came out and shook hands with us. We asked if he remembered the 'seventy-five cent.' Plainly he did.

It seemed *good*, and odd too, to get out among civilized folk again, where there were houses.

Once more on the ice below the falls we *slid* on at a good pace. At Spencer's we stopped to leave the axe and settle for the pork, &c., we had taken from the logging-camp. We told him what we had used. Spencer said four dollars. This sum we promised to send him as soon as we should dispose of our fur; and we did so.

Hurrying on, we left the Magalloway, at its union with the Androscoggin, at about four o'clock. We had expected to camp here, but finally we concluded to push on to Upton, twelve miles down the Umbagog. This was far too much for us. We were fearfully

tired when, at last, we reached Godwin's, at about nine in the evening. We had come about twenty-seven miles that day, including the 'Carry Road.'

They laughed well at our appearance at the Lake House—most of all that black-eyed table-girl. But we cared for none of these things.

From Upton to Bethel we had our property drawn on an ox-sled which we hired. Here we left the old boat.

At Bethel we sold our fur, the whole of it, for a hundred and twenty-six dollars. But as there was here no market for the gum and the fish, we freighted it to Portland by rail; and, making up as respectable an outfit as we could from our united wardrobe, we sent Fred on with it to dispose of it. The rest of us were really not presentable.

Fred was gone three days. We awaited his return with considerable anxiety, passing the time at a relative of Farr's living there, and keeping as much secluded as we could.

On the third evening Fred came back. He had sold the trout for seventeen cents per pound—three hundred and thirteen pounds of it. And for the five hundred and seventy-six pounds of gum, he had got two hundred and sixty-four dollars and ninety-six cents—about forty-six cents per pound.

Ninety-nine dollars apiece was about what we had after paying the expenses of our expedition. But we had immediately to buy some clothes, before even going home; so that the sum we actually took home with us was but about eighty-seven dollars. But eighty-seven dollars went a good way with us in those days. It paid our expenses for nearly three terms at the Academy. So, on the whole, we deemed the venture a success.

The old 'Cannuck' muskets and revolver we sold at Bethel, for seventeen dollars for the lot. With this sum the friend who had lent us the little rifle expressed himself satisfied.

On arriving home, we found our people on the point of sending off an expedition in search of us. It was long before we outgrew the nickname of 'The Young Moose Hunters.'

COUNTY CHATS.

No. XXXIV.—SUSSEX.

ENTERING this pleasant county from Hampshire we soon arrive at Chichester, a very ancient city, where the Emperor Vespasian used to live, and where Claudius built a temple to Neptune, the god of the sea-waves. Its name was given to it by Cisa, a Saxon nobleman. The cathedral spire, which had been weakened in its supports by the ill-advised meddling of Bishop Sherborne, fell about twenty-five years ago, something like a telescope shutting up, and has been since rebuilt. This cathedral suffered very much damage in the Civil Wars. The organ-pipes were smashed by pole-axes, and, after one Sunday service, the soldiers ran frantically up and down with their drawn swords, defacing the monuments of the dead. Inside are several monuments by Flaxman; one to the poet Collins. Flaxman was born at York, and was an admirable character both as a man and an artist.

This county is famous for its pleasant seaside resorts. The first we come to is Bognor, which was formed by Sir R. Hotham about 100 years ago.

Near Levant is the handsome mansion of the Duke of Richmond, named Goodwood, where the most fashionable races of the year are run.

Another fine ducal seat is Arundel. It stands high on a steep circular knoll. The keep is one of the most perfect in England. It is mantled with ivy, and is the happy home of many curious and beautiful owls of large size, which were sent to the Duke from America. This is called the Bevis Tower, after the name of an old hero, whose sword is yet to be seen here. The sea, it is thought, once washed the castle wall. The library is like the aisle of a Gothic cathedral. The barons' hall is roofed with Spanish chestnut, and filled with stained-glass windows.

The nave of Steyning church is very elegantly enriched with ornamental work of the Norman time. Here Alfred the Great dropped a tear on his father's coffin. Here, too, was a kind of hospital, called by the beautiful name of 'Brotherhood Hall.'

Worthing is another pleasant Sussex watering-place, near the Downs.

Close by, at West Tarring, Seldon, that prodigy of learning, was born. He died in 1654, and was buried in the Temple Church, London.

At Shoreham there was some time ago an evil society which called itself the Christian Club. It seems to have existed for the sole purpose of making money by selling the seats of the borough to the highest bidder. This port contributed twenty-six ships towards the 706 fitted out by Edward III.

George IV., they say, invented Brighton. It is nearly equidistant from Beachy Head and Selsey Bill. Here Charles II. escaped after the Battle of Worcester in a common coal brig. In 1784 George IV. erected here a grand summer residence. It is a curious-looking place, with its domes and minarets, and it stands near the Steyne, which is the fashionable promenade. The royal residence was purchased in 1849 by the townspeople for 53,000*l.* The King who made Brighton so fashionable has been rewarded by one of Chantry's fine statues. The Chain Pier cost 30,000*l.*, and is 1200 feet in length.

Near Lewes a famous battle was fought at a place called Mount Harry, when Simon de Montford took Henry III. prisoner. Here is a curious epitaph—'W. Huntingdon, S.S.;' the S.S. means Sinner Saved. There is an old church here in the castle with a very curious Saxon inscription to a Danish soldier. The famous Tom Paine, the author of the *Rights of Man*, was once an exciseman in this place. A very famous monastery was founded here by William, earl of Warren, and Gundrida his wife, in 1078. The remains of the two founders were discovered not long ago by some navvies who were engaged on a railway. The leaden coffins have been placed in a small Norman chapel near the mother-church. It is called Gundrida's Chapel. This lady was the Conqueror's daughter.

Seaford has suffered greatly from pirates and other marauders. On one dismal occasion the whole city was destroyed, and every inhabitant slain.

Beachy Head is a bold promontory of chalk, forming part of the South Downs. These Downs are the

chief feature of Sussex. They run a length of fifty-three miles from Pevensey into Hampshire. Beachy Head is said to be 564 feet above the sea level. Upon it is a revolving light, which sends forth a flash every two minutes. Near it are some caverns cut in the rock for shipwrecked seamen to take refuge in. The *Royal Sovereign* was wrecked on a shoal to the east of the Head.

Eastbourne is in Pevensey Bay. It is a charming bathing-place, and was well known to the Romans. It witnessed two naval encounters, each of which brought disaster to English sailors. An elegant bird, the ortolan or wheatear, is caught in this neighbourhood in great numbers.

Pevensey was once formidable for its castle, and useful for its harbour. It fell into decay through the sea withdrawing itself, and is now but a small village. In this bay William the Conqueror landed with his mighty host of 60,000 men a few days before the critical battle of Hastings. Nine hundred ships were seen in the bay at one time full of armed men. The entrance to the castle is between two round towers and over a moat. It has stood many a siege, and was once bravely defended by the Lady Jane Pelham. An ancient culverin, with Elizabeth's name on it, is yet preserved. This castle was called the Castle of the Eagle Honour. It is within a Roman camp of twelve acres, and many Roman bricks have been used in its construction. Andrew Borde, a waggish doctor, from whom the name Merry Andrew comes, was born here. Hurst Monceaux means the wood of the Monceaux. He was one of the Norman soldiers who came over with William. This is the oldest brick castle existing. One of the owners of the castle was hanged with three others for going out to steal some deer belonging to Sir Nicholas Pelham. A fray arose and one of the deer-keepers was slain, so the young lord was tried, convicted, and put to a shameful death.

Hastings is one of the Cinque Ports, and is next in importance to Dover, which is the head one. About a mile to the west is the new and well-built town of St. Leonards. The castle of Hastings stands on a rocky cliff about 400 feet above the sea. Here, when William Rufus was about to go to Normandy, he ordered all the bishops and nobles of England to assemble and do him homage. It now belongs to the family of Pelham. The Conqueror is said to have dined for the first time in England at a stone which is called the Conqueror's Table. The great battle was not at Hastings, but at Battle Abbey, which was built on the actual spot where the fight raged most fiercely. A monk named Remigius, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, advised William to build the abbey, which had many valuable rights granted to it. The fight which had decided the fate of England took place October 14, and lasted from nine till three.

At Ashburnham are the shirt, watch, and drawers worn by King Charles on the memorable morning of his execution. They were given by him on the scaffold to John Ashburnham, one of whose descendants presented them to the parish church, in which they are carefully preserved as great curiosities.

Winchelsea is now little more than a village, though there was a time when Queen Elizabeth called it Little London. It suffered at one time from the influx of the sea. Three hundred houses were destroyed in 1250, and in 1287 it was drowned outright. Few traces remain of the ancient glory of Winchelsea. Of its three churches a portion of one only remains, namely, the chancel and two aisles. Three warriors in armour, with crossed legs, are in this church. The crossing of the legs was done to show they had fought in the Holy Wars as they were called. Other monuments like these may be seen in the Temple Church, London.

Near Rye is Northeham, where, in 1822, one of the ships of Hastings, the *Dane*, was found in a field, buried in sand and mud. The ship was corked with moss, and well built, and there were various articles on board. The ship had been buried nearly a thousand years.

Rye was a place much sought after by the distressed Huguenots. In the year 1582 there were more than 1500 French refugees in the town, where they remained until the end of the reign of James I. Rye, like Winchelsea, seems to have had the sea for an enemy more than a friend. It has sometimes swamped them and at other times forsaken them.

At Mayfield there was a wooden church which stood awry until the wonderful St. Dunstan clapped his shoulders to it, gave it a shove, and turned it due east and west. Here Dunstan had a palace, and many solemn councils were held.

A soldier of Edward III., named Dalyngrudge, married John de Wardiew's daughter. Bodiam Castle was her dowry. It is now a square, with round towers covered with ivy: a beautiful ruin.

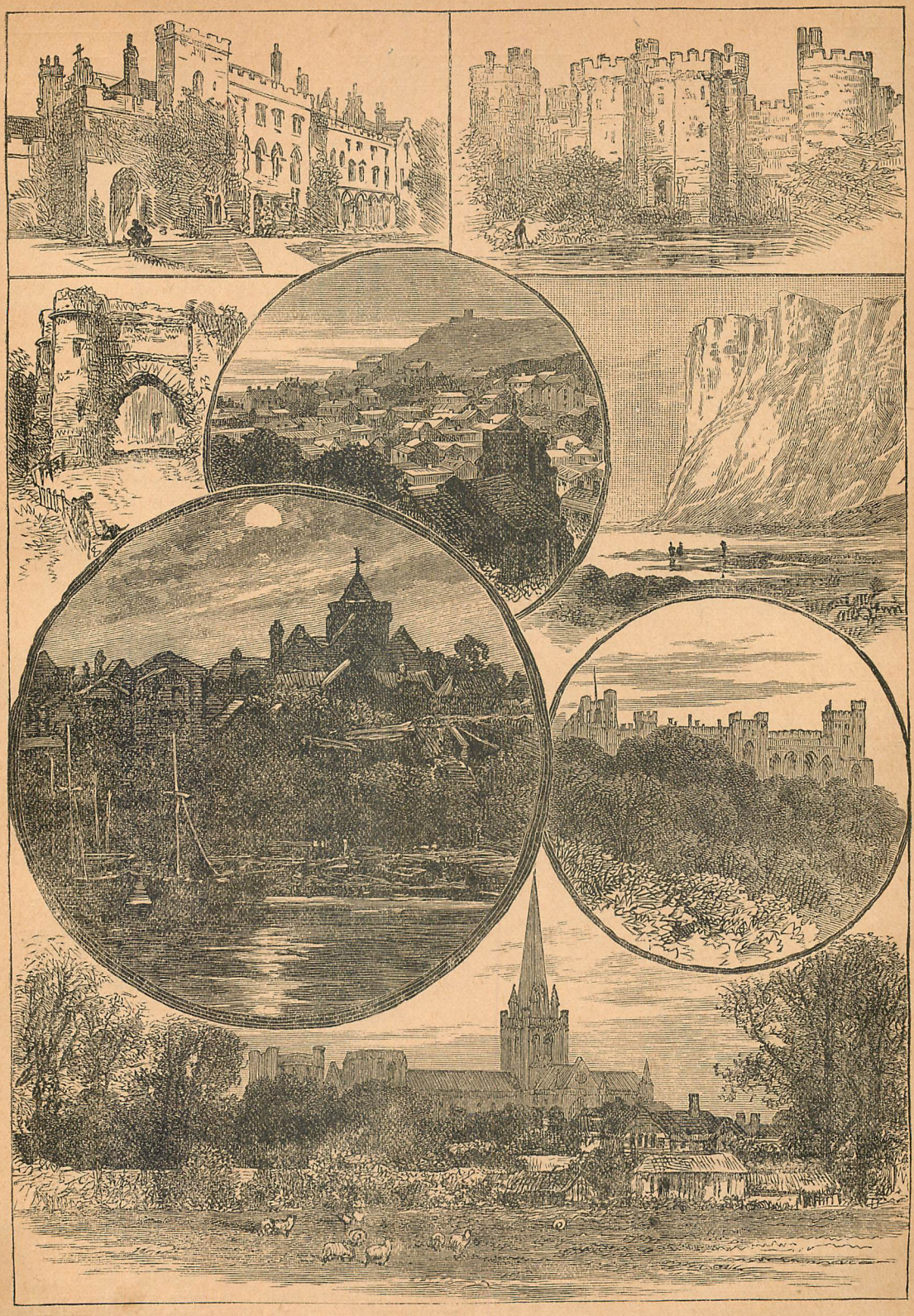
The largest parish in Sussex is East Grinstead. It is near the borders of Ashdown Forest. Here is Brambletye House, which was built with much money from an Italian model, but was cast aside like a plaything. This place is twenty-eight miles from London, and when an express reached George I. here in six hours it was thought to be quickly done.

Neither of Huckfield nor of Cuckfield have we found anything very interesting. We can say of Cuckfield it is a small, neat town, with a Friday market. We can also show there have been good hearts at work here, as the Fowlers, the Spencers, and the Shirleys.

Horsham seems to stir us more, because we think of the deeds of the great Horsa, of Hengist and Horsa times, who, after doing mighty deeds, met grim death and was buried here. The earliest improvements of prison discipline were attempted in this town.

Petworth House stands in a fine park of large extent. It contains Hotspur's sword, Vandyke's picture, and Gibbon's carvings. The Percies, who used to have it, conveyed it to the Seymours and Wyndhams. Sussex seems to have benefited much by John Howard, for here, as at Horsham, an improved prison was built with a cell for each captive. Besides having a merciful prison, Petworth has several almshouses and good schools.

The old family of Bohun used to live at Midhurst, which offered a seat in Parliament to the famous Charles James Fox, then only nineteen years of age. Midhurst has its name from being placed in the midst of woods. Very near this pleasantly-seated town stood Cowdroy House, the stately home of the Montagues. This fine house was burnt down



VIEWS IN SUSSEX. By W. H. J. Boot.

Battle Abbey.
Bodiam Castle.
Old Gateway at Winchelsea.

Hastings.
Beachy Head.

Rye.
Arundel Castle.
Chichester.

September 24th, 1793, through the carelessness of a workman, and only a few weeks after the fire the young Viscount was drowned in the Rhine. He and a friend named Burdett were rashly attempting to pass the rapids or falls of Schaffhausen. The park is a very fine one, well timbered, especially with Spanish chestnuts. Here might have been seen Queen Elizabeth in grand state in 1591, when she visited the Montagues. Her Majesty shot several deer with a cross-bow during her week's sojourn. In her father Henry's reign this place was the abode of a very favourite courtier, Sir Anthony Brown. He has a splendid tomb of white marble at Battle Abbey.

At Linchmere are the remains of a priory. It has been turned into a farmhouse, and in one of the rooms there is an inscription in Latin, which means, 'Behold the virgin shall conceive and bring forth a son, and his name shall be called Jesus.' Then there is a cock, from whose beak comes the words 'Christ is born.' Then a duck seems to say, 'When? when?' A raven answers, 'In this night.' A cow inquires, 'Where? where?' and a sheep or lamb bleats out, 'In Bethlehem.'

We may just mention that the Cinque Ports were Hastings in Sussex, and Sandwich, Dover, Hythe, and Romney in Kent. These ports were allowed peculiar privileges by the Conqueror, and in return were obliged to furnish the shipping required by the Crown. In the reign of Henry III. two other ports, Winchelsea and Rye, were added. The circuit-judges held no assizes within the Cinque Ports, and the members they sent to Parliament, who were called Barons, had the privilege of holding a canopy over the king's head at his coronation. G. S. O.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

189. Who has not heard about a battle,
Where guns and shells and voices make
An awful rattle?
Among the coats of red and blue,
A certain gentleman in black
Makes much ado.
Who is so strong; whose voice is louder,
Than his, whom we all know so well,
And call Gunpowder?
How few, among those eager shooters,
Think for a moment who are his
Three constituters!
Mixed only in one special manner:—
Try him elsewise, and he will roar
For no man's banner.
Take *three-and-thirty* parts of nitre,
Of charcoal *seven*, of sulphur *five*,
Then, he's your fighter!
Take more of nitre, less of charcoal,
Then, prime and fire; your barrel will
Remain a dark hole!
Let us, then, clever chatterboxes,
Fire *thirty pounds* beneath a tower,
And make it rock, sirs;
Then, slate and pencil quick assuming,
Find out, ere yet the echoing hills
Have ended booming,
What sulphur, charcoal, and saltpetre
That thirty pounds will take, and so
Our sleep be sweeter. G. S. O.

DECAPITATIONS.

190. What town in Yorkshire beheaded is a musical instrument?

191. What town in Somersetshire beheaded was once the mistress of the world?

192. What borough in Kent beheaded is a preposition?

193. What town in Norfolk beheaded is a song?

194. What town in Staffordshire beheaded is a sound?

195. What town in Hertfordshire beheaded is a call.

AN ENIGMA.

196. I lived before the flood, but still am young;
I speak all languages yet have no tongue;
In schools I've often been, but, though no fool,
I ne'er could understand a grammar rule;
Yet when the haughty courtier talks to me
I've as polite a dialogue as he.
I sympathise with all in joy or pain,
Laugh with the merry, with the sad complain;
By Nature taught such an obliging way,
I ne'er shall contradict a word you say.
I am no singer, yet I often sing;
I cannot walk, have neither foot nor wing;
And yet to varied parts I rove about,
Am often indoors and am often out.
I follow beggars, lords, and kings,
And see no difference in such earthly things.
I am quite peaceful, but am oft in war,
Yet wonder not what people quarrel for.
He who can name me never saw me,
And the best artist could not draw me.

A CHARADE.

197. My *first* you sing;
My *second* you ring;
My *whole* you put on to distinguish a thing.

[*Answers at page* 255.]

OUT WHALING IN THE ARCTIC SEAS.

MANY books have been written and stories told of the lives led by whale-fishers in such warm latitudes as the Pacific Ocean and off the coast of Australia; and, no doubt, the bright weather, absence of frost and ice, together with the pleasant stoppages at the beautiful Coral Islands, make the industry a jolly enough life in such places; but my experience of 'whaling,' as it is called, has been acquired high up among the icebergs and cold fogs of the Arctic regions, where hard work and incessant exposure had to be endured for the whole of the six months of the voyage. For three weeks after leaving Dundee we neither saw whale or seals, and our Captain, and, in fact, all on board, began to look downhearted and gloomy.

The morning of the twenty-second day broke, and we seemed to have drifted into quite a different part of the world. The previous sunset had showed us

nothing but a clear waste of waters, with, here and there, a solitary sea-gull lazily flapping its wings as it flew circling over the waves in search of fish, but in the short two hours of night all had changed. Hitherto we had enjoyed clear and fairly warm weather, but now we found ourselves enveloped in a thick, dense fog, while the scraping of blocks of drift ice against the ship's side, and the ominous crashing and crunching sounds that came from out of the gloom on all sides, told us we were in the midst of a broken ice-field, the extent of which, owing to the fog, we could not ascertain; while a cold, bitter north-east wind blew straight from the home of the Ice King. The stoves had been lighted at midnight, and the vessel heated by the hot-water pipes with which all Arctic whale-ships are provided; every one on board had donned his winter costume, and all preparations had been made to encounter the perils and exposure incidental to life in the frozen seas. Many an anxious moment had we as a larger mass of ice than usual was encountered, and the crew had their hands full to fend off the huge blocks that constantly threatened to crush in the good ship *Pentland's* timbers; but she was built of stout British oak, well belted at the water-line, and having thick ice buffers at the bows, and she stood the repeated shocks bravely.

Captain Dartnell, who was slowly pacing the quarter-deck, suddenly stopped in his walk and peered out to windward. Apparently he heard or saw something, for, calling me to him, he told me to tell the steward to load and hand up six of the ship's muskets. This was soon done, and two of the men, who had made many trips in the vessel, were called aft and ordered to keep a bright look-out on the ice, 'as,' said the Captain, 'unless I am very much mistaken, I heard the grunting of a white bear close to us.'

The news quickly ran through the ship, and all eyes were directed to the spot where the animal might be expected to turn up; but unfortunately, just as an unmistakable grunt confirmed the Captain's words, down came the fog thicker than ever, and we could hardly see the ends of the poles with which we were *fending* off the ice-floes. The wind had gone down, and though a dead calm prevailed, the ship, being almost empty, rolled on the heavy swell so that sometimes the edges of the blocks of ice grated against the gunwale, and we knew that, if the bear discovered the vessel, he would not hesitate to scramble on board, for, when cast adrift on the ocean by sudden breakings up of the ice-floes, these creatures obey the law of self-preservation without appearing to think of the consequences.

Every one was now on the alert; but while all looked out to windward none thought of attending to the other side of the ship, and, wishing to keep out of harm's way, and not being strong enough to use a pole, I sheltered myself under the lee-bulwarks from where I could see the anticipated scrimmage, or dive below if need be.

I suppose about ten minutes passed without anything occurring, and I felt rather disappointed when, just as I and the rest had come to the conclusion that poor Bruin had drifted clear away from our neighbourhood, the Captain turned round and, pointing his musket straight in my direction, shouted, 'Run, boy, run!' some one else, at the same time, crying out, 'Look behind you!' As I ran I obeyed the last order, over my shoulder, and made one bound into the main rigging, for, above the rail just behind where I had been standing, appeared the head and paws of an immense polar bear, who had evidently slipped off the ice and, swimming to the ship, was in the act of scrambling on board when he was seen by the Captain.

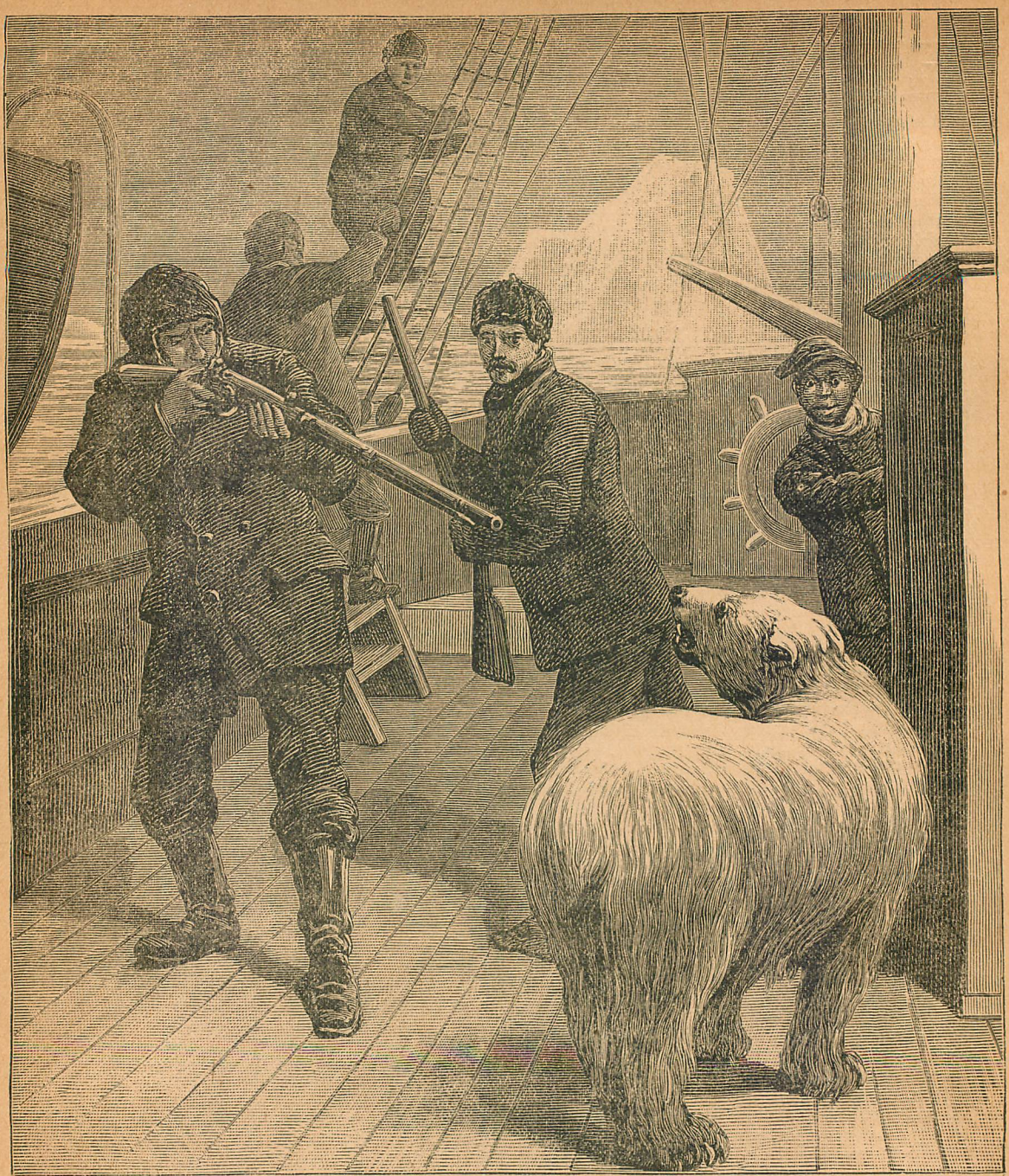
As I ran up the rigging, the reports of two muskets rang out, followed by such a terrific roar immediately beneath me that I hopped up into the maintop like a squirrel up a tree, from which safe perch I had a good look at the proceedings on deck, for, as the bear came on board, the fog rolled away.

Owing to the heavy rolling of the vessel both the Captain and a man who also fired at the unwelcome visitor, missed, so that Bruin, who tumbled on deck unhurt and apparently quite unmoved by his hostile reception, first gave himself a good shaking to rid himself of water, and then stalked majestically forward. Fortunately for us all at this juncture the ship was once more in comparatively clear water, the ice being now but small lumps, no longer necessitating the use of poles to fend off.

All hands but the negro cook now took to the rigging, those armed with guns firing occasional shots, which, however, owing to the ship's movement and excitement on the part of those firing, went wide of their mark. Attracted probably by the smell of cooking, the bear halted before the door of the cook's galley, which had been hastily slammed to. After snuffing at the bottom for a short time, the huge brute, rearing up on his hind legs, attempted to beat in the panels, but suddenly a red hot poker was thrust through the little round air-hole, catching the creature full on the nose; this was followed by a tin of boiling water slap in the face, and, with a dreadful roar of pain and rage, the bear, half blinded, fell back, but only for a moment, as, gathering his legs together, he hurled himself bodily against the door which, stout oak planking though it was, cracked and split under the enormous force brought against it. Out came the poker once more, and just then a well-aimed bullet took effect in the creature's hind quarters; but the animal seemed to gather fresh strength and courage from his wounds, tearing down one door of the galley just as the cook escaped by the other.

In his rage and ignorance, Bruin began to demolish everything in the place, and for some minutes we listened to the crashing, while at every roll of the ship, portions of our breakfast were scattered over the deck. But after knocking the pots and pans off the stove, a series of most awful growls told us our visitor had attacked the fireplace itself; and he soon bounced once more out on deck, his limping gait indicating that he had most terribly burnt his paws in the wild attempt at wholesale destruction.

Two more successful shots rather crippled him, and the black cook, who was a remarkably brave fellow, then attacked him with a harpoon: but the weapon breaking short off near the staff, it would have gone hard with the plucky negro had not one of the crew, catching up the carpenter's axe, come to the rescue, and dealt Bruin a tremendous blow on the head. But so thick was the skull that, though slightly stunned, he still made a stout fight; and as, one by one, the men dropped from the rigging, seizing anything that



"Bruin stalked majestically forward."

came to hand, a most desperate fight took place ere the bear fell dead on deck under a shower of blows.

However, all's well that ends well, and in an hour the beautifully white skin was safe in the brine-cask, and such of the crew as were old whalemen were busily engaged in selecting the choicest joints to replace the breakfast that had so unexpectedly been lost, for, though a flesh-and-fish-eating animal, the meat of a polar bear is by no means to be despised, especially by those who have been nearly a month on salt provisions.

First blood having been drawn, though not in the manner we anticipated, the luck of the voyage changed, and the wind rising about noon on the day of our adventure with the bear, we were soon beating to windward towards a group of small icebergs, among which a large school of whales were gamboling merrily. (*Continued on page* 234.)

Pussie travelling with her Kittens.

PUSSIE.

A LADY in Glasgow received a cat from Edinburgh, the animal being conveyed in a close basket in a carriage. She was carefully watched for two months; but as she then had two kittens she was left to her own discretion, which she soon employed in disappearing with both her babies.

Nothing more was heard of poor puss for a fortnight, when one day she was found at the door of her Edinburgh home with both kittens: they very plump, she very thin. As she could only carry one kitten at a time, and as Glasgow is distant forty-four miles from Edinburgh, poor puss must have brought one kitten part of the way and then gone back for the other, thus travelling at least one hundred and twenty miles. How she obtained food, how she found her way, and how she contrived to hide the one kitten while travelling with the other, seems difficult to understand. No wonder that she was thin, footsore, and lame. We only hope she was kindly welcomed back to her old home. D. B.

UNINTENTIONAL JOKE.

THE man that makes a joke without intending it, frequently amuses us more than the most ingenious of professional jokers—as when the milk-man in a play is charged with putting calves' brains in his milk, he answered,—'Brains! I never had such a thing in my head!'

It was the same sort of a case when a juryman having asked the judge to excuse him from serving on account of deafness, the latter said,—'Couldn't you hear my charge to the grand jury?'

'Yes, I heard it,' said the man, 'but I couldn't make any sense of it.'

SCRAPS OF BIOGRAPHY.

FERNAN GONZALEZ, a Spanish Count, who lived in the early part of the tenth century, is said to have passed through so many marvellous escapes that some historians are inclined to think them fabulous. Others, however, accept them as true, more especially the story of his wife's devotion. This lady twice succeeded in freeing her husband from prison, once by bribing his gaolers, the second time by entering in disguise the castle where he was confined, changing clothes with the prisoner, and taking his place; just as, many years afterwards, Lady Nithsdale did in London.

SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, so renowned as an engineer and maker of rifled cannon, began life as a solicitor. He was duly articled at Newcastle, and at the end of his time was taken into partnership. But the natural bent of his genius could not be kept under, and he at last devoted himself entirely to mechanical and chemical pursuits.

THE poet GAY was at first an assistant in a mercer's shop, but his master seems to have found poetry a distracting occupation for the young man, and so discharged him.

RICHARD GLOVER, a poet of some reputation in his day, seems to have shown some unpleasant results of that absence of mind much affected by some writers. Hannah More records that, whilst staying at a friend's house, the poet was seen early one morning walking to and fro by the side of a tulip-bed upon which the lady of the house had bestowed much care. Glover carried a whip in his hand, and was slashing right and left at the tulips. Before his attention could be attracted he had laid every stalk low; but he professed to be quite unaware of the mischief he had done. A. R. B.

OUT WHALING IN THE ARCTIC SEAS.

(*Continued from page* 232.)

BY sunset, which did not occur so far north at this season till nearly eleven at night, we were within a few miles, and three of the whale-boats were cleared for lowering; but as the fog might set in as the sun appeared again, our Captain decided not to send the men in chase until day broke. All sail but the topsails were taken in, and, with the exception of three or four men and the chief officer, every one went below to get what sleep they could, as the next day's duties promised to be long and arduous.

As I was not to be permitted to go in the boats on this occasion, I formed one of the watch on deck, and well remember this my first night really among the ice and Greenland whales.

There was no real darkness, as the Northern horizon was illuminated by the sun's rays throughout the short night, and every now and again the most brilliant flashes of the aurora borealis made every object as distinctly visible as if in broad day.

The most gorgeous effects were produced by this grand illumination, in which the transparent portions of the icebergs assumed all the tints of the rainbow. At midnight we were obliged to turn the ship's head to the south, as we were so close to the whales that we could hear them blowing; but by careful management we avoided alarming them, and as the sun rose the boats were provisioned and pushed off.

The ship was left in charge of the second officer, with directions to follow the boats when once they were fast to the animals. I was sent aloft into the cask lined with bear-skin—known by the name of the crow's nest—which is kept at the topmast head of all whale-ships in the Arctic Seas, to watch and report from time to time how the boats fared in the chase; in which I became so interested that I hardly felt the cold, which, despite my snug quarters, was intense.

The boats pulled quietly with almost noiseless stroke towards the nearest whales, but, through having to make a wide circuit to avoid the largest berg, took nearly half an hour ere they were close enough for business; each had selected its own quarry, and the harpooners seemed to rise as one man. Swiftly sped the sharp-barbed weapons, and three enormous tails, poised for an instant in the air, told that each boat had struck its prey; it was now an anxious moment, for the stricken animals were so close to one another as they dived—*sounded* is the whalers' term—that there was great danger of the harpoon-lines becoming entangled beneath the water and so dragging the boats under; but that those engaged in the enterprise were fully alive to the peril was shown by the glint of the sun upon the bright uplifted blades of the axes in each boat, ready to cut the lines at the first indication of such necessity.

Fortunately, there was no need of this, and, as the whales rose to the surface, the boats pulled towards them, the slack-line being hauled in and carefully coiled in the tub kept for that purpose. The Captain's boat was the only one that succeeded in getting close enough to allow of a lance being planted in the huge creature's side, and now all three made off, contrary to their usual custom, right before the wind, towing the boats after them at such a tremendous pace, that the water came in over the bows; at length, when some four miles off, I could see through the spy-glass that the whale the Captain was after was nearly exhausted, and, though the others kept up their flight with unabated speed, we were now running down towards them under full sail.

An hour brought us close to the first whale, who was just then in the death-struggle, or 'flurry;' the great beast rolled over and over, lashing the water into foam with his tail and tearing round and round in a circle, the spray from his nostrils being deeply tinged with blood, and in a very short time he lay dead.

Lashing the carcase alongside, we made after the others, and though, encumbered by the dead whale, our rate of progress was slow, I was soon able to report that the other boats had each secured their fish—for so whales are called by those who hunt them—the little red flags fluttering on the lance-heads, sticking upright in the dead creatures, being the signal that all was over.

Ere nightfall all three were secured, and the sails being furled, the most unpleasant but profitable part of a whaleman's duties began; that is, taking off and boiling down the blubber into oil. But as there was nothing that would interest my readers in this necessarily greasy occupation I need not detail it, except to mention that no sooner did the thick black smoke begin to ascend from the furnaces than, as if by magic, the ship was surrounded both in the air and in the water by thousands of lookers on: porpoises and blackfish swarmed round, while smaller fry snapped and jumped at the, to them, dainty morsels that were cut from the carcase, and, after the oil and whalebone had been taken, the remains, on being cast loose, were swooped down upon by countless birds of all sizes and descriptions, pecking, flapping, and screaming at one another in the scrimmage to secure a share of the spoils, creating thereby a tremendous uproar.

We cruised about very successfully for a couple of months, and at last the Captain, who had hitherto refused to allow me to go in the boats, granted his consent; though as he said, I should be of no use, being neither strong enough to take an oar nor to use either lance or harpoon.

Perhaps some of you might think I could have steered; but whale-boats are steered not with rudders, but oars, and great dexterity is needed by the steersman to dodge a charging whale or avoid the terrific strokes of his tail when in the death flurry, so boys are not of much use in whale-boats. Two or three days passed and we were again among the drift-ice, but no bergs, and the weather also continuing clear we soon sighted fish, the welcome sound from the masthead of 'There she blows!' bringing every one on deck. Sure enough there they were, just beyond an icefloe, which we were compelled to sail round. The Captain held a long consultation with the mates and harpooners, for the ordinary dangers of attacking whales in the open sea are much increased when broken ice is floating about, as in his headlong career, when once struck with the harpoon, the mighty creature will rush frantically among the ice-blocks and dash the boat to atoms ere the axeman can sever the line.

When within a mile of the animals two boats only were lowered, one to endeavour to secure the 'fish,' the other to stand by in case of accident. The first was placed in charge of the chief officer, and the men selected from among the most experienced on board, while to my delight—not altogether unmingled with trepidation—I was ordered into her; the determined countenances of the men as they stepped in showed that they were fully alive to the hazardous character of the enterprise; but, as in the whaling trade all engaged have a share in the profits, there is never any hesitation to encounter the risk.

We soon pushed off and pulled straight for a huge bull, who lay on the outside of the 'school' apparently asleep. At a sign from the officer the harpooner rose and, steadying himself for an instant, hurled the sharp iron forward: 'Stern all! back water!' cried the officer. The order was obeyed quickly, and well it was so, for, instead of diving immediately, the whale turned half round, then rose almost to his full length out of the water and plunged down perpendicularly. The rapidity with which the line ran out showed we had a powerful fellow to deal with, and the other boat was signalled to close up. At last the line slackened and was hauled in, almost straight up and down; the boat was immediately pulled away from the spot, as everything indicated that the creature was rapidly coming to the surface right under us. A few minutes settled the matter, as large bubbles appeared on the calm water not twenty yards from us, and every effort was made to increase our distance from the spot. Quick as we were, however, he came up so close that I thought we must be swamped in the commotion he made in the sea. No sooner was his broad back fully exposed, than, quick as thought, a keen-edged lance from each boat was sent quivering into him. With a tremendous bang of his tail he flew off along the top of the

Harpooning the Whales.

water at a great rate, so that the spray from the boat's bows drenched every one on board; it was plain we had an ugly customer to deal with. I just glanced at the ship and saw that another boat was being lowered, which seemed to imply that the Captain considered the matter serious.

For a couple of miles all went well, but then we, or, rather the creature that was towing us at such a prodigious rate, headed straight for an ice-floe that stretched for a mile on either side of our course. 'Stand by with the axe!' was the order, and then, as we rapidly approached the obstacle, our suspense became intense. If the hunted beast turned, well and good, but he might dive. The axeman with his arm raised kept his eye fixed on the officer's face; the latter, to all appearances, was calm and collected, though fully alive to the threatened danger.

(*Continued at page* 243.)

VIEWS IN SURREY. By W. H. J. Boot.

Guildford.
Remains of Archbishops' Palace, Croydon.
Richmond Hill.
Leatherhead Church.
Runnymede.
Ham House.
Lambeth Palace.

COUNTY CHATS.

No. XXXV.—SURREY.

AT Bletchingley Place in this county was an ancient manor-house, the residence of that Duke of Buckingham whom Henry VIII. beheaded, because it was said he had laid claim to the Crown. His porter's lodge alone remains, and it is merely a farmhouse. There are fine views here of the Weald. And what is the Weald? It is a woodland tract, mostly in Kent. Caxton says, 'I was borne and learned mine English in Kent in the Wealde, where English is spoken broad and rude.'

At Reigate is a cave, called the Barons' Cave, under the castle court, where, some say, the Barons met to draw up Magna Charta. Here died Archbishop Ussher; and Howard of Effingham's tomb (he who fought at the Armada) is in the church. The Reigate people were very valiant in repelling the Danish plunderers, and their bravery gave rise to a proverb—

'The vale of Holmesdale;—
Never wonne, never shall.'

The Barons' Cave, above mentioned, is approached by a flight of steps hewn out of the sandstone rock. The whole descent is no less than 235 feet.

Dorking is surrounded by pleasant houses. It is far-famed for a peculiar breed of poultry, said to have been brought over by the Romans, and having five claws to either foot. It is situated on the old Roman way called Stone Street. Near the town is a hill called Box Hill, with some very large box-trees on it, and from whence you can see the heights of North London.

Near Leatherhead is Ockham, where William of Ockham, one of England's worthies, was born. He went by the name of 'the Invincible Doctor,' and he used his great powers in teaching large classes of young men at Paris. Very little is known of his useful life.

The first mention of Guildford is in the will of Alfred the Great, who bequeathed it to his nephew. The castle was taken by the French aiding the Barons against King John. The Abbot's Hospital was built and endowed by Archbishop Abbot, who was a native, the son of a weaver. This town is on what is called the 'Hog's Back.' This is a very curious narrow ridge of chalk, running for six miles.

The walnut-trees at Norbury Park, in Mickleham, are supposed to exceed in number those in any other part of England. As much as 600*l.* worth of walnuts have been gathered in the park in one season.

Farnham has the Bishop of Winchester's residence; it is of brick, covered with stucco. The town is noted for its hops. Close by is Moor Park. Under the sundial is Sir W. Temple's heart—the rest of him is in Westminster Abbey. The famous Dean Swift was engaged by Temple to write his letters, &c. The gardens and grounds of Moor Park were very beautiful; and a boy named Cobbett, an innkeeper's son, used to rejoice at the sight of them. He became a Member of Parliament and a wonderful writer, and his works had a large sale.

Near Farnham is Waverley Abbey, in a broad green meadow, nearly surrounded by the Wey. It gave their name to the *Waverley Novels*. The stones of the old Abbey form the wings of Waverley House. The legend is, that figures of the twelve Apostles, in solid silver, are yet hidden at Waverley. 'I have never seen a garden equal to that of Waverley,' says Cobbett. 'Ten families, large as they might be, including troops of servants, could not have consumed the fruit produced in that garden.' The 'Devil's Punch-bowl' is a remarkable hollow on Hindhead Common, and round it the road to Portsmouth winds for nearly a mile.

In the vestry of Frensham Church is a large copper caldron, over which generations of antiquaries have scratched their heads in vain. What was the caldron made for?

One sometimes wonders how such names as Bagshot came into being. A bag of shot we can understand; but why a heath, a park, and a hall, should be so called, we cannot imagine: but perhaps it does not matter. The park is royal property, and the heath feeds some sheep—but that brings us no nearer to the secret.

There is a pretty poem called *Cooper's Hill*, the work of Denham, of Egham. He thus describes the Thames:—

'But, God-like, his unweared bounty flows,
First loves to do, then loves the good he does;
O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear: though gentle, yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.'

Near this place is Runnymead, famous as the spot where the Barons compelled the King to sign the Magna Charta, or paper of national liberties.

At Chertsey Abbey was buried the body of the unfortunate Henry VI., 'without priest or clerk, torch or taper, singing or saying,' as it is asserted by some one. The street roads of Chertsey were made of the Abbey stones. 'I left those ruins,' says Dr. Stukeley, 'with a sigh for the loss of so much national magnificence and national history. Dreadful was that storm which spared not at least the churches, libraries, painted glass, monuments, and manuscripts.' The old Abbey bell still sounds in the ears of the Chertsey people. As Albert Smith (a native), says, 'It roused the hind from slumber to his daily toils; and at evening it pealed out the solemn curfew, which carried its voice of rest far over the broad expanse of wooded hill and rich pasture that then surrounded the monastery.'

Oatlands has been the seat of Kings and Queens. Then it came to the Duke of Newcastle, who spent the enormous sum of 40,000*l.* on a grotto. At Esher was made the first English brass. Here is Claremont, another royal residence. Cæsar crossed the Thames at Walton-on-Thames, when pursuing Cassibelaunus. The Mole, which gives its name to Molesey, passes through some beautiful scenery, and near Box Hill is sometimes lost. Hence the name of Mole. At Kingston, Lord F. Villiers was slain in a

futile attempt to revive the royal cause. Here, in older times, the Saxon kings were often crowned. The stone on which they were seated is railed in near Queen Anne's statue.

The famous Richmond, or Sheen (so called for its splendour), is so pleasant, that kings have often chosen it for a home. Henry VII. changed the name of Sheen into his own name of Richmond. Henry VIII. allowed Wolsey to live in it, in return for his 'present' of Hampton Court. So, Wolsey's enemies said, 'A butcher's dogge doth lie in the manor of Richmond.' Few places, except Windsor, are so connected with royalty as this. Here Thomson wrote his *Seasons*, and here he is buried. His study is kept as it was. Sir Joshua Reynolds' house is on Richmond Hill, where, in Thomson's words,

'The goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams.'

All sorts and sizes of grandees live on the hill, for the sake of its lovely views. Collins the poet, and Gainsborough the artist, also resided here.

Returning for a moment to the old palace, we may mention that it was here Queen Elizabeth breathed her last. Poor Queen! Her end was one of the saddest in our history. On a little hill close by, strange to say, her father Henry stood, watching for the ascent of a rocket from the Tower which was to announce her mother's (Anne of Boleyn) death.

Cromwell lived at Mortlake, and Ireton too. Two astrologers are buried in the church—Dee, Queen Elizabeth's friend, and Partridge, the Almanack maker, so ludicrously lampooned by Dean Swift. Most of the family of George III. were born at Kew. The organ in the church is that king's gift. The famous gardens were begun by his parents. Many interesting specimens are here, a sprig of willow from Bonaparte's tomb at St. Helena has grown into a tree.

A bridge of boats was thrown across the Thames at Putney by Fairfax, and it was the head-quarters of the army in 1647. Gibbons, the historian, was born here. There used to be a telegraph of the old sort from Putney to Portsmouth. At the Communion Table of this church Cromwell used to hold his councils of war. Pitt died at the Bowling-green House. At Barnes, a man named Rose left 20*l.* to the poor, on condition that rose-trees were kept planted round his grave.

French hat-makers, driven out of their own country by tyranny, settled at Wandsworth, and started a trade in hats, which still exists. 'Dog Smith' left property for poor clergymen, poor soldiers, captives, and other miserable people. He was a good dog, that. There used to be a timber priory at Merton, turned afterwards into a stone one. Here, the famous *Statutes of Merton* were passed. The Bishops, having proposed to supersede the common law by the church or canon law, were met by the Barons, thundering out *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari!*—*i.e.* 'We will not have the laws of England altered.' If any monk of Merton went hunting, he was punished by having nothing but bread and ale for six holidays.

(*Concluded at page* 246.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

AN ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

198. I HIRED a man some work to do,
The times were anything but good,
And he was not too fond, I knew,
Of doing all he could.
Said I to him, as he began
To brandish bill and spade,
'When you have done your task, my man,
The money shall be paid;
But, mark—two shillings shall be *thine*
Each day you come and work for me,
And you shall forfeit pennies nine
Each day you don't.' 'Agreed,' said he.

Of each three days he idled one,
Until the task was fully done:
And when I paid my man that night
For all his digging and his billing,
I tendered him two sovereigns bright,
And he returned a shilling.

Now, say what time he spent, my boy,
From first to last, in my employ? G. S. O.

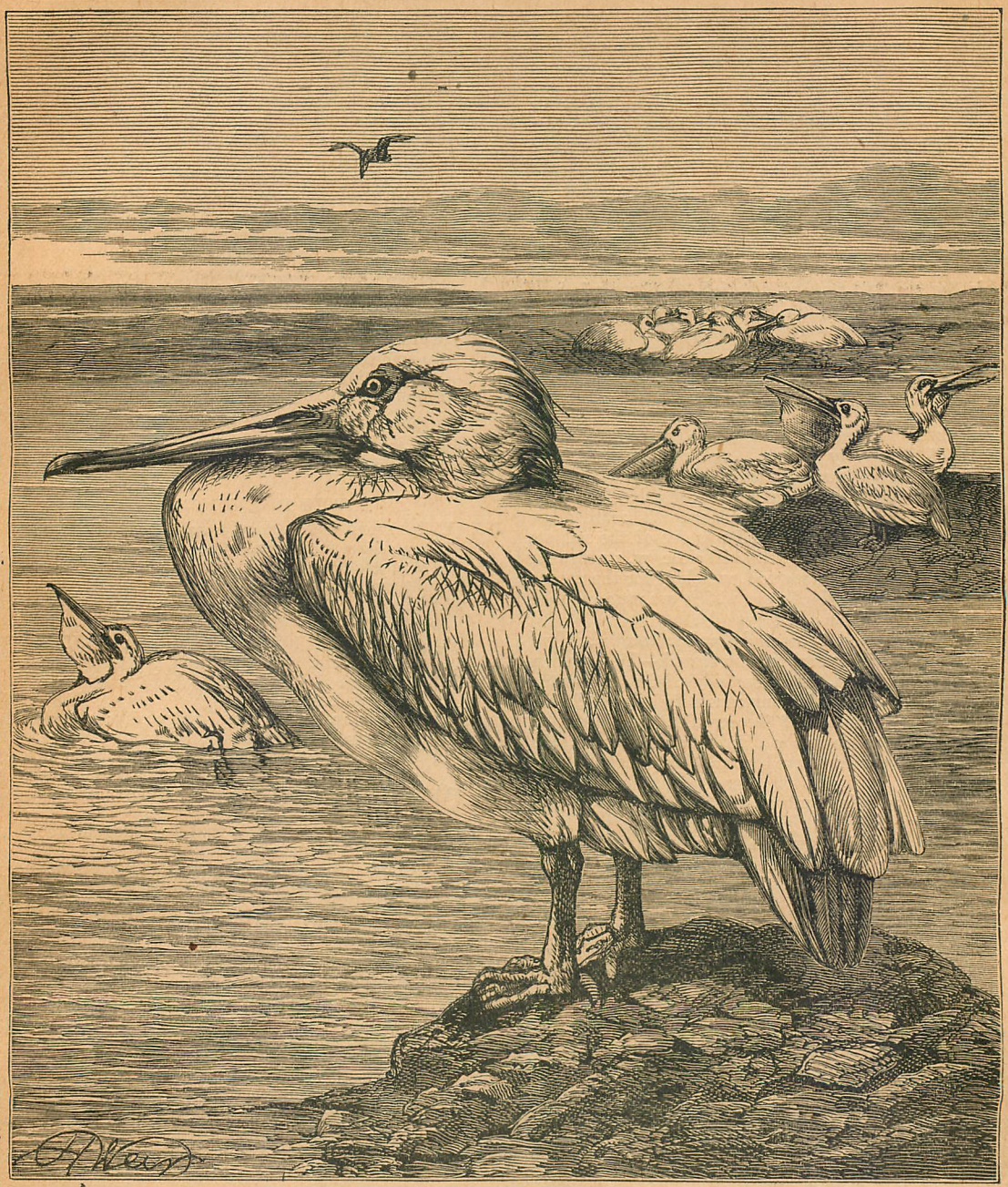
TOWNS IN RIDDLES.

199. (1.) A KIND of pudding and a great body of water; a village in Surrey.
(2.) A circle and a thick plantation of trees; a town in Hampshire.
(3.) Vixens and a mournful ceremony; a town in Shropshire.
(4.) A novelty and red wine; a town in Monmouthshire.
(5.) A graceful bird and a great body of water; a town in South Wales.
(6.) One of the human race, and a city; a large manufacturing town.
(7.) The centre, and a heavy weight; a town in Lancashire.
(8.) Employment, and something soaked; a town in Nottinghamshire.
(9.) To ride on horseback, and to place in the earth; a town in Kent.
(10.) A bird and a valley; a town in Lincolnshire.
(11.) A popular game and winter sports; a town in Herts.
(12.) Hostility, and part of a candle; a county town.
(13.) One of the organs of the body, and standing water; a town in Lancashire.
(14.) A command to stop, and what boys do; a town in Northumberland.
(15.) To part, and what sailors delight to see; a town in Durham.
(16.) Conversation and a favourite joint; a town in Kent.
(17.) An agricultural instrument, and an entrance; a town in Yorkshire.
(18.) To move quickly, and a necessary of life; a town in Cheshire.

BURIED TOWNS.

200. IN going past the arches Terence found a watch.
201. THE officer will tell eight men off for this duty.
202. I WISH I were quit of this troublesome fellow.
203. THE little dog sleeps on the rug by my bedside.
204. HE found that hamper useful in the country.
205. THE people rushed from every house in the street.

[*Answers at page* 255.]



PELICANS.

THE pelican is a seashore bird found in many parts of Asia, Africa, and Europe. Its plumage is nearly all white, and its wings sometimes measure as much as twelve feet across when stretched full out. The most curious feature in the pelican is the pouch in its throat, where it stores away its food until the hour for eating comes round.

The pelican may often be seen on the ledge of a rock, a little above the water, sitting in pensive silence during the whole day. From time to time, when a fish comes within its reach, it darts its bill into the water and seldom fails to secure its prey; the unlucky fish is then dropped into its pouch, and the bird becomes still and silent again, until the time comes, when it flies away to some lonely spot to feast on the contents of its pouch.

Fight between a Rat and a Cobra.

FIGHT BETWEEN A RAT AND A COBRA.

IN the life of Frank Buckland, the great naturalist, we find the following interesting anecdote, which states how he nearly lost his life from the poison of a cobra. The incident occurred at the Zoological Gardens, London. 'I once had painful experience,' says Mr. Frank Buckland, 'of the awful effects of snakes' poison. I have received a dose of the cobra's poison into my system; luckily a minute dose, or I should not have survived it. The accident happened in a curious way. I was poisoned by the snake, but not bitten by him; I got the poison secondhand. Anxious to witness the effects of the poison of the cobra upon a rat, I took up a couple in a bag alive to a certain cobra. I took one rat out of the bag and put him into the cage with the snake. The cobra was coiled up among the stones in the centre of the cage, apparently asleep. When he heard the noise of the rat falling into the cage, he just looked up and put out his tongue, hissing at the same time. The rat got into a corner and began washing himself, keeping one eye on the snake. Presently he ran across the snake's body, and in an instant the latter assumed his fighting attitude. As the rat passed the snake made a dart, but missing his aim, hit his nose a pretty hard blow against the side of the cage. This accident seemed to anger him, for he spread out his crest, and waved it to and fro in the beautiful manner peculiar to his kind. The rat became alarmed and ran near him again. Again the cobra made a dart and hit him, but did not, I think, inject any poison into him, the rat being so very active; at least no symptoms of poisoning were shown. The bite, nevertheless, aroused the ire of the rat, for he gathered himself up for a spring, and measuring his distance, sprang right on to the neck of the cobra, who was waving about in front of him. This plucky rat, determined to die hard, gave the cobra two or three severe bites in the neck; the snake keeping his body erect all the time, and trying to turn his head round to bite the rat, who was clinging on like the old man in *Sindbad the Sailor*. Soon, however, the cobra changed his tactics. Tired, possibly, with sustaining the weight of the rat, he lowered his head, and the rat finding himself again on the floor, tried to run away; not so, for the snake, collecting all his force, brought down his erected poison fangs, making his head felt by its weight in giving vigour to the blow, right on the body of the rat. This poor beast now seemed to know that the fight was over, and that he was conquered. He retired to a corner of the cage, and began panting violently. His eyes were widely dilated, and his mouth open as if gasping for breath. The cobra stood erect over him, hissing and putting out his tongue as if conscious of victory. In about three minutes the rat fell quietly on his side and expired. The cobra then moved off and took no further notice of his defunct enemy.

About ten minutes afterwards the rat was hooked out of the cage for me to examine. No external wound could I see anywhere, so I took out my knife and began taking the skin off the rat. I soon discovered two very minute punctures, like small needle holes, in the side of the rat where the fangs of the snake had entered. The parts between the skin and the flesh, and the flesh itself, appeared as though affected with mortification, even though the wound had not been inflicted above a quarter of an hour, if so much. Anxious to see if the skin itself was affected, I scraped away the parts on it with my finger nail. Finding nothing but the punctures, I threw the rat away, and put the knife and skin in my pocket, and started to go away. I had not walked a hundred yards before, all of a sudden, I felt just as if somebody had come behind me and struck me a severe blow on the head and neck, and at the same time I experienced a most acute pain and sense of oppression at the chest, as though a hot iron had been run in and a hundredweight put on the top of it. I knew instantly, from what I had read, that I was poisoned. I said as much to my friend, a most intelligent gentleman, who happened to be with me, and told him, if I fell, to give me brandy and *eau-de-luce*, words which he kept repeating in case he might forget them. At the same time I enjoined him to keep me going, and not on any account to allow me to lie down. I then forgot everything for several minutes, and my friend tells me I rolled about as if very faint and weak. He also informs me that the first thing I did was to fall against him, asking him if I looked seedy. He most wisely answered, 'No, you look very well.' I don't think he thought so, for his own face was as white as a ghost; I recollect this much. He tells me my face was of a greenish yellow colour. After walking, or rather staggering along for some minutes, I gradually recovered my senses, and steered for the nearest chemist's shop. Rushing in, I asked for *eau-de-luce*. Of course he had none, but my eye caught the words *Spiritus ammoniæ*, or hartshorn, on a bottle. I reached it down myself, and pouring a large quantity into a tumbler with a little water, both of which articles I found on a soda-water stand in the shop, I drank it off, though it burnt my mouth and lips very much. Instantly I felt relief from the pain at the chest and head. The chemist stood aghast, and on my telling him what was the matter he recommended a warm bath. If I had then followed his advice, these words would never have been placed on record. After a second draught at the hartshorn bottle I proceeded on my way, feeling very stupid and confused. On arriving at my friend's residence, close by, he kindly procured me a bottle of brandy, of which I drank four large wine-glasses one after the other, but did not feel the least tipsy after the operation. Feeling nearly well I started on my way home, and then, for the first time, I felt a most acute pain under the nail of the left thumb; this pain also ran up the arm. I set to work to suck the wound, and I then found out how the poison had got into the system. About an hour before I examined the dead rat, I had been cleaning the nail with a penknife, and had slightly separated the nail from the skin beneath. Into this little crack the poison had got when I was scraping the rat's skin to examine the wound. How virulent, therefore, must the poison of the cobra be! It already had been circulated in the body of the rat, from which I had imbibed it second-hand.'

THE SLOW-PACED LEMUR.

AMONG the many peculiar animals found in the tropical forests of southern Asia, one of the most queer, but, at the same time, the most dangerous, is the slow-paced lemur, or loris.

His peculiarity lies in his resemblance to the cat and the monkey, while his movements might well class him as a kind of sloth-bear. In size he is about that of a small cat, with great staring eyes. His arms and legs are shaped the same as the monkey; the nails on his toes—or shall we say hind hands—are long and sharp.

Small as the creature is he is wonderfully strong, and his powerful jaws enable him to defend himself much better than many larger animals. His colour is brownish grey, and therein lies his dangerous qualities, for, as he is a tree-climber, you can hardly distinguish him, in the dim light of the forest, from the bark of the stems and branches, and plant-hunters are apt to put their hands upon him unexpectedly; in which case he clings firmly with his hands and legs, and will make his cruel teeth meet in your arm or leg, holding on with such tenacity that it takes a man's full force to tear him off, and it frequently becomes necessary to kill him outright before he can be made to let go his hold. When merely disturbed, he rolls himself into a ball like a hedgehog, remaining in that position till night, when he begins to crawl about.

I once had one brought to me clinging to part of the branch of a tree. It had been found impossible to force the animal from his hold, so the man who brought him had cut away the branch before and behind. With considerable difficulty, and amid much growling and spitting, I compelled the savage little brute to loose his hold, and dropped him into a packing-case, upon the top of which I placed a plank that was considered heavy enough to prevent him escaping; but I was awoke in the night by hearing him crawling about the room. Unluckily the night-lamp had burnt out, and the place was in darkness, and, judging by the sound of his movements, he was between me and the door. Sitting up in bed I listened attentively, not without apprehension, for the creature moved so silently that I could only occasionally detect his whereabouts. At length a decided tug at the counterpane near the foot of the bed made me jump out and dash for the door, but on reaching the veranda my position was not much improved, as I could not re-enter the room, and so stood shivering in my night clothes, it being the cold weather. My shouts at last brought up one of the horsekeepers with a torch, and upon searching the room we found the lemur had made good his lodging in my bed, from which we had considerable trouble in removing him, and still more in securing him in his box. If I had been a sound sleeper, and not awoke till the animal had climbed into the bed, I should most probably have received some serious wounds.

W. O.

GUESSING STORY.

PEOPLE may say what they like about the sky-lark, and write poems to him, and praise him for poising himself so long in the air, and for singing away in those high latitudes; but I maintain that I am a bird of a superior order altogether.

He is a plain fellow to look at, while my plumage is generally of gold. I can do much more useful things than singing, as I shall soon prove to you. Instead of making a noise, I hold my tongue and attend to my business. If he can keep himself poised in the air long enough to sing a song of his own composition (much too high-flying a style of music for my taste, by the way), I can keep my perch up aloft for scores of years.

You may believe I am a very religious bird when I tell you that churches are my favourite buildings. I do not consider a church complete without my presence. I am not dependent on food like other bipeds, but I simply live on air.

I look down on birds, beasts, and fishes, even on man himself, from my height of superiority; yet I do not disdain to instruct his ignorance. He, poor, stupid fellow! requires six-and-twenty letters to enable him to express his meaning. I am so clever that I can easily manage with four.

Most people have the sense to take an interest in what I teach them, but my instructions are most valued by invalids, sailors, and farmers. They are accustomed to consult me before making their arrangements, and thus save themselves from the risks of sickness, danger, and ruin.

People have sometimes accused me of having no fixed principles, but perpetually shifting and changing and turning from one side to another. But to say the truth, I am completely at the command of a powerful master, and I am bound to follow my leader.

I am an old bachelor, with no wish to bother myself with a wife and family. If I am solitary as the phœnix, I assure you I much prefer my own company.

If I gave up my solitude and came down to visit you, by what name would you introduce me to your friends?

E. C. RICKARDS.

OUT WHALING IN THE ARCTIC SEAS.

(*Continued from page* 236.)

THE whale we were fast to would, if captured, fill up what we needed in the oil line, and leave us free to prosecute the seal-fishery with which the voyage was to terminate; thus, to cut the line and allow him to get off seemed hard, but then the probability of disaster that was certain if we came in contact with the ice, at the awful pace at which he continued to drag us through the water, had to be taken into consideration.

For a moment the officer hesitated, then prudence prevailed; but alas! too late, for on the order being

given to cut, the axeman, in his haste, made an awkward blow, the rope turned the edge of the implement which flew overboard out of the man's hand, the whale dived under the ice without slackening his pace, and with a terrific crash the boat struck the floe, the shock throwing her high into the air as she turned a complete somersault.

I have a confused recollection of men, oars, harpoons and splinters, hurled through space, and then, coming down with a tremendous thud on the rough surface ice—I remember no more. The cold air, I suppose, brought us to our senses quicker than anything else; but, for some minutes after recovering consciousness, I could neither make out where I really was or what had happened; then, staggering to my feet, I became aware that, though severely bruised and bleeding from more than one severe cut on the head, I was otherwise unhurt. Several of the men had by this time regained their legs, but the axeman and chief officer were both missing, two of the boat's crew lay motionless, as if dead, and one poor fellow with both arms broken was huddled up near a projecting block of ice, against which he appeared to have been hurled.

We soon ascertained that the apparently dead were suffering from concussion of the brain, so, doing all we could under the circumstances to allay the sufferings of the man whose limbs were broken, we looked about for our two missing companions, but could find no trace of them. In the open water beyond the floe the whale was in the death flurry, and had wound the line round and round himself as he rolled over in his struggles. Hull down to the south, the ship was slowly making towards us, but the wind was too light for her to make much progress; of the boats we could see nothing, and as the short but inclement polar summer night was setting in our prospects were gloomy enough. The fragments of the boat lay scattered about, and, more for the want of occupation than anything else, we set about collecting them, one of the men while so engaged uttering a cry of joy on finding a couple of rockets, fortunately uninjured. While congratulating one another on thus obtaining the means of guiding our comrades to our rescue, down came the thick, dense Arctic fog which, with the increasing darkness, compelled us to gather close together, as, if we moved about in the obscurity, there was the danger of falling over the edge of the floe.

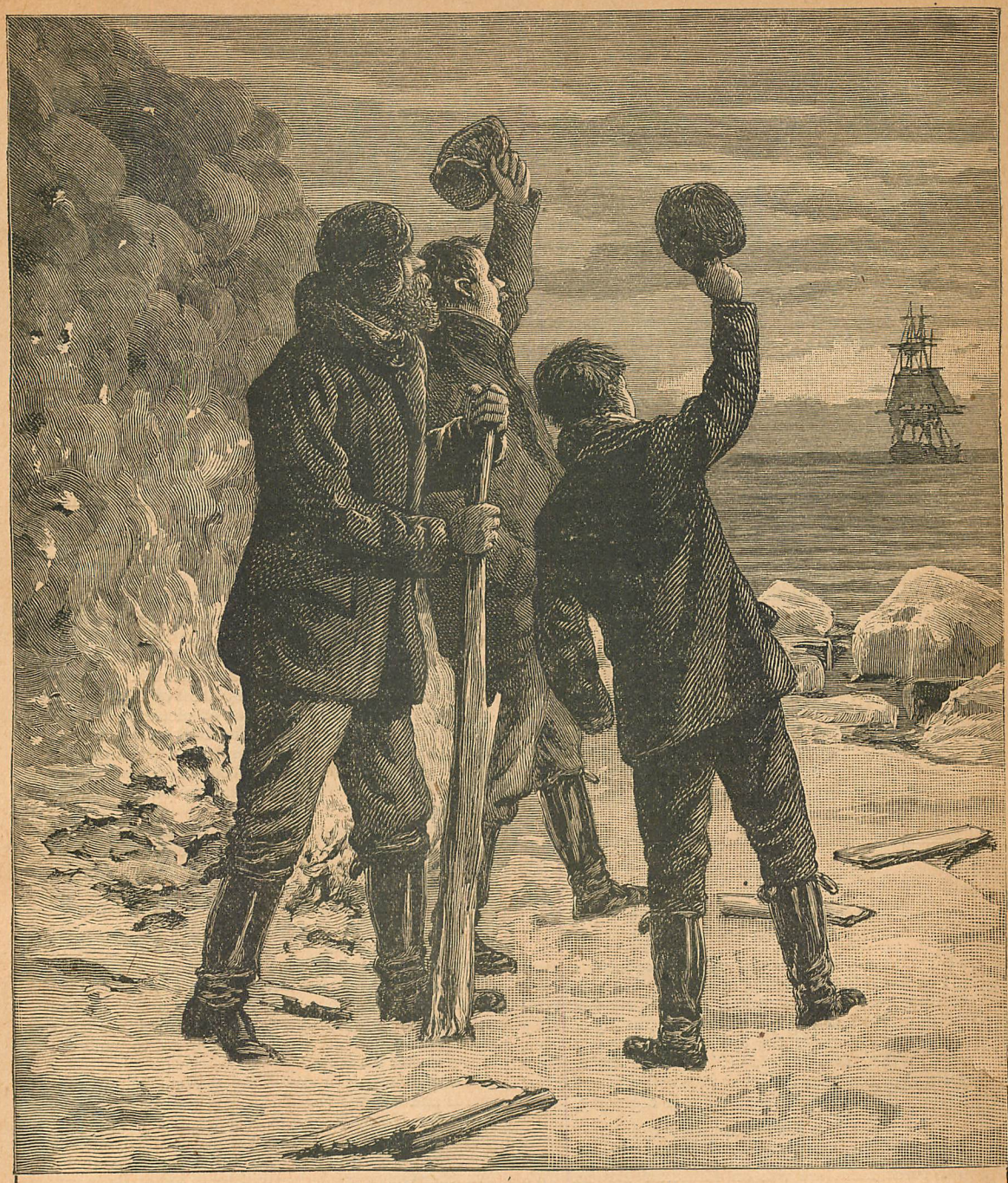
To add to our perplexity, the wind, after dying away, changed to the north, and the sea getting up caused the floe to rock and roll to such an extent that, despite the bitter cold, we were forced to sit down with nothing between us and the ice but such fragments of the splintered boat as we could lay our hands on. And so slowly passed the two hours; but how long they seemed to us, only those who have experienced a similar predicament can imagine. Day broke at last, but, though the wind continued, the fog did not clear off, and the pangs of hunger now added to our distress. We had no means of ascertaining the time, as the sun, which would have told us, was obscured; a hundred wild suggestions were made, but all were impossible: the broken portions of the boat were far too small for forming a raft, and, to trust ourselves in the water, supported by oars, though one man did mention that, was but courting death' for we knew not in what direction the ship lay, and half-an-hour in the freezing water would have killed the stoutest among us.

At last a happy thought struck one of the men, who proposed that, as the pieces of the boat were no longer of use they should be heaped together for a fire; this was quickly acted upon, and husbanding our fuel we reckoned that it would last for at least twenty-four hours. The crackling fire put new life into us, our hopes revived, and though unable to assist the three injured men, we made a plank bed for them. For some time I had been looking at what appeared to me to be a darker bank of fog upon the opposite edge of the floe, and as the flames would, I thought, guide me back, I determined to crawl closer to it and see what it really might be. On announcing my intention a man suggested that, to make matters quite safe, I should pass the spare line—which had been saved—fast round my waist, in case I lost myself in the fog or fell over the floe edge; this I did, and set out.

A very few minutes brought me sufficiently close to find that the dark object was the dead whale, the glad news of which I shouted to my comrades. Glad news indeed, for, as the lances had been saved we could now make sure of satisfying our hunger, though it was but upon whale's blubber. Three or four men were soon on the carcase, and in a very short time strips of the oily substance were sputtering over the fire, which rough cookery took somewhat of the fishy, rank taste out of it; the outer skin we used for replenishing our fire, and, unless the floe broke suddenly up, we felt sure of being shortly rescued; but as the darkness set in, I must confess, I hardly shared the hopeful anticipations of my companions, and looked forward with gloomy forebodings to another night on the ice. As far as we could judge it was near midnight when the fog began to disperse, and when it rolled off up went one of our rockets, and lump after lump of the blubber was thrown on the flames.

Straining our eyes and ears we waited the result, but no response came. Suddenly one man, pointing to the north, bid us note a faint glare. Could it be a blue light or merely the flickering of the aurora? Oh, how anxiously we watched! At length the distant boom of a gun came across the water, and as it reached our ears a rocket rose upward, telling us that our whereabouts had been found. Mingled with congratulations came the half-expressed fears of the fog again enveloping us; but as the wind was favourable we prayed that, ere long, the ship might be within hail. Cutting off more blubber we soon had a brilliant beacon to guide our rescuers, but, anxious as we were, it seemed as if daylight would never come. It came at last, and with what shouts of joy did we greet the sight of our noble vessel, now within a mile of us, our fire having proved the means of saving our lives, for, as we afterwards found, our rocket had not been seen, and at the moment the reflection of our flames showed our position the Captain was about to give up the search in despair.

Though deeply deploring the loss of the chief officer and the axeman, the crew were thankful for our rescue. As for our wounded companions and ourselves, we were soon comfortably between the



"With shouts of joy we sighted our vessel."

blankets, where a nearly twelve hours' sleep completely restored us, and none suffered in any way from the forty-eight hours' exposure we had undergone. During our long sleep the whale had been cut up, 'tried down,' that is, the oil extracted, casked, and stowed; and when we came on deck we found a number of heavy mallets were having handles fixed to them by one set of men, while others were busily sharpening the skinning knives for our new business of seal capture. In securing these amphibious animals neither guns or lances must be used, as such would injure the skin, so the creature has to be killed by blows on the head with the mallets.

The *Pentland's* course was now altered to the N.W. as our hunting-ground lay on the Greenland coast to the right of Davis' Straits, and as we made towards it the cold became more intense, the fogs denser, the ice thicker, and altogether we seemed

to be taking leave of the habitable world. Yet, as dangers thickened, the only grave man on board was the Captain, as he alone had the responsibility to think of; and the slightest error in judgment on his part might result in our having to spend the dark winter in these inhospitable regions, or get the ship entangled in the ice, by which she might be crushed, the results of our two months' labour lost, and, perhaps, all our lives sacrificed. The crew, sailor-like, trusted entirely to him and merely thought of the present, one or two of the more thrifty among them making occasional calculations as to what their share might amount to on the termination of the voyage.

The ship was carefully prepared for bad weather; heavy fenders of wood were placed in readiness to be lowered over the side in case of the drift encircling us; all the light spars and sails were brought from aloft and stowed below, and the vessel kept as close in shore as could be done with safety, in case it became necessary to take refuge in one of the numerous bays to avoid the icebergs that come down these straits from the Polar Sea in grand but overwhelming processions, sweeping all before them with irresistible force.

We had an opportunity of seeing how helpless man is when battling against the forces of nature, as shortly after making the land, our experienced Captain, from certain signs, became aware that a rush of ice might be expected; so the ship's head was put towards a rocky headland that afforded a secure buttress against the on-coming mass of ice, and within an hour we were safe under its shelter; so close, indeed, that it became necessary to run out a light stern anchor to prevent the ship's side grazing against the rocky wall—the water being some ten fathoms deep close in shore.

(*Concluded at page* 251.)

COUNTY CHATS.

No. XXXV.—SURREY.

(*Concluded from p.* 239.)

AT Cheam was the palace of Nonsuch, a very splendid and highly decorated pile, the abode of Royalty for several reigns. Out of six vicars between 1581 and 1662 five became Bishops. They were, you see, under the eye of their royal master, and so they rose into fame. We are not far now from Epsom, where the great race called 'the Derby' is run. In the church is an epitaph beginning,

'Here lies the carcase
Of honest Charles Parkhurst.'

The great races are run on Banstead Downs. We must tarry a moment at Croydon. It used to 'have herbage for all manner of cattle, and mastage for swine without stint.' The Archbishops used to live here for many centuries, and sometimes gave banquets to the Sovereign. The palace became a calico manufactory. The present Archbishop lives at Addington, about three miles off. Croydon Church is the finest in the county, and has many splendid monuments. The windows used to be full of stained glass, but Cromwell's soldiers smashed them. 'A man named Blepe was hired at half-a-crown a day to break the rich stained windows of Croydon Church.' The Archbishops have left, many of them, schools and hospitals behind them. The manor of Addington was given by the Conqueror to his cook Tezelin; and the Archbishop still has to present to the King a mess of pottage on the day of his coronation.

The roses which grow at Mitcham are made into Rowland's Kalydor; and here, too, is the trout-stream so highly praised by old Izaac Walton, along the banks of which Dr. Donne used to pace and meditate on eternity. He had once a dream. He was at Paris, and he saw his wife, then in England, entering his bed-room with a dead child in her arms. And he heard soon after that one of his children was dead.

Norwood is a pleasant spot, once covered thickly with oaks (which provided the 'mastage for swine without stint'). It is now built over with pleasant homes, and among them soars up the wondrous glittering dome of that truly national holiday ground, the Crystal Palace.

Streatham is the town on the Roman road called 'Stone Street.' Here Dr. Johnson wrote his *Tour to the Highlands*, and a new edition of his *Dictionary*. The epitaphs to his friends Thrale and Piozzi are by the Doctor's hand. And the summer-house where he wrote is still preserved.

The College, called 'the College of God's Gift,' is the most noticeable thing at Dulwich. It was founded by Alleyne, the leading actor of his day. It is famed for its fine collection of pictures, some of which the founder gave. The bulk of them were, however, given by Sir F. Bourgeois, a Swiss painter, who received the collection from his dearest friend, Noël Desenfans. The two friends are buried together at Dulwich.

Battersea is now a huge place. Its market gardens are being fast swallowed up by the jaws of brick and mortar. In the old Hall lived Lord Bolingbroke. He was a dissipated youth, a disgraced man, and an exile. By a bribe of 11,000*l.* he obtained a pardon, and after several changes of abode settled down at Battersea. He left his papers, many of them written against the Christian religion, to David Mallett, which caused Dr. Johnson to say, 'Having loaded a blunderbuss against Christianity, he had not the courage to discharge it himself, but left half a crown to a hungry Scotchman to pull the trigger after his death.'

Bermondsey is a low-lying parish, full of tan-yards and wharfs, &c. In the old abbey, Katherine, queen of Henry V. and mother of Henry VI., spent her latter days. Two days before she died her son sent her a beautiful crucifix, set with precious stones. Another Queen made her will, and died at Bermondsey. This was Elizabeth, widow of Edward IV. and the ever-mournful mother of the two princes who were murdered in the Tower. In consequence of a rising against Henry VII, that jealous prince made the Queen-dowager a close prisoner at Bermondsey, though she was his wife's mother. In her will are these touching words: 'Whereas I have no worldly goods to do the Queen, my dearest daughter, a pleasure with, I beseech Almighty God to bless her Grace with all her noble issue, &c.' Some time

ago, when workmen were busy in the royal vaults at Windsor, they came on a stone coffin, buried fifteen feet below the surface. It contained the remains of the prisoner of Bermondsey, once Queen Elizabeth Woodville.

We are now in Southwark, once a village, but now an overgrown borough, which has spread until it has united with the other villages from Greenwich to Battersea. All sorts of things are made here. Here is Bedlam, the famous lunatic asylum. The sign of 'Tumbledown Dick' in High Street, meant Richard Cromwell. The Talbot Inn stands on the site of the old Tabard, whence Chaucer's pilgrims started for Canterbury. Southwark bridge is of iron. The middle arch is 240 feet in span. The Marshalsea, a famous old prison in which Bishop Bonner died, is gone. The 'Dog and Duck' Inn was in St. George's Fields—fields no more. Here, the Lord Mayor met Charles II. at the Restoration. Queen Elizabeth and James I. used to come to Southwark to enjoy the sport of bear-baiting.

Lambeth Palace deserves a few words. The Pope ordered Boniface of Canterbury to rebuild it, in 1262, because he had been a 'cruel smiter,' and a tyrant. The best known part of the palace is the 'Lollards' Tower.' Here, many prisoners have been confined, and some of their sentences and names are yet to be seen scratched on the chimney stone. All the rest of the chamber is wainscoted with thick oak.

The Archbishop's dole is distributed at the great gate of the palace to thirty poor widows, three days in the week.

The palace was partly burnt by Wat Tyler's mob, and sold in 1648 by order of the Parliament. Archbishop Horsley spent 55,000*l.* on new buildings.

At Kennington Cross, or near it, was a royal palace. Here was a show or mummery, made by the citizens of London for the amusement of Richard II. It took place in the night, which was, however, brightened by the shining of countless waxen torches. One hundred and thirty citizens took part in it, with sound of trumpet, harp, sackbut, and cornet. They rode from Newgate, through Cheapside, and over the bridge. There were forty-eight Esquires in red: forty-eight Knights, ditto; an Emperor, a Pope, and twenty-four Cardinals. The mummers played whist, or some other game, with the Prince, and the Prince always was on the winning side. His gains were a bowl, cup, and ring of gold. This was the citizens' way of making presents to their youthful Sovereign.

Ham House, at Petersham, was the meeting-place of the famous C. A. B. A. L. The Countess of Dysart furnished this house at a great cost in Charles the Second's reign, and many things yet in it remind us of those days. Here is a folio Prayer-book, with the royal arms, presented by Charles II. Here is also Lady Rachael Russell's Prayer-book. The Cabal held its meetings in a certain room, still called 'the Cabal chamber.' It is hung with tapestry. The members of the Cabal were C, for Clifford; A, for Ashley; B, for Buckingham; A, for Arlington; L, for Lauderdale. To these five men, not very scrupulous, did King Charles give up the management of his affairs, much to the discontent of the nation. So much for Ham House, and Surrey generally. G. S. O.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

AN ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

206. I LOST my purse—from ten to four
The village crier cried it;
He offered much; then offered more,
Said he, 'Who does the purse restore
May buy a horse and ride it.'

But when he proffered, in my name,
To set a man on horseback,
That was the crier's little game
To get my missing purse back.
The purse I offered; but in vain,
I never saw its face again:—
Now, tell me, ye who read my verse,
What was *the value of* that purse?

The *money to the purse*, you see,
In worth was *nine to two*,
The money, *florins thirty-three*,
With copper coins a few:
That silver, by *one gross* divided,
Will give the *copper's worth* inside it.

G. S. O.

AMPUTATIONS.

207. WHAT German principality beheaded becomes a seaport town of Arabia?

208. WHAT Scotch city curtailed becomes saucy?

209. WHAT islands beheaded become a lazy insect?

210. WHAT English port curtailed becomes a bird?

A TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

211. TAKE the centre of sight,
A wanderer by night,
What cheese-eaters fancy,
The short for fair Nancy,
Something easily cracked,
And a sermon or tract;
The *initials* will show you a country of fame,
The *centrals* and *finals* two towns in the same.

A DOUBLY SQUARE WORD.

212. SQUARE the word 'mile' so that the words read from the opposite corner shall be respectively the same.

[*Answers at page* 255.]

THE BULLFINCH.

A BULLFINCH is a very pretty little bird. No doubt you have seen one, but did you ever hear of a piping bullfinch? A piping bullfinch is one that has been taught to pipe or whistle pretty tunes. This is done in Germany, a land some way off, where they have a way of teaching them. I do not know all the plans they may use to teach them, but I have heard that they keep them in the dark a great deal, and sing or whistle to them the same tune over and over again, till the bullfinch, hearing it so often, learns to pipe it too. They keep the bullfinch in the dark while they whistle to it, because when it cannot see anything it is more likely to listen to and learn the tune. Sometimes a bullfinch can only learn one tune, but some learn two or three. When they can pipe their tunes quite well they are sold, and people often give a good deal of money for them.

A friend of mine had a piping bullfinch of which he was very fond. It was very fond of him, too,

The Bullfinch.

and he was the only person for whom it would sing. It did not like any one else; above all, it could not bear women, and would fly into a great rage if a woman went near its cage. Sometimes the ladies of the house would put on a hat and go up to him, and for a few minutes Bullie was taken in, but when he found out the trick he flew into a greater rage than ever.

Bullie used to hop about after his master from one room to the other, and would hop up his legs and body till he sat on his shoulder, and then peck and pull at his whiskers and sing to him.

But poor little Bullie did not live very long. One day he was found dead at the bottom of his cage, to the great grief of his master, and I am sure also of the ladies to whom he had been so rude.

An Industrious Mouse.

AN INDUSTRIOUS MOUSE.

SOME years ago a gentleman made a strange discovery in his garden. This was a mouse's nest, in which a winter's store of 1329 filbert nuts had been secreted by the industrious little animal. They measured half a peck, and weighed six pounds. Whether all this pleasant provender was intended for his own use, or whether he had to provide for the wants of a wife and family, is not stated, but one can only hope that the owner of the garden did not think it necessary to rob his little guest of his carefully gathered store.

D. B. McKean.

WHO'S TO PAY?

CHAPTER I.

ONE evening, three young, light-hearted fellows, met at a fashionable eating-house. It so happened that each thought one of the others had money in his pocket, but each at that particular time was penniless. A very capital dinner was ordered. Tom named the soup and fish, Harry selected the joint and sweets, and Dick, who thought himself a judge of wine, chose the sherry, and a bottle of dry crusted port to top up with. A jolly trio they were, good were their appetites, and the waiter thought thus, 'Master won't make as much out of you as out of that old gent yonder, who seems to be more taken up with watching eaters than eating himself.

At length the dishes of dessert are swept bare, the bottles are empty, and the waiter waits with the bill. Three dinners, so much; wine, so much; waiter, what you please to give.

There is a solemn pause. Dick is waiting for Harry, Tom for Dick, and Harry is evidently appraising the gas-burner. The waiter lays the bill on the table, and the young men examine it with great interest. Tom adds it up and makes it threepence too little, Dick casts it up and makes it sevenpence too much, Henry brings his science to bear on it and declares it is as right as a trivet. But adding up a bill will not pay it.

'Come, you chaps,' said Tom, 'I stood treat when we last met, and I haven't a farthing about me. I paid my landlady my last sixpence this morning.'

Dick immediately looked at Harry, and, slapping his pockets, declared he had not a rap, and Harry then crowned the debate by saying, 'Then, what in the world are we to do? I trusted to you, Tom, for you would come here; and also to you, Dick, for you insisted on dinner, when I was for something less expensive.'

The waiter saw there was something amiss, and he signalled to another waiter to guard the door, lest the three youths might slip out and so defraud his master. Blank were their faces; seldom did three young fellows look so puzzled before. To think of the disgrace! The whole three not to be worth a cent!

But help was near at hand. The old bald-headed gentleman, who had been toying with his fish and cutlet, was a very shrewd and benevolent man. He had had two fine sons, but they were dead and gone, and his one daughter was his 'sole remaining joy.' He was attracted by Tom, Dick, and Harry, for they were about the age of his own lads, and their merry chatter and bursts of laughter cheered while it saddened him. So, when the happy faces were darkened with trouble, he left his place and came to them.

'Young men,' said he, 'pardon the intrusion of an old traveller. I have seen much of the world, and have studied man, and I know from your faces you are up a tree. You have had a good dinner, and now you cannot pay the cook. Eh?'

With much confusion the youths had to admit it. Each one thought his comrade had enough to pay. They were accustomed to meet on holidays and enjoy themselves, and, as they were very great friends, sometimes one paid for the meat and drink and sometimes the other; but most unfortunately, said Tom and Dick, it was Harry's turn this time to be paymaster, and he could not come up to the scratch. It was most distressing.

'Well, my lads,' said Mr. Childe, 'it is well I chanced to be here, for I'm disposed to pay for your dinner, and I don't think any one else here would do it.'

It would have done you good to see how the dismal faces brightened up at this speech. It did Mr. Childe good, anyhow, and he felt repaid abundantly. He was well off, and what pleasure is there like helping people out of trouble?

'But,' continued the old gentleman, 'for there is a but in this case——'

Here he looked at them.

'What's that, sir?' asked Tom, Dick, and Harry, in a breath.

'I have a condition to make,' replied Mr. Childe.

'We'll agree to it,' said they.

'Look at me, then,' said Mr. Childe. 'I do not approve of three youths ordering a dinner they cannot pay for. If you, sir (addressing Tom), had been content with a cut from the joint; and you, sir (looking at Harry), had been content with a bit of cheese for your second course; and you, sir (turning to Dick), had ordered a draught of pale ale instead of that expensive wine, it would have been as well. I don't like extravagance in young people. I don't know what you have, or what you earn, but you ought to be well off to order such dinners as that I saw you enjoying.'

'We don't have such feeds every day,' said Tom.

'Very seldom indeed,' put in Dick.

'Hardly ever,' remarked Harry.

'I'm pleased to hear it,' replied Mr. Childe: 'but, really, young gentlemen who have no money ought never to have such dinners at all.'

'But we are not always without money,' said Tom.

'Never happened before,' observed Dick.

'Will never occur again,' said Harry.

'I hope not,' replied Mr. Childe. 'But, to correct your imprudence, I make a condition, which is that

each of you shall repay me the whole cost of the dinner, in this room, this day year, and punctually at this hour—twenty-five minutes past six.'

The three agreed to the proposal. A year was a long time, and the whole sum could be easily saved.

'I agree to your arrangement, sir,' said Tom.

'So do I,' and 'So do I,' said the others.

'Here, then, waiter, pay for my dinner, and that of my three young friends, out of this note.'

The waiter, much relieved, went and got the two bills receipted. Meanwhile, Mr. Childe solemnly reminded the lads of their promise, and said he should expect them to abide by it, or they would be false to their word and would never come to any good.

When the change for the note was brought, Mr. Childe took up his hat and went out, turning round and saying, 'Good night,' in a voice that meant great things.

After much talk about this strange event, and with many surmises as to who the kind old gentleman might be, the three friends separated. Each duly made that same night a memorandum in his pocket-book to this effect, 'October 17th, next year, at twenty-five minutes past six o'clock, I am to return to a gentleman, unknown by name, the sum of one pound two and sixpence, that being the sum he paid for our dinner.'

CHAPTER II.

THE year glided on, as all years do, and the month of October came round again. The three friends had not met so often of late; nay, since that memorable evening they had seen very little of one another. It so happened that their callings led them to different districts of the mammoth city, and it was only now and then that they came across each other's paths.

Henry went on the day appointed to pay his money to Mr. Childe. He had not seen either Tom or Dick since the summer. He found himself in the coffee-room at a quarter to six, and, being hungry, ordered a plain but substantial meal. While engaged with it, Mr. Childe walked into the room, nodded at Harry, and took a seat in silence.

When the minute-hand pointed to five, Harry rose and laid before the old gentleman a small parcel, neatly folded and sealed. It contained the money due for the dinner. Mr. Childe, having counted it, produced a receipt, ready signed, with a blank for Harry's name.

'What is your name?' asked he.

'Henry Parke.'

The name was duly entered and the receipt handed over, when Harry, for the first time, knew his benefactor was called Thomas Childe.

The minute-hand swept on, and at length the shrill notes of the clock were heard striking seven.

'Your friends are late, Mr. Parke,' said the old man. 'I like truth and honour, and hope they have not forgotten or mean to evade their promise.'

'Sir, I hope not, too, but I cannot say, for I have not seen them for several months. They are engaged, one in Highgate, the other near the Crystal Palace, and we do not meet so often now as we used to do.'

'Well,' said Mr. Childe, 'I will give them an hour, and if they don't come then I shall hold them faithless.'

Alas for Tom and Dick! The one remembered the day but had not the money. He quite meant to pay, and to the hour, but could not. The other had the money but forgot the day. He had torn out the leaf from his memorandum-book to light a cigar, and his impression was the day of payment was October 27th; so when he went, ten days later, to settle with Mr. Childe, he went in vain.

'My lad,' said Mr. Childe to Harry, after the hour was past, 'you, at least, are true and faithful, and I thank God when I meet with an upright man. Now, tell me, if you like, something about yourself.'

'Before I say anything about myself, sir, please let me say something in defence of my absent friends. I feel sure they will not back out of their debt to you. In fact, sir, if you will allow me,' said Harry, groping in his pockets, 'I will pay the account myself. I am sure I shall lose nothing by my old friends.'

'I like to see a man defend his absent comrades,' replied Mr. Childe; 'but I don't require you to pay for them. Yet a promise is a promise, and they ought to have been here. Now, go on about yourself.'

(*Continued at page* 258.)

OUT WHALING IN THE ARCTIC SEAS.

(*Concluded from page* 246.)

WE had hardly made ourselves secure when the movement of ice began. First came a crashing, crunching noise that grew louder and louder every minute; and shortly the hummucks, driven onward by the advancing bergs, came in view, pushed one on top of another, rolling, crunching, and splashing, as the huge mass behind pressed on. The sight and sound were most appalling, and I quite agreed with the remark of a man who said that 'we were well out of that.' As these broken fragments swept by they were succeeded by the icebergs, that swayed, nodded, and revolved as they passed on, like living monsters, their splendid crystal forms glistening like enormous diamonds in the sun's rays.

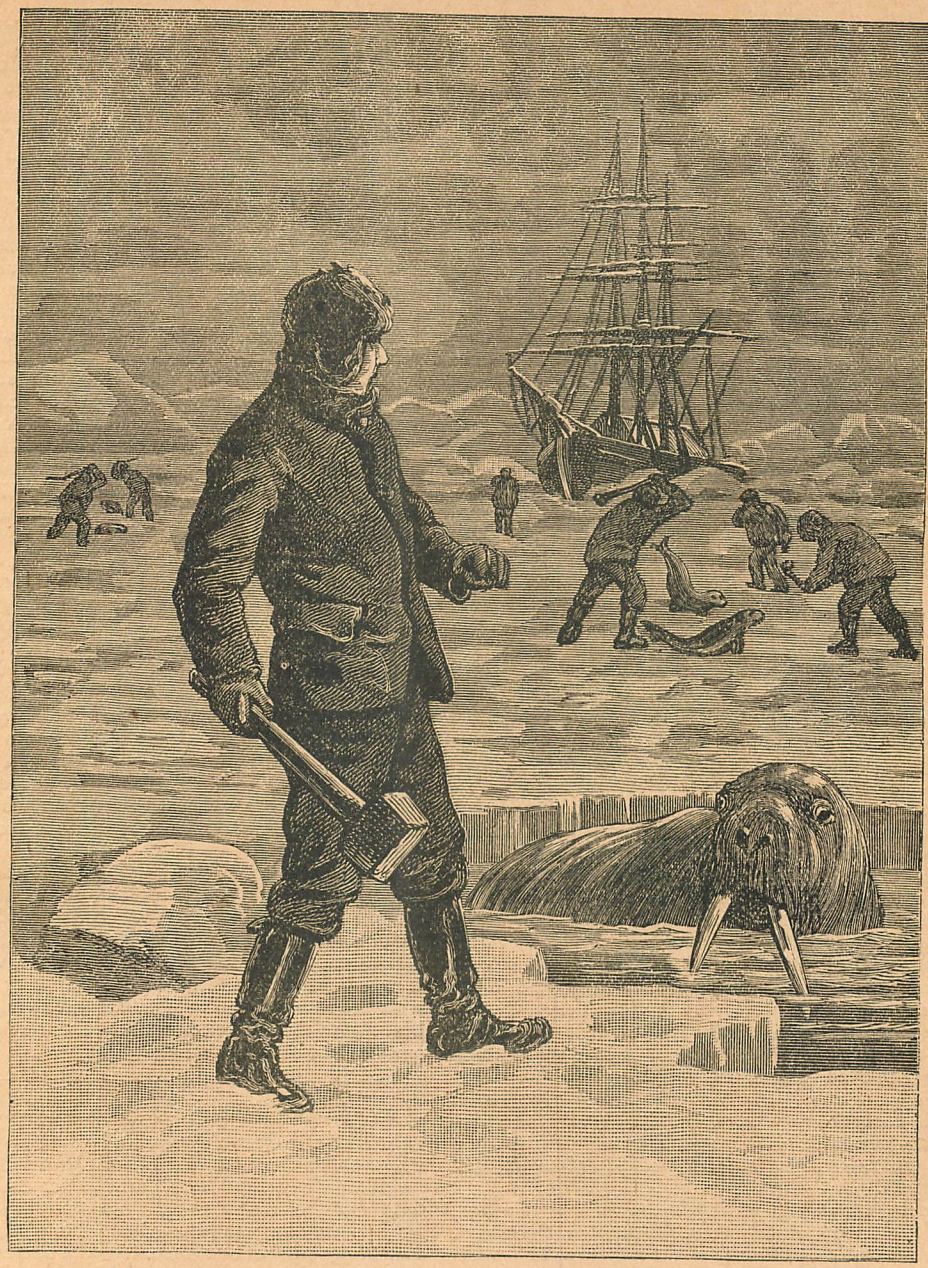
Hour after hour this grand procession went on, seeming as if it would never end. While all on board were admiring the spectacle, the deep boom of a gun struck upon our ears, and in a short time, as a gap appeared in the passing bergs, a vessel came in sight wedged firmly in between two immense hummucks, far out of the water. Our signal-gun answered theirs, but as she was borne past we could render no assistance. A Dutch ensign floated from her flagstaff, and beyond reading her name we could learn nothing else,

Carrying up the building material for a Hut.

hoping only that, as the mass of ice broke up on reaching the open ocean, she would resume her proper position in the water; but her situation looked extremely perilous, and, but from the experience of our commander, we might have been in a similar predicament.

All night long we could hear the ice moving, and as, now and again, the brilliant rays of the aurora lighted up the scene, the effect was magnificent, but solemnly awful. As daylight came the ice appeared more broken, and by noon, as far as the eye could see, the Straits were free, while, the wind being favourable, we again made sail, and by sunset had reached our hunting-ground—a deep bay sheltered on all sides by rugged hills covered with the moss upon which the reindeer feed.

As we were to remain here for some time the ship was securely moored, and planks and awning taken on shore to form a watch-hut on the top of a peak, from which many miles of the coast could be seen. Birds



Face to face with a full-grown Walrus.

now hovered round us, and, while carrying up the building material for our hut, we disturbed a flock of those curious fowls called penguins, who waddled out of our path, flapping their short wings in a most ridiculous fashion. Thousands of these birds had their nests on an island in the bay, and a boat being sent soon returned with a plentiful supply of eggs.

A good look-out was now kept, and early next evening a little red flag waving from the hut informed us that seals were in sight. Hunting parties of ten were formed, each man being provided with a musket, mallet, and knife—the firearms were necessary, as bears often follow the flocks of seals, and also we might find a stray reindeer among the rocks. I was permitted to go, but not trusted with a gun, being *told* to keep with the men, who would protect me in case a bear was encountered.

We went in single file along the beach so as to get between the seals and the water. The animals had spread themselves over a large extent of country, and

no doubt expected to spend a quiet night on the soft moss.

Our men walked on until the whole crew, thirty strong, and about ten yards apart, lined the edge of the beach along which a fringe of ice had formed. A gun was fired, and immediately the alarmed animals rushed for the water, but, of course, were intercepted by the crew, who, despite the snapping and snarling, plied their mallets manfully, each securing five or six seals. Burning to distinguish myself, I boldly attacked a full-grown female, who was accompanied by a young one, but very soon found I had met more than my match, for the old lady at once faced me, and my first blow merely catching her on the snout so enraged her that the tables were entirely turned. With a savage snap at my leg—my stout sea-boots alone saving me from a severe bite—she gave me two such slaps from her flippers as to send me sprawling on the ground, and as the tip of one paw hit me right in the face I was almost blinded, while the blood poured from my nose more than it had ever done in the fiercest school fights I had ever been engaged in. Her blood being now up and her young one in danger she became really a formidable antagonist, and the men being fully engaged paid no heed to my cries, for I sang out lustily enough when I found I was getting the worst of it, I can tell you. I was fain to acknowledge myself beaten, and fairly took to my heels, in my hurry and confusion running straight on to the ice fringe, upon which I slid and fell heavily just as the vicious old creature and her calf flopped into the sea.

We, that is the rest of the crew, had been most fortunate, and by the light of the stars and aurora we were soon busily employed taking off the valuable skins, which, so long as the bodies remain warm, is speedily accomplished. My appearance among them with my face and jacket covered with blood and a pair of half-closed, well-blacked eyes, created no end of laughter, which increased as I related my misadventure; and the old sailmaker recommended me, in future, not to venture on single combat on my own account, unless with baby-seals unattended by their mothers. It was broad day ere the last skin was taken, and then, while a few men carried them to the ship, the rest were employed in dragging the carcases to the edge of the ice and throwing them into the sea, for nothing alarms a seal more than their own dead lying about.

We knew that, notwithstanding the havoc made in the flock, the remainder would return to the same resting-ground at night, so all repaired on board to seek the necessary rest and food after the night's exertions.

During the day ice again formed outside the bay, and the fringe of the night before had, by sunset, grown into a regular floe stretching a full mile from the shore, but, like all freshly-formed sheets, it was full of holes and gaps. The Captain, during the afternoon, went to examine the ground, and on coming back ordered that each man should, in addition to his musket, be armed with a cutlass, as he had found traces of walrus upon the ice, and these sea-lions, as some folk call them, are not to be trifled with. We altered the plan of hunting, and did not leave the ship until nearly dawn, by which time the seals, having spread themselves over the beach as before, had been lulled into fancied security by being left undisturbed all night.

The men having taken up their positions, the same scene as enacted on the previous occasion was repeated; but as the uncaptured seals disappeared in the holes and crevices of the ice-floe, only half the crew remained on shore to skin those that had fallen, the rest stationing themselves at the various holes, as the ice-field extended too far out for the seals to reach the open sea, and we knew they must reappear at the holes to take breath. I had taken up my station at a large fissure, determined to redeem, if possible, my reputation as a seal-hunter, which, whatever other people thought, I considered had been rather damaged by my ill-luck the night before. Very soon the hunted beasts were compelled to come to the surface, and from all sides the thuds of the mallets resounded. There was a sudden commotion in the water of the hole I was watching, so, nerving myself for the encounter, I grasped the mallet, when, to my intense amazement, up rose a gigantic head, with great staring eyes and gleaming tusks, and I found myself face to face with a full-grown walrus, who greeted me with a roar of anger and astonishment. I aimed a frantic blow at his head, of which he took no notice, but, raising himself out of the water till his flappers rested on the ice, he gave vent to another roar, which sent me flying over the floe in double-quick time, for, having had my ears boxed by a seal, I had no curiosity to experience the same treatment from such a monster as this. In my haste I took little heed of where I ran, and catching my foot on a rough splinter of ice I fell headlong into a crevice, striking my head in so doing, and I remember nothing more till I came to my senses, cosily tucked in my hammock, tenderly watched by the cook, whose black face in the dim light I at first mistook for that of the walrus.

It seems I had been insensible for some days, during which sufficient skins had been obtained to complete our cargo, and the good ship *Pentland*, under a full press of sail, was clear of the ice-bound regions and on her road home to Dundee, where we arrived without further mishap, all being satisfied with the result of the voyage, and each contributing liberally to the subscription raised for the families of our two lost companions. O. W.

THE POST OF DANGER.

A FRENCH General was once leading his regiment through a narrow and difficult pass. He begged his soldiers to endure with patience the fatigue and danger of the march.

'It is easy for you to talk,' said one of the soldiers near him, you, 'who are mounted on a fine horse; but we—poor fellows!'

On hearing these words the General dismounted, and quickly proposed that the discontented soldier should take his place on the horse. The soldier immediately obeyed; but he had scarcely mounted the horse, when a shot from the enemy on the adjoining heights struck and killed him.

'You see,' said the General to his troops, 'that the most elevated place is not the least dangerous.' He then remounted his horse and continued the march.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES NOS. 172 TO 212.

172. If Ruth sold five for threepence halfpenny, she would make 2*s.* 11*d.* of her fifty: while her sister, if she sold four for three pence, would get 3*s* 1½*d.*

173. Fool.

174. Mag-pie.

175. Heart-burn.

176. Heartsease.
177. Chrysanthemum.
178. Dandelion.
179. Snapdragon.
180. Violet.
181. Everlasting Tea.
182. China Aster.

183. The twenty horses were worth 141*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*

184. Twelve minutes to six.

185.
ASPEN
SCALE
PACES
ELECT
NESTS

186.
PIANO
ISLET
ALERT
NERVE
OTTER

187.
MADAM
A A
D D
A A
MADAM

188. F. E. G.—Effigy.

189. 22 lb. of nitre; 4⅔ lb. of charcoal; 3⅓ lb. of sulphur.

N.B. In France, gunpowder is made rather differently; and rather more nitre is sometimes added by English makers.

190. Thorn, Horn.
191. Frome, Rome.
192. Dover, Over.
193. Clay, Lay.
194. Stone, Tone.
195. Tring, Ring.

196. Echo.

197. Label—Lay, Bell.

198. 36 days.

199.
(1.) Batter-sea.
(2.) Ring-wood.
(3.) Shrews-bury.
(4.) New-port.
(5.) Swan-sea.
(6.) Man-chester.
(7.) Middle-ton.
(8.) Work-sop.
(9.) Canter-bury.
(10.) Raven-dale.
(11.) Ches-hunt.
(12.) War-wick.
(13.) Liver-pool.
(14.) Halt-whistle.
(15.) Sunder-land.
(16.) Chat-ham.
(17.) Harrow-gate.
(18.) Run-corn.

200. Chester.
201. Leigh.
202. Quito.
203. Rugby.
204. Peru.
205. Frome, Rome.

206. The value of the purse was 12*s.* 1*d.*

207. Baden—Aden.

208. Perth—Pert.

209. Ladrone—A drone.

210. Dover—Dove.

211. France—Calais—Stenay.

FoCuS
R A T
A L E
N A N
ChInA
EsSaY

212.
MILE
IDOL
LODI
ELIM

AN ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

213. ELEVENS two, intent on play,
Met for some cricket,
And the first thing they did that day
Was—marked the wicket.

Just so—and as an English throng
Is law-abiding,
So he, who marks a wicket wrong,
Merits a hiding.

Yet, it was wrong, though none, in fact,
Deserves our censures,
For, by mischance, the yard-tape lacked
Five-twelfths in inches.

Think you, as England's sea-washed girth
Can house a nation,
Five-twelfths of one small inch not worth
Consideration?

Then go, find out, and tell me true,
If you have leisure,
Ground lost in fifty notches, through
That faulty measure!

ENIGMAS.

TWENTY RIVERS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

214. (1.) THE name which the lords of creation do bear;
(2.) When this one is by, of your fingers take care;
(3.) A title addressed to Spanish grandees;
(4.) My next you must cut before you get ease;
(5.) A title completed by aid of a ring;
(6.) A small fruit which follows the blossoms of spring;
(7.) A bird that is brought from bright sunny climes;
(8.) The name of a lady much used in these times;
(9.) A bird that enlivens the air with his song;
(10.) The part of a candle which burns very long;
(11.) A little boy's method of venting his spleen;
(12.) When horses are ploughing my next will be seen;
(13.) From the forests of Norway to England I'm brought;
(14.) By the wielding of this, sham battles are fought;
(15.) Without me no butter would fall to your lot;
(16.) My next is for water, to keep it quite hot;
(17.) A substance of which often garments are made;
(18.) And this oft is found to accompany the spade;
(19.) Another is named like the part of a ship;
(20.) My last one, when rowing, in water you dip.

215. ONCE there was launched a gallant ship,
No helm or mast had she;
She bore no anchor to let slip
She sailed not on the briny sea,
And yet the waves she floated on
Were vaster than the ocean deep,
And though no canvas pressed her on
She did her voyage in safety keep.
When that her crew again did land
'Twill seem most strange to find
They had no wish to meet the band
Of friends they grieved to leave behind.

[*Answers at page* 287.]

TERRIER AND KITTEN.

I ONCE saved a kitten from being drowned, and as it was pure white I took a fancy to it. It could not lap so I tried to give it milk with a straw, but I saw it was failing and was very cold. I put it in beside the terrier, just to see what she would do. But instead of harming it she began to clean it, and seemed fond of it, and suckled it, and carried it about in her mouth in the same way as she did with her pups. What surprised me most was that the terrier was very fierce against cats, and would kill them if allowed, and yet she was so fond of this kitten that she nursed it.

Race between Geese and Turkeys.

GEESE AND TURKEYS.

A GENTLEMAN once laid a wager with George IV. that geese would beat turkeys in a race. The King snapped up the bet, and the gentleman was left to choose time, and place, and distance. He accordingly chose, for time, the evening just before sunset, and for place, the road outside the City walls, and a mile for the distance. The time came, and each appeared with his flock of birds, and the race began. Long ere the end came the sunset, and immediately, true to their instincts, all the turkeys ran into the nearest hedge to roost, and no persuasions made them budge an inch further; and the geese, who had been slowly toddling on behind, quietly cackled in—the winners.

WHO'S TO PAY?

(*Continued from p.* 251.)

HARRY then briefly detailed his history, how he was the son of a London doctor, who had died suddenly a few months since and had left his widow badly provided for. Harry's eyes swam as he told the tale; 'But,' said he, 'I am the eldest, and I mean to support my mother and the rest.'

'And what can you do?' inquired Mr. Childe. 'Can you keep books? I want a clerk whom I can trust, and if you are not above accepting a hundred a-year I will give you the place.'

'I accept your offer, sir,' said Harry. 'I have been with Baxter & Sons, and have asked for an increase in my salary. They seemed not willing to meet me, and I was thinking yesterday I ought to have more, as I have been a long time in their house and have tried to do my best.'

'Well,' said Mr. Childe, 'do not accept my offer until Baxter & Sons have given you an answer. As the old song runs, "Be sure you're off with the old love before you're on with the new." After you have seen your people, and found them unwilling to advance your stipend, come to me. Here is my card.'

Baxter & Sons were unwilling to do what Harry wanted, so he went with hope in his heart to his new-found friend.

Mr. Childe was not in.

'When will he be?' asked Harry.

'About one o'clock,' answered a clerk.

'Where is he now?' inquired Harry.

'*Pomona*,' replied the clerk.

'Pomona? Pomona was a goddess in ancient days,' thought Harry to himself. 'Would you tell me where Pomona is?' asked he. 'Is it a street or terrace?'

'Terrace? not it!' replied the clerk; 'the *Pomona* is a ship; one of Mr. Childe's spankers. Have you never read of the *Flora* and *Pomona*?'

Harry was obliged to say he never had. 'But,' continued he, 'I want to see Mr. Childe at once, and I wish you would tell me where he is.'

'Show this gentleman the *Pomona*, Tom,' said the clerk to a sharp-looking urchin who had just come in.

Harry was now led to the docks through the straggling streets, and, at length, after passing a gate, the white figure of the goddess of fruit was seen at the bowsprit of the spanker, with a vast horn of gilded pomegranates clasped tightly to her bosom.

For the first time in his life Harry scrambled up a ship's ladder, and stood on the deck of a sea-going vessel of large burden.

Mr. Childe was busy superintending a hundred matters, for he was one of those who liked to see things done with his own eyes. The blue-peter was flying, and the *Pomona* was off that afternoon to the land of the sun-rising.

'Glad to see you, Mr. Parke,' said the merchant. 'Well, have I outbid Baxter & Sons?'

'You have, sir,' answered Harry, 'and I have come to offer you my services. Can I do anything here, and now?'

Mr. Childe was pleased with Harry's readiness, and bade him help Mr. Dixon, who was somewhat hampered with an unusual number of parcels. Mr. Dixon was glad of the assistance, and got his work off his hands an hour sooner than he had calculated upon. When Harry had done all he had to do, he followed Mr. Childe to the dark and stuffy office where the Childes, for three generations, had kept their ledgers.

CHAPTER III.

HARRY PARKE found every day some new reason for being thankful he had settled his debt with Mr. Childe. The more he saw of him the more he liked him, as a man of heart and as a man of business. Such another smoothly working, well-oiled piece of machinery as his mercantile house was hardly to be met with even in London. Year in, year out, the four-square tower of Childe & Co. fully justified the old saying, 'The hand of the diligent maketh rich.'

'Parke,' said the old merchant, one day, 'you have often been to my house at Java Cottage, but you know you never will leave your mother on Sundays to dine with me, and I believe you think Java Cottage has nothing better than a glass of wine and a biscuit, or a cup of tea and bit of bread and butter; but, on Thursday next, I shall be seventy years old, and my daughter insists on keeping my birthday, and here is an invitation for your mother and sisters and yourself.'

Harry was sure they would all come. Invitations were great rarities at Mrs. Parke's house, and he felt able to answer for his womenkind at once. And he was right. The ladies were delighted at the prospect of seeing Java Cottage. The name savoured of spices, and all kinds of Eastern riches seemed to lurk under the lowly title Mr. Childe had chosen for his home. For, in Harry's eyes, his good master was immensely rich.

The birthday came, and the resources of the cottage were taxed to the utmost. The cottage had,

in fact, to go a-borrowing, for its powers in the way of giving a spread were small; cottage-like, in fact.

The dinner was at its height, when the hilarity was damped by a telegram, which Mr. Childe opened and read with a touch of sorrow in his voice. It ran thus:—'We regret to say your agent, Mr. Frazer, died suddenly this morning. He was found dead in the botanic garden at Buitenzerg, under a palm-tree.'

'Flora, my dear, you remember Mr. Frazer?' said the merchant to his daughter.

'Quite well, father,' replied Flora. 'Is he coming to join our party?'

'I wish he could, my child. No; he is dead.'

'Oh, father! I am sorry to hear it.'

'Frazer dead?' asked the chubby cheeked partner, Matthew Norris; 'that is bad news. How shall we supply his place?'

Mr. Childe did not reply. He was trying to realise his old friend stretched pale and lifeless under the palm-tree.

The festive board was festive no longer. The old merchant retired to his little snuggery, whence he despatched a telegram to Batavia, where his London house was represented. As he was ruminating on this sudden event he saw his guests rambling about the garden. It was large enough for a house five times the size of the cottage. Up one of the walks came Henry Parke and his daughter. She was showing him a flower she had plucked, and seemed to be explaining its structure.

'Now if the blow had fallen on me instead of Frazer,' thought Mr. Childe, 'I should not have minded it much, had Flora been married to a good young fellow like that. If he is poor he is honest, and she will have enough, if all goes well.'

When the guests were gone, Mr. Childe told his daughter how much he would have enjoyed his birthday had not the telegram saddened him, and set him thinking what was to be done.

'I'm not sure,' said he, 'that I shall not ask young Parke to go out and take poor Frazer's place.'

He thought he could detect a slight tremor in her voice as she replied, 'Mr. Parke, father? Is he not too young?'

'I don't think so. He is the steadiest youth I ever had, and I have had some good fellows, too, in my time. What do you think of him, Flora?'

Flora felt rather hot about the face as she admitted him to be a very well-behaved young man, and she added some pretty things about his mother and sisters.

The next morning Mr. Childe called Harry into his private room.

'You would gather from what was said yesterday,' said the merchant, 'that we have lost a very excellent friend in Mr. Frazer. I feel as if one of the pillars of the house had been removed.'

'I was very sorry to see you so troubled about it, sir.'

'And Mr. Frazer must be at once replaced by somebody equally faithful; that is, if such a person can be found.'

After a pause, Mr. Childe said, on a sudden, 'Where's Batavia?'

'In Java, sir.'

'Who does it belong to?'

'The Dutch.'

'When did we restore it?'

'In 1816.'

'That is right. Now, what do you know about Java?'

'Not very much, sir; but I know something.'

'Tell me what you know.'

Harry had a good memory, and a sort of fever for Oriental travels, and he had read many books about India and China, and one very interesting little volume on Java. He, therefore, was able to state how the city of Batavia is badly placed, with a stagnant canal between it and the sea, which makes it far inferior as a mart of nations to Singapore. He could tell also of its vast extent compared to its small population, and of the handsome old town and its huge hotels, abandoned on account of their unhealthiness, and of the more wholesome suburbs where business men go after office hours to dine and sleep. He also spoke of the exceeding cheapness of native labour, the rapidity with which horses are expected to travel, and such-like. He described, also, the beautiful botanic gardens at Buitenzerg, where Mr. Frazer was found dead. And then he said something about the precious natural products of the island: of vanilla, at that time worth eighty shillings the pound; of bark, so useful in fevers; of coffee, rice, and sugar. He knew a little, too, of the nutmeg and the pepper, and the odour of the spices, and the music of the Java birds. Nor did he forget to lead Mr. Childe by massive ruins of a long dead past, and through groves of cocoa-nut, and teak-wood, and gigantic ferns, with graceful bamboos feathering up on high, to the smoking crater of Pondak-Pangerango.

'You must have been born in Java,' said Mr. Childe.

Harry said he had only seen it through other men's eyes.

'Well, if you were not born there you may have to die there, for go there you must and step into poor Frazer's shoes.'

'I go to Java, sir?'

'Why not?'

'I fear I could not do my duty.'

'Oh, you would do that. But what would Mrs. Parke say to it?'

'My mother would feel my going, sir, very much, as we have never been parted; but I am sure she would not refuse her consent if we could oblige you.'

'Well, go home, and lay my proposal before her.'

Mrs. Parke was greatly distracted by the unexpected offer. It was a fine opening for her son; but would he survive the climate? And what could she do without him? The whole day was pretty well taken up with these anxious consultations, and at nine o'clock p.m. the die was cast—Harry was to go, and in a week's time.

(*Continued at page* 266.)

THE MUSIC LESSON.

ONE, two, three, and stop;
One, two, three.
Mary, these are quavers all,
And this, a minim. See!

Dearest, you will never play
Unless you count with care;
Try again, and do your best,
It is such a simple air!

One, two, three, and stop,
For an hour and more,
Patient little Mary sits
Counting o'er and o'er,

Till the difficulty past,
The toilsome lesson done,
From her mother's loving lips,
The meed of praise is won.

D. B.

A WORD OF ADVICE.

SO you wish to emigrate, do you? you wish to go to Melbourne? you have a brother there, and two nephews in Sydney, and three cousins somewhere else, and you think it would be cheery-like if you could follow them! The old country does not seem the same since they went away, and you don't care how soon you follow them! That's about it, is it not? Well, now, look at me. I am a sailor, and I have been in almost every country you could name, and I can tell you I've never seen any place yet that comes up to Old England in my view of it. I've seen men in Melbourne—aye, hundreds of them—as was willing to work and couldn't get nothing to do. The streets there are not paved with gold, I can tell you, any more than they are in London—don't you think it. It would be all very well if your friends out there had a place waiting for you; then it might be worth your while to break up your home here and try the other side of the world. Not that I am against emigration, not at all; Old England has too large a family—we can all see that, and some of them *must* turn out: but mark my words, Joe Bennet, emigration is for the

young and the hardy, them as can ride a bare-backed horse, or go shepherding up in the bush, where they don't see a white man once in the six months; but for an old fellow like you! why, you must be threescore if you are a day! You just take my advice now—Let well alone, live and die in the old country. B.

SCRAPS OF BIOGRAPHY.

THE following incident shows the condition of the people amongst whom OBERLIN laboured with so much zeal and success. The pastor who preceded him asked, soon after his arrival, to be shown the school-house. They took him to a miserable hut where a few children were huddled together in the greatest confusion. In the corner of the room was an old man lying upon a bed.

'Are you the schoolmaster?' asked Pastor Stouber.

'Yes, sir,' was the reply.

'And what do you teach?'

'Nothing, sir.'

'Nothing! How can that be?'

'Because I know nothing myself.'

'Then why are you the schoolmaster?'

'Why, sir, I had been taking care of the Waldbach pigs for many years, and, when I was too old for that, they sent me here to take care of the children!'

Oberlin gradually changed all this, and his sixty years' residence at Ban-de-la-Roche saw ignorance give place to education and some approach to refinement amongst the people.

BARRY, the painter, whilst a young man living in Dublin, fell into bad company, and was in danger of sacrificing his prospects in life by the pursuit of folly. But, when returning one night from a carouse, a conviction of his foolishness and guilt obtained so strong a hold upon his mind, that he at once flung into the river Liffey all the money he carried, and then, secure from the temptation to gaming and excess, he went back to his work with fresh resolution.

KING GEORGE II., soon after his accession, told Sir Robert Walpole that he wished to see all papers of interest before action was taken upon them. This alarmed the Minister, who was advised by his brother to give the King all the papers, and he would no doubt have enough of them. Upon this Sir Robert went down to the King with a waggon-load of papers, saying that he was sorry he could not bring more, but that extra clerks were making copies of them, and that at his next visit he hoped to bring twice as many.

The King was so alarmed at this prospect that he told Sir Robert to send no more without further directions, and they were never again called for.

WHEN BURKE had one day risen in the House of Commons, papers in hand, to make some motion, an opposition member sprang to his feet and audibly called out:—

'Mr. Speaker, I hope the honourable gentleman does not mean to read that bundle of papers, and to bore us with a long speech into the bargain.'

The orator was so put out by this interruption that he seemed incapable of saying a word, and at once left the House. A. R. B.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

216. I STAND on the leviathan
Of all the steamships built by man,
I pace her decks from end to end,
Then ask a sailor standing by,
'Her tonnage,—what is that, my friend?'
His quid (at least I think he did),
He turns, and answers, 'They begun her
To be a twenty-thousand tonner.'
As I was busy, ruminating,
What it might cost to put her freight in,
My sailor friend once more begins,
'Now if her hold were filled with pins,
How many do you think she'd carry?'
I pause a moment, then I parry
His question by another,—'Say
How many pins a ton will weigh?'
The sailor knew no more than I did,
And so we left it undecided.
But, as he'd set my thoughts in motion,
I sought a draper's shop close by,
And, 'Weigh an ounce of pins,' said I.
He smiled at such a funny notion,
And thought I'd water on the brain;
But being, as drapers are, urbane,
He weighed them, while the shopman wondered,
I told them once, and yet again,
To be precise. There were two hundred!
Now, tell me, Tom, and Dick, and Harry,
How many pins that ship will carry?

G. S. O.

DISENTANGLEMENTS.

[ARRANGE the several groups of letters so as to form the word defined.]

217. CUTPIER; a representation.

218. WENSNILTAN; a favourite recreation.

219. CITEMEIPE; a constant reminder.

220. DALCEN; a companion to bed.

ENIGMAS.

221. BLACK within, and red without,
I've got four corners round about.

222. WHAT is that which lives in winter, dies in summer, and grows with its root upwards?

223. HIGHER than a house, higher than a tree;
Little folks, tell me what can that be?

CONUNDRUM.

224. I AM a mysterious thing,
As old as the sun and the moon;
In December I spread out my wing,
And dance in the sunbeams in June.
Sometimes I am found like a tree,
Sometimes as a lion or bear,
Or a beautiful ship on the sea,
Or a maiden with long flowing hair.
Sometimes I am sought by mankind,
But often from me turn away;
But they seldom can keep me behind,
So I follow wherever they stray.
I have frightened full many a maid,
As she wandered some forest alone;
And my humble form I have laid
At the footstool of many a throne.

[*Answers at page* 287.]

A MODEL'S REST.

YOU see this picture of a little girl sleeping; it was drawn from Mary Long, a little model. Mary Long was the only child of an old, very poor, drawing-master. He was a haggard, tremulous man, well known to small picture-dealers in back-streets. People used to say that he drank; I don't know about that, but it is certain that he was very kind to Mary. All his spare time he spent in wandering with her about Highgate in all the country roads. He was very silent on these walks, and so was Mary; but she had her hand in her father's, and was very happy looking about. When they came to a turn in the road where they could see a wide stretch of sky and sunlit clouds, her father would stand still and point out how sharp and distinct the trees were, with their multitude of small, bare branches interlaced like fine cobweb against the light. They would stand still a long while watching the splendour of the sunset die away; and it seemed to Mary as if all the trees stood still, too, because they were praying quietly. Then, when all the colour had faded, they would walk back to the dirty, noisy street, full of pushing boys and loud men, which was where they lodged.

These walks were the one joy of Mary's life. She used to think of them all the time she was sitting, which was pretty nearly all day, for the art-students who drew her wanted her all the morning and afternoon. She used to go to school three days a-week, and sit the other three; and the days she sat was the half of the week she liked best. Because then she could sit still, and remember how cool and deep the shadows were under certain trees she knew, and how on hot days the blue light shimmered and shone, and on dark days how dreadful and black the cedar-tree in the churchyard became, and the wicked little thorn-tree with its zigzag branches.

Mary was not pretty, but her thoughts made her expression very beautiful, and this look in her face was what the students wanted and tried to copy. Also she was very still and silent—good points in a model. But, notwithstanding this, they never made very pretty pictures, Mary thought. She wondered why the students should draw her, instead of going out in the air and copying the sky and the fields.

Mary wondered many things. She wondered why people should all live together in such a noise and bustle and such a lot of smoke, instead of living in the quiet, clean country. She wondered, too, why her father should be so poor when he could make such lovely paintings. But, then, he did not try to sell those that Mary thought the best. These were a lot of water-colour sketches that he had painted when he was young. He kept them locked up, and showed them to no one but Mary, and only to her on special occasions. Mary thought they were the most beautiful things she had ever seen. They were all of trees, rocks, and water and hills.

Her father taught her to paint a little in water-colour, too. They were great smudges, that was certain; but her father said they were not bad.

When Mary was about ten years old, which was when this picture was taken of her, something happened which made a great impression on her. This is how it was.

She had been sitting as usual all the day, but to new people, and in a new room. This room was large and high, with panelled walls, and on these hung a number of pictures by old masters, Reynolds, Vandyck, and others. Mary looked at these with great interest. The ladies with their sweet faces, powdered curls, and white dresses, seemed to her very beautiful; and the grave men in their high ruffs, very noble and strong. She wondered about their lives, and what they did, and whether they were very happy. In one picture there was a little boy in brown velvet, half hiding his face in his mother's skirt and laughing. Mary could not help laughing in response. Then suddenly she looked down at her own dress and hands. Her dress was ugly and shabby—so was she, too, she thought; so was this big noisy town where she lived. She had nothing in common with those bright, quiet people in the pictures. Her mouth twitched and her eyes filled. A vast longing swelled in her and overwhelmed her. Tears fell in abundance, and she was convulsed with sobs.

At this the girls were very much surprised; but they were very kind to her, and made her rest. Mary was surprised at herself too, and she made haste to dry her eyes and sit again. But she felt very tired, and there was a great sadness lying down at her heart. The light in the sky seemed to belong to her no more.

It was in the beginning of winter, and the days were getting short. It soon got dark, and all but one of the girls went away. This one stayed longer, putting some finishing touches, and kept Mary. Presently it got too dark even for her, and feeling that she had stayed longer than she had meant, she made haste, and telling Mary she might put on her things and go, she departed. Mary got down drearily from her high seat, and sat down in the little chair to put on her shoes. But she did not at once. She leaned back and looked at the flickering fire and the long-jumping shadows it made up the walls; and presently, unawares, sleep came stealing over her.

Wonderful sleep! It brought a dream to comfort and refresh her. She was standing alone in a garden, and it was hot summer weather. Round her were nodding tall and stately flowers. As far as she could see it was a garden, half hidden by the shimmering summer mist which she loved so much. Great happiness possessed her, but also great awe. She stood still, looking round.

Presently she saw coming out of the shimmering mist a troop of fine ladies and gentlemen, in ruffs and silks, and with children running and playing in front. They were all coming towards her. She shrank back and would have run away, but her eyes were held fast by their fairness and beauty. They all came very quickly, smiling, with their eyes full of pleasure and surprise. The children had flowers in their hands which they offered her. All of them paid court to her.

Poor Mary! and yet *not* poor Mary. I cannot tell you all her story, for this happened seven years ago; the rest of it is too sad. But I have in my room a little water-colour sketch with 'Mary Long' in the corner (painted by her), which I bought in a shop for a shilling. It represents a little girl with a heavy basket standing by the sea and looking wistfully

A Model's Rest.

out. A great critic told me the other day that it was the work of 'genius.' Mary would not have known what the word meant. She was always rather ignorant and very poor. Her father died soon after that wonderful dream, and Mary went to live with an aunt, a dressmaker, who taught her the trade. But when she could she stole out to paint a little, just as her father did.

And for those times the light in the sky shone for her, and the quiet evening breathed in response to her. And she must have been down to the sea some time, since she painted the picture I have. But the old longing could not be satisfied. Each day and each year it grew stronger; and at last, I think, it broke Mary's heart. She is lying now with her father, at rest!

The English Mastiff.

THE MASTIFF.

—o—

WHEN the Romans invaded Britain they found that the natives had a breed of large and fierce dogs, who would fight bravely for their masters; these animals they called *pugnaces*, or fighting dogs, and from them the modern English mastiff is descended.

Soon after the conquest of the island some of the British mastiffs were sent to Rome, where their sagacity, strength and courage, excited so much admiration, that an imperial officer was appointed to reside in Britain for the express purpose of superintending the breeding of these dogs. In those days, whenever the Romans discovered any animal of superior size and strength, they immediately thought of trying its powers in the combats of the amphitheatre; and the principal duty of the officer was to select the finest dogs to fight with other animals for the amusement of the vast crowds assembled in the Colosseum. The strongest dogs previously known to the Romans were the Molossian dogs of Epirus, which in their native country were trained by their masters to fight in battle, but when they were matched against the British mastiffs they were thoroughly beaten. The dogs of Britain were then pitted against various wild beasts; and it was said that three of them were a match for a bear and four for a lion. And so famous were they for courage, that the Gauls imported them, and trained them for war, and used them in their battles.

The British mastiff is no longer trained to fight in battle, but his character for sagacity and fidelity, as well as courage, is as high as it was in the days of the Romans. He is one of the noblest of dogs. Of a majestic and grave aspect, his large size is usually combined with a mild disposition, and he never takes advantage of his superior strength to make an unprovoked attack or tyrannise over weaker animals. As a watch-dog he is fully aware of his importance, and of the confidence placed in him, and seems eager to discharge his duties faithfully, and will lay down his life in defence of his master's property.

A peculiarity of the mastiff is that he usually has a fifth toe more or less developed on the hind foot; most other dogs having only four toes on their hind feet.

With the exception of a small kind of hound, bred by the ancient Britons for hunting by scent, the mastiff and the greyhound, with their several varieties, are the only breeds of dogs that we know to have been originally natives of Great Britain. A. R.

A CLEVER THIEF.

AN officer in India had a horse stolen, but the thief, missing his road, was detected and brought back. The officer was pleased at recovering the horse, and, being surprised at the skill of the man in carrying off the horse from among five or six grooms, was not inclined to punish him severely. He had the man brought before him, and asked how he had contrived to steal the horse.

The man said, 'Well, sir, I cannot very well tell you, but I will show you.'

'Well, then,' said the officer, 'since you are so bad at description, let me see how you did it.'

'Now, sir,' said the man, 'this is the way I crawled over the grooms. Then I loosened the ropes thus. Then I put a halter on the horse.'

'Capital!' said the officer, rubbing his hands.

'In this manner,' continued the man, 'I jumped upon his back; and when once I am mounted I give any one leave to catch me.' He then gave the horse a smart blow, and galloped off, leaving the astonished officer gazing after him.

WHO'S TO PAY?

(*Continued from p.* 259.)

CHAPTER IV.

WE must now think of Harry on a steamer bound for Singapore. In due time, and without any accident or extraordinary event, he reached that important trysting-place for ships of all nations, and stepped ashore at New Harbour, on the pier of that splendid dépôt which belongs to the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and where it is said they can house 20,000 tons of coal in their sheds. Singapore is a free port, open to every flag, and its merchants are Buddhists, Parsees, Jews, Hindoos, Mussulmans, and Christians. There is the throbbing of a huge pulse of commercial life here. As one has said, 'It is more like an American colony than a city in the midst of Asia.'

Here are flags that float on every breeze. Here come, wafted by the N.E. monsoon, the curious junks from the China seas, filled with silks and teas, chinaware, nankeens, and celestial knick-knacks. Here the dark-eyed Arab in his turban invokes the name of his Prophet. Here the Parsee prostrates himself before the god of Day. Here the Chinaman burns scented paper in his joss-house; and here the close-shaven trafficker from the far west worships God in the same taciturn fashion as he does at home. After staying awhile at the 'Esperanza' Hotel, which, though splendid, is not a very expensive place, Harry was carried by a Dutch steamer to the scene of his future labours.

The city of Batavia, in glorious Java, the paradise of the Malays, was founded by Dutchmen about 1619, and was once the chief European market for the produce of India, China, and Japan. It was sometimes hard to believe he was in a city at all. The houses often stood alone in large fields, sometimes so large as to look like parks.

'Your city certainly has an airy look,' said he to the steward of the steamer.

'Yes,' he replied: 'it was once much fuller of buildings, but they have been pulled down, for Europeans would not live in them. Those fine

houses there,' said he, pointing to what is called the 'Old Town,' 'are not inhabited by us. They were found so very unhealthy that the place where they stand got nicknamed the "Great Cemetery," and those vast hotels and other buildings are now used for warehousing goods and transacting business in.'

Yes, they were now stored with tobacco in huge tubs, the spirit called arrack in wooden barrels, heaps of sugar stacked in great bags, coffee and rice, spices and indigo, thrust into boxes with matting wrapped round them. There the merchants dressed in white transact their daily business; and chits, that is notes, fly about incessantly.

Plenty of short, thick-set, moon-faced, lank-haired Javanese were ready to carry his baggage to the office. How strange they looked, these Batavian porters! Small black eyes on either side of a short nose peered knowingly at him, and remarkably white teeth glistened in a wide mouth when any one laughed or spoke.

At length the place of business was reached where Mr. Frazer used to bear the heat and burden of the day. It was of brick, stuccoed, well built, clean, and spacious.

'This will do very well,' thought Harry. He was afraid he might have had to write letters and supervise accounts in a fiery hole like that of Calcutta. He was relieved to find himself in a cool, lofty room, with a marble floor kept constantly wet by a boy. Having looked round, and taken in the place and its surroundings, he went on as evening was advancing to a pleasant suburb, where a lodging was prepared for him by the foresight of his good friend in London.

After a time Harry had learned to like all the clerks and connexions of his employers except one. This was a man of an evil appearance, and of an idle and untruthful character. One day his conduct was so provoking that Harry lost his temper and lifted up a cane. The man retired, vowing vengeance, and came no more to the office, to the relief of everybody there.

Harry was warned to look out for mischief, as the man was well known to be utterly careless of life when his temper was aroused. The revenge, however, did not come as it was expected to come. One morning an official-looking Dutchman presented himself, and offered Harry a letter, which, when opened, was found to contain a summons to answer a charge of contravening the laws before the Governor-General himself.

This mighty functionary lived at Buitenzerg, and thither Harry prepared to go without loss of time. He had not as yet been able to travel much, and he was now amused, in spite of his anxiety, at the terrific rate he was driven. The horses never stopped galloping for an instant. When the carriage shot down some perilous decline, out bounced a lot of hungry-looking natives, who skilfully laid hold of the wheels with ropes and iron clasps, and ran after the dusty coach to retard its too rapid descent. Arrived at Buitenzerg, Henry had an interview with the Governor, and was able at once to show how scrupulously attentive his firm had ever been to the conditions under which they were permitted to trade there. The Governor, a sedate and courteous gentleman, apologised for the mistake, which was clearly the scheme of a malicious informer. What had seemed, therefore, a rather awkward business turned out quite a pleasure. The Governor offered Harry the hospitality of his house, and introduced him to his wife and daughter. He was taken also to see the lions of the place—the chief of which is its exquisite garden. The director of this earthly paradise (for such it truly is) pointed out to the Englishman many of his floral treasures, and offered him refreshment in his charming home.

As the New Year was now at hand Harry was persuaded to stay and see its ceremonies, the more readily because he was enabled, as he thought, to serve Mr. Childe's interests there, and his place was well filled by his second in authority, a taciturn Scot, named Wood.

The festival was indeed a curious one. Amid the crashing of bells and the perpetual going off of squibs and crackers, rockets and fire-wheels, dark figures moved about, offering you snuff, coffee, and other delicacies. Then, a space being cleared, dances went on. Now it was a frantic priest of the Mussulman faith who jumped up and down on hot ashes, bellowing all the time in a most unmusical voice; then appeared a band of warriors fearful to look upon. Then was shown, also in a sort of dance, the favourite story of four sisters who were lost in a wood, and who entreated the goddess of the grove to show them their way home. Conjurers also horrified the spectators by pretending to run themselves through with sharp spears. How they did it without committing suicide none could tell, but, after going through various alarming movements, they fell down bloody, and to all appearance dead. Then hissed through the night air a fearful fiery serpent, nearly twenty feet long, and wonderfully life-like.

Having taken leave of the good Governor, Harry returned to Batavia, but he took the opportunity of making a wide circuit. He visited 'the mountains in the clouds,' and saw some boiling fountains. There the glorious tropical plants grew no longer; coarse, short grass, or, more frequently still, naked, barren rocks bathed in dense mist, formed the picture in those solitudes. When he descended to the place where he had left the square box called a post carriage, he stepped in, the Malay driver cracked his whip, and off went the four ponies at a gallop. Behind rode two boys, to mend the rope harness whenever it gave way, and now and then to jump down and run shrieking by the side of the little steeds. On they careered, at a great pace, through vast plantations of rice, across rivers, now threading a fine grove of cocoa-nuts, now passing by some giant temple in ruins. Far away the lordly hills were draped with rich forests of teak, which sheltered the tiger, the wild boar, the ape, and the antlered stag. Borne on the breeze came the rich perfume of spices, and the air was alive with the sounds of insect life and the notes of gay-plumaged birds.

When Harry arrived at Batavia he found sad news awaiting him. His good friend Mr. Childe was dead!

(*Concluded at page* 278.)

RABBIT WARRENS.

RABBIT warrens are to be found in places where the soil is too sandy for cultivation. Amongst the hillocks the rabbits make their burrows, and it is an amusing sight to see them scamper off to their holes with their little white tails bobbing along when they are disturbed by a passer-by.

The rabbit lives eight or nine years and breeds seven times a-year, bringing forth from four to eight young ones at a time, which are full grown in six months, so that a warren is kept tenanted in spite of the market. It is said that 600,000 rabbits are sold every year in the London streets by hawkers; most of these come from Hampshire and Scotland. A large number of rabbits are also imported from Ostend.

Rabbits are found in the warmer and temperate regions of Europe, Asia, and Africa, and are common in Great Britain, where there are three kinds, the *common grey*, the *black*, and the *silky* rabbit, which is found in the Isle of Man and some other islands, and is supposed to have been at first brought from Angora.

VIEWS IN WARWICKSHIRE. By W. H. J. Boot.

Guy's Cliff.
Shakespeare's House, Stratford-on Avon.
Warwick Castle.
Rugby School.
Coventry.
Birmingham.
Kenilworth Castle.

COUNTY CHATS.

No. XXXVI.—WARWICKSHIRE.

THIS may lay some claim to be a foremost county in the way of historic interest. What names are these—Warwick, Coventry, Kenilworth, Stratford-on-Avon, Edgehill, and Guy's Cliff! All peopled by great shadows, and made interesting by events of importance.

There is not a grander relic of feudal times than Warwick Castle. A deplorable fire broke out some years since, and did mischief that no money could repair. The Avon washes the base of the rock on which this baronial pile is built. An entrance is effected into the castle between two massy towers, one called Guy's, the other Cæsar's. The latter is a steep of 174 feet. Guy, earl of Warwick, was a famous hero, but it is not known exactly when he lived. Some think in the reign of Athelstan, about a thousand years ago. Athelstan was at war with the Danes, and it was agreed that the quarrel should be decided by two champions. The Danish hero was Colbran, a giant in size, and a negro; and every Saxon trembled before him. But when Guy appeared, clad in a pilgrim's habit, he at once asked to fight with Colbran, and he did so, and killed him. He then retired to a hermitage near Warwick, probably at Guy's Cliff.

Near Warwick is Blacklow Hill, and here, carved in stone, is—

'1311
P. GAVESTON
EARL OF CORNWALL
BEHEADED HERE.'

A modern cross also bears an inscription, which says, 'In the hollow of this rock was beheaded on the first day of July, 1312, by barons as lawless as himself, Piers Gaveston, earl of Cornwall, the minion of a hateful king; in life and death a memorable instance of misrule.' Gaveston had insulted the grim Earl of Warwick. He had called him 'a black dog,' and the Earl of Lancaster 'an old hog,' and when Warwick heard it he swore he would make Gaveston feel the black dog's teeth. When King Edward heard that his favourite was dead he wept bitterly.

Warwick Church has an odour of antiquity. It carries the mind back to the days that are embalmed in song and story. Peep into Sir Fulke Greville's chapel, and if his rusty helm and tattered banner do not set you musing on the past you have no imagination in you. And then there is Coventry, an old city excelled by none in historic interest. It is nearly in the centre of England. It once had a large and beautiful cathedral, and a glorious Gothic cross as high as an ordinary church tower, but these things fell victims to the rage of the destroyer. It still boasts one of the noblest churches in the kingdom. This city was always noted for its religious shows, and on Corpus Christi Day the trade guilds of the old city were astir at sunrise, and, with trumpets sounding and banners rustling, the long procession paraded the streets, and then one or two of them, perhaps the baxters and milners (bakers and millers) performed the Birth of Christ or the Murder of the Innocents. These shows were often visited by the Royal family and great nobles. Some curious old items of the expenses of the shows are preserved; as 'Red buckram for wings of angels, 7*s*.' Queen Elizabeth used to enjoy seeing here 'the game of Hock Tuesday,' which was a show representing the massacre of the Danes in 1002. A procession still takes place on the Friday in Trinity week. Coventry used to be famous for ribbon weaving, now it is noted for bicycles and tricycles.

Then we must linger awhile at Kenilworth, which seems alive with many figures that we know so well. Here De Montford kept his Christmas like a king. Here Edward II. signed his kingdom away; here John of Gaunt lived; and here Queen Elizabeth was grandly feasted by Leicester. While she was there the clock hand always pointed to two, for seventeen days running, two being the dinner hour. Sir W. Scott calls Kenilworth 'a splendid and gigantic structure.' It covered seven acres. The keep is sixteen feet thick. We owe the destruction of this fine old place to one of Cromwell's officers.

Perhaps a boy called Will Shakespeare was present at some of the fine shows made to amuse the Queen. This wonderful poet was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in this county. All people agree that he is head of the poets. Where he got all he knew is a mystery. He once fell into bad company, and helped some idle fellows to steal deer from Charlecote. Being punished too severly, as he thought, he ridiculed the owner of the deer so smartly that Sir T. Lucy made Stratford too warm for him, and he fled to London.

The ballad begins thus:

'A parliament member, a justice of peace;
At home a poor scarecrow, at London an ass.'

And no wonder Sir Thomas was nettled by it. The immortal Will lies in the chancel of the church, and some lines beg us to respect his dust and not disturb his bones. The chamber where the great poet was born, on St. George's Day, is covered with the names of visitors. The site of the house in which he died has been turned into a sort of pleasure-ground. The house itself was, unfortunately, destroyed by a man who did not know its value. The site was bought by means of a subscription, headed by the late Prince Albert.

Charlecote, where Shakespeare went deer-stealing, is still owned by the Lucys. It is, as the fat knight Falstaff said, 'a goodly house and rich.' It has some ebony chairs which were given to the Earl of Leicester by Queen Elizabeth. May the Lucys ever imitate that noble old Sir Thomas Lucy, 'whose tables were always open to the learned, and his gates never fast to the poor.'

In this shire, too, we tread the famous field of Edgehill. Here, in October 1642, was fought the first pitched battle between King Charles and the Parliament. This edge, or ridge, is about ten miles from Stratford. It was not until three o'clock p.m. that the battle begun. Then fiery Rupert broke the left wing and pursued it for two miles, and Wilmot broke the right wing; but Sir W. Balfour charged the King's infantry and did much damage. Rupert luckily returned, or the King would have been taken

prisoner. One account says Oliver Cromwell saw the action from a church tower, and, when the Parliament cavalry were dispersed, he 'slid down the bell-rope and rode off.' Others deny this, and say he was in the engagement; and he remarked to Hampden they would never succeed, unless they could oppose men of religion to high-born gentlemen. And from that hour Cromwell sought to make his soldiers religious men.

In this county is the huge 'toy-shop of Europe,' Birmingham, or Brummagem: so called from the broom once growing abundantly thereabouts.

The school of Rugby, or Rokeby, was founded by a grocer, who left some land in London to endow it with.

At Tysoe is a red horse fifty feet long, cut in the sand-hill, in memory of Warwick the king maker. It is, or was, scoured on Palm Sunday, the day on which the battle of Towton was fought.

Wren, the famous architect, is connected with Wroxall. He built Warwick Church tower. There are old books fastened with chains in the Church of Wootton Wawen. At Willoughby the vicar dissuaded the soldiers of Cromwell from destroying the ancient cross. On the night before Edgehill, Charles and his two sons slept in Southam. At Skelbrook the clergy of York gave Henry VIII. the sum of 600*l.* all kneeling. Maxstoke is connected with the unfortunate Staffords, six of whom, son after father, came to violent deaths. Humphrey was killed at Northampton, his father at Shrewsbury, his grandfather at Calais, his son at Salisbury, by Richard III., and his grandson and great grandson were also executed. The good old times were not very safe to live in. At Atherston the Earl of Richmond and his army halted, on the eve of the battle of Bosworth. The troops were quartered in the Royal Meadow.

G. S. O.

THE CAGED LARK.

POOR little bird! fast fettered to the earth
When thy bright wings are quivering to rise,
How can they ask thee for a song of mirth,
And yet debar thee from the sunny skies?

Oh, what a poor exchange they give to thee,
For freedom's joys, so heavenly, sweet, and dear!
A cup of water and some crumbs I see,
A faded square of turf, all dry and sere.

Yet, little bird, I hear thy trilling note!
Canst thou be satisfied with this sad doom?
Dost never long in these blue skies to float
Far above earth, with all its care and gloom?

Where is thy tiny mate?—thy mossy nest?
Art thou content to be debarred from these?
Do no fond longings rise within thy breast
For the sweet sunshine and the summer breeze?

Ah! could we read the secret of thy heart,
The restless upward glance, the quivering wing,
Then would we understand, at least in part,
What causes thee thus ceaselessly to sing.

'Tis the wild longing to be once more free,
That seeks expression in that constant trill,
The captive wailing for sweet liberty.
Poor prisoned bird, thy music haunts me still.

D. B.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

225. I DO, in thirty days, dispense
Five fives and one in pounds,
Besides nine tens and six in pence;—
Such are my spending bounds;
My income is, from house and lands,
Four hundred pounds a-year;
Tell me, then, how my balance stands
Each twelve months' end, my dear?

226. MY name is Bob, and half a 'bob,'
(That's sixpence, don't you see?)
My father, taking from his fob,
Gives week by week to me.
As frugal habits holds he dear,
This sum he duly docks,
By threepence, when each third week's here,
And drops it in a box;
But, by-the-by, in holidays
(That's thirteen weeks, you know),
To idle Bob a sum he pays
That's figured by an 0;
Four long long years have gone to-day
Since we this rule began,
How much is in my box, I pray?
Come, tell me, all who can.

227. THREE neighbours took a trip one day,
And bargained, ere they went,
That, brother-like, each man should pay
His share of all they spent.
Returning all, 'What's left of mine
Is seven, three, six,' Sam said;
Said Mike, 'I've but one, thirteen, nine;'
'I've four pound ten,' says Ned.
Now what must Sam and Ned, my man,
Give to their comrade Mike,
That each may end, as they began,
With money all alike?

ANAGRAMS.

THREE WELL-KNOWN PROVERBS.

228. THE tin mine is at Vincessa.
229. HAS Tom Long seen Garrison's lot?
230. RIDE Shah and Bothun in the Row with bits.

CONUNDRUMS.

231. Do black or white sheep eat most?
232. What word is that which will be its own reverse if you transpose a letter?

ENIGMAS.

NURSERY TALES FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

233. THE pike that killed the whale.
234. A SMALL equestrian's head-gear.
235. A YOUNG redbreast made such a noise—like a bantam.

A CHARADE.

236. MY *first* and my *second*, a girl and a boy,
One morning when left to themselves,
Found nothing but mischief their time to employ—
What a couple of troublesome elves!

Papa was a doctor and gone on his round,
So they down to the surgery stole,
And there in a cupboard, O horror! they found,
Hanging fleshless and frightful, my *whole*.

[*Answers at page* 287.]

THE DEAD PUPPY.

MY spaniel had three puppies, one of which died, and without my knowledge was left in the nest three or four days, at the end of which time the mother carried it carefully in her mouth to the garden where the ground had been recently dug. And there, after a few minutes' hard work, she made a grave deep enough, and then laid her puppy in it, filled up the hole, and after taking a farewell look at the spot for a few seconds she returned to her two remaining puppies seemingly content.

The Runaway Boy.

HARD LINES.

'PLEASE, mother, may I have some supper? I could not get home any sooner. Father had sent me a message.'

These words were addressed by a gentle and somewhat timid-looking boy of about fourteen years old to a harsh-featured, middle-aged woman, who stood cooking by the kitchen fire of a rough, untidy cottage in one of the midland counties of Scotland. Hearing the boy's request, she immediately turned round with a face upon which hatred was clearly written. 'Don't mother me!' she exclaimed, in an angry tone of voice; 'I am no mother of yours, and why should you get any supper from me? Why don't you earn it for yourself? Your father, as you call him, has quite enough to do with his money without feeding a good-for-nothing milk-sop like you. Off with you to bed, and don't let me see your face till the morning! There,' she added, throwing a piece of bread after him, 'take that; it is more than you deserve. A candle? no, you do not need a candle; you can find your way, I suppose, in the dark. Now, off you go at once!' And the boy, thus severely dealt with, crept away, without another word, to his comfortless bed in the garret.

It would have been difficult to find, in all Melrose, a more unhappy little lad than poor Ned Williams on that evening when our story commences. His position in his present home (the only home he could remember), was such a painful one, that no boy of his age could possibly feel happy in it; but before we proceed further with our story we shall try to enlist the sympathy of young readers by making them acquainted with a little of his previous history.

The father of Ned Williams had been an honest coast-guardsman, stationed at North Queensferry, about nine miles from the city of Edinburgh. He had married a delicate, pale-faced girl, who had come to the neighbourhood with an English family in the capacity of lady's maid. Poor Jack Williams had fallen in love at first sight with the gentle and refined-looking stranger, though, contrary to the usual experience in such cases, the marriage had turned out a very happy one. It was, however, of very short duration. When little Ned was only six months old, his gallant father was unhappily drowned one stormy day, while attempting to rescue a boat's crew in distress. His poor young wife, who had been devotedly attached to him, now found herself in such very poor circumstances that she was glad (about a year afterwards) to accept the hand of a man with whom she had but slight acquaintance, hoping thus to secure a protector, not only for herself, but for her infant boy, Ned. She had made, however, a terrible mistake. Andrew Thorpe was a sullen-tempered man, far too fond of whisky to make any woman happy, and with no love for children whatever.

Three years after the ill-fated marriage, great changes had taken place; poor Mary had been for many months in her grave, while Thorpe had married again, the woman whom we have already seen as the harsh step-mother of little Ned. Many efforts had been made by the cruel and unprincipled pair to shake themselves free of the poor boy; but Ned had no relations by the father's side, while his mother's friends were quite unknown either in Melrose or North Queensferry. Andrew Thorpe would gladly have sent the poor child to the workhouse, and, indeed, had attempted to do so at the instigation of his new wife; but, greatly to his chagrin, he was informed that by the law of the land he was responsible for the lad's maintenance and education until he was of an age to work for himself.

Had the Thorpes done their duty by little Ned they might have reaped a rich reward, for he was by nature a loving-hearted little fellow, bright, brave, and good-humoured, though years of neglect and ill-usage had changed him sadly, broken his spirit, and made him timid and suspicious. Even at fourteen years of age he might have done much towards his own maintenance had he been properly educated, but alas for the poor boy! these were not the days of Board Schools, and Ned was scarcely able to read; he could neither write nor do the simplest sum in arithmetic: therefore, when he met with other lads who were better educated than himself, he was filled with uneasiness and shame, though, after all, the fault was not his, but theirs who had so cruelly neglected him. It was only within the last year that he had fully known his own position, and that neither the man nor the woman who tyrannised over him had any real relationship to himself. The discovery had almost pleased him, for, though it made him feel sadly alone in the world, still it was something to know that when he was a little older he might break away from their custody without infringing any law of God or man.

But on that day when our story opens poor Ned had been so sadly tried, so bullied and beaten by the drunken man, so starved and maltreated by the unfeeling woman, that as he crept upstairs to his miserable garret a mighty resolution was formed in his young heart. He had thought of it often before—oh, yes, often and often, but never with the same intensity as now! He could bear his miserable life no longer, it was too dreadful; he would put an end to it at once by running away from home! This momentous resolution, once formed, was speedily put into practice, though it was somewhat difficult for Ned to make all his arrangements in the total darkness of the attic room. Feeling the absolute necessity of silence, he slipped off his shoes and groped stealthily about till he had found a few necessary articles of clothing, which he tied up in his handkerchief; then, eating his morsel of dry bread, he lay down in his clothes till the earliest dawn should illumine the eastern sky. He was not afraid of falling asleep, he was too excited for that, and, besides, he was so very hungry! But it is hard work to keep awake at fourteen years of age, and long before dawn the heavy breathing of poor Ned proclaimed the fact that he had passed into the world of dreams. The crowing of a cock, however, aroused him in a moment, and starting up, he perceived that it was still very early, a grey dawn, cold and cloudy, but with the promise

of a fine day to follow. Silently rising, he took up his little bundle, and with one lingering glance round the old familiar room, the runaway boy cautiously undid the lattice, and creeping out upon the thatched roof, he slid noiselessly down into the garden, and from thence passed into the silent street.

The morning sun was shining brightly on the gleaming waters of the Frith of Forth at Queensferry; the villagers were appearing one by one, and commencing the usual work of the day, as a young lad, footsore and weary, entered the straggling hamlet, and pausing by the well, where already women and children were awaiting their turn to draw the precious, but all too scanty supply of water, he asked in timid tones if any one could direct him to the house of Sandy Grant the saddler.

Immediately, Ned Williams, for it was none other than he, found himself the centre of a highly interested group of spectators.

'And who may you be, my bonnie bairn?' asked one kindly matron, as she noted the dusty dress of the young traveller.

'And what do ye want with Sandy Grant?' asked another. 'You've been on the tramp for a while, I think, puir laddie! but if it is the saddler you're seeking, there he is,' and she pointed to a kindly-faced man wearing a woollen cap, who was digging leisurely in his little garden.

As the stranger approached him, the man stopped his work and slowly wiped his spade, while looking keenly at his young visitor. 'Aye, come in, lad. I ken ye weel,' said he, in reply to the timid question asked by the boy. 'Ned Williams you call yourself? Then you are the son of my auld friend, Jack Williams, as good and brave a man as ever stepped; but ye have nae kith nor kin in Queensferry, my lad, if that is what ye are seeking. Your mother was an English lass, and Jack himself came from an outlandish place they call the Isle of Man. But why did ye leave yer stepfather's house, laddie?' he added somewhat severely. 'Ye're ower young to be taking your life into your ain guidance. But come awa ben, and while the good wife gets us a cup of tea ye can tell me all the story.'

Ned's simple tale of hardship, neglect, and suffering, was listened to with many expressions of sympathy from Sandy and his wife, while even little Flora, a girl of six years, sidled up to the stranger boy and patted his hand gently as she listened to his story. 'They must be cruel, bad people,' she said, indignantly, 'to behave so to you, for I know you are a good boy. Just stay with us, and we will all be so kind to you.'

At this sally of their little one the parents laughed, while Ned lifted the child on his knee and kissed her cheek. Oh, how sweet did family love and sympathy seem to the outcast boy! why had he never known any of it in his young life? But, delightful as it was, he felt that he could not remain in Queensferry, even if invited to do so; he had a plan of his own for his future life which he presently began to unfold.

'You have never told me yet how you came to think of me,' cried Sandy Grant, when the conversation had begun to flag a little; 'did anybody give you my name?'

Then Ned blushed, and hesitated for a while before answering. 'You will think me rather a mean fellow,' he said at last, 'for listening to conversation not intended for me to hear; but you will see that I was strongly tempted to do so, for father (or rather Andrew Thorpe, for I won't call him father any longer) was talking to his wife about sending me to the poor-house, and I heard every word distinctly up in the garret room. He said that he had been making inquiries, and, as far as he could find out, my own father had no relations at all, while my mother had only one, a brother, who had gone abroad more than a year before I was born; indeed, before my mother was married. He said, too, that Sandy Grant at North Queensferry had known my mother, and so, sir, I came to you. Oh, I would so much like to hear something about my mother and my uncle! Did you really know her, sir?'

Sandy stroked his chin in a meditative manner, then glanced at his wife, who was dressing her little girl, preparatory to sending her off to school. 'Come along with me, my lad,' he replied; 'we'll take a walk along the North Cliff, and I will tell you all I know.'

'And be sure you bring that nice, good boy back with you to dinner, father,' said the little maiden in an authoritative manner; 'we must all be kind to him, you know!'

'Yes, my bonny doo,' said her father, fondly; 'I'll bring him back with me, never fear.'

(*Continued at page* 282.)

COMING OF THE SWALLOW.

SWEET prophet of the coming year,
We watch with longing eyes for thee;
Thy twittering note we fain would hear
Come echoing o'er the misty sea.

Our children at the cottage door
Stand, gazing out across the main,
And aye they ask me o'er and o'er,
Will the dear swallows come again?

Their empty nest beneath the eaves
Still clings against our cottage wall,
But, oh! when summer's quivering leaves
Make the bright sunbeams rise and fall,

The fairy bird, she, too, will bring,
Wheeling in circles through our sky,
The sunlight flashing from its wing,
And gladness in its twittering cry.

For weeks the 'mellow-throated thrush
Has piped her sweet and pensive lay,
While hidden in the hazel copse
The blackbird sings at close of day.

But still deep yearnings fill our soul,
Sweet Ariel, we long for thee!
We long to watch thy rapid flight
When earth is fair and life is free.

Then come, bright birdie, o'er the main,
A dreamy beauty fills the air,
When the dear swallows come again
There's joy and gladness everywhere. K.

A MORNING RIDE.

FAIR maiden, I would haste to bend the knee,
And to thine own domains would welcome thee.
Thine aged father waits—no joy he knows
When from his presence his fair daughter goes;
But when her wandering steps are homeward bent,
New joy at once to our dear lord is sent!

Good Hubert! I but rode an hour or so
Down by the valley where the waters flow;
Ah, Hubert! it was sweet!—The morning air
How fresh! the landscape how divinely fair!
But my dear father, has he asked for me?
I cannot bear that he should troubled be.

Then haste, good Hubert; take the palfrey's rein,
I shall not need her all this day again.
By my sick father's side the hours I'll spend;
I'll care for him, my best, my dearest friend.
God grant that, when another morning ride
I take, the loved one may be by my side. D. B.

Adventurers landing with their necessaries.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

IT was in 1863, that a party of adventurous men, who had been disappointed at the Australian goldfields, resolved to try their fortune in another region altogether. Having reason to suppose that in a certain small island in the great South Pacific Ocean there existed a mine of silvery tin which would well repay the expense of working, they planned to visit this place, and, if things looked promising, to obtain from the Australian Government a concession of the island for commercial purposes. If the mine could not be discovered, they expected at least to secure a number of seals, whose oil and skins would be of some value. The island being uninhabited, they had, of course, to take every necessary with them, besides chartering a suitable ship, and securing a skilful seaman as commander. All this having been accomplished, these adventurers,

some of whom were Danes, set out on this new quest after fortune with hearts as full of hope as though they had never known disappointment before. But even now they were destined only to meet with very moderate success. From the second day after leaving Sydney they experienced terrific weather; twice the ship was thrown on her beam ends for some hours, their lives being in the greatest danger.

All these difficulties, however, being surmounted, they at length reached their destination, and immediately began to land their stores, build a temporary hut, and explore the island. Meanwhile the vessel went back to Sydney, the captain undertaking to return in three months to look after them. As the men strolled along the beach and clambered up the cliffs, they kept a sharp look-out for seals, but could not discover a single animal, though traces of them were apparent everywhere; evidently they had come at the wrong season of the year. As for the tin mine, they did not discover any signs whatever of its existence. They resolved, however, to be patient and hopeful, to await the coming of the seals, and meanwhile to establish themselves as comfortably as possible on their island home. After two months of hardship, especially from the bitter cold, the seals came trooping back to their breeding-places on the island, and these Robinson Crusoes soon found their hands full of work. The skins were especially valuable, and were carefully salted and packed, while the oil was boiled down and stored in the barrels which they had brought with them from Sydney.

These men met with one strange adventure while exploring the island. They had sailed in their little boat one fine day quite round to the other side of their dominions, when they came upon what was evidently the remains of an encampment of white men. In the midst of a coppice at no great distance from the shore there stood three small huts, wrecked and shattered, but each in the centre of a small enclosure designed for a garden, and the whole surrounded by a ruined palisade. In traversing these ruins they arrived in front of a hut less dilapidated than the others; hardly had they entered it, however, before they recoiled in horror and affright, for there, in all the solemn majesty of death, there lay the body of a man who must have been dead for some months. The dress of the corpse was that of a sailor, and it was quite evident that here was some poor castaway who had been wrecked along with some companions; whether the others had escaped or died, who could tell? Only this one corpse remained to show that on this lonely island of the sea some tragedy had been wrought which was hidden from the rest of mankind.

Our adventurers carefully buried the body of the poor unknown, and then returned to their own side of the island. When the ship returned for them from Sydney, they had a good stock of oil to exhibit, but the experiment was not thought worth continuing; therefore, gathering together all their possessions, they gladly returned to Sydney to embark once more in some other quest after a livelihood. And so ended this adventure in the South Pacific.

D. B.

WHO'S TO PAY?

(*Concluded from p.* 267.)

CHAPTER V.

R. CHILDE'S lawyer had sent at his desire an abstract of his will, by which Henry's mother was to a certain extent benefited, and a legacy of 200*l.* was also left to him. The business was to be carried on under the old name for his daughter's benefit, and all was to go on as if the head of the firm were alive, under the eye of old Matthew Norris.

Another post brought a letter from his mother, and one from Mr. Norris. Mrs. Parke told him she had been sent for several times by the dying man, and he had entrusted his precious child to her care. Henry's cheeks burned, and his tears fell, as he read the kind words in which his good old friend had spoken of him during those last solemn hours.

As for Mr. Norris, he wrote very dejectedly. He felt, he said, like an old weather-beaten oak which had suddenly lost its chief limb in a tempest. Life had no charm for him now, he said. But he had an object, which was to carry out his friend's plans, and keep the business as prosperous as ever.

Henry's thoughts naturally dwelt on the young lady. He was sorely tempted to return at once and avow the love he felt for her; but he was sure that would have been very wrong, for he had nothing but his salary and the two hundred pounds to offer her. No; he would remain where he was, and serve the firm in a strange land as well as he could.

The money left him by Mr. Childe caused him no little care. He resolved, at length, to invest it in a piece of land, and try and do some vanilla farming. He also cultivated the Peruvian bark. Our readers know the exceeding value of the bark in cases of fever. A story is current of a poor Indian, wasted with disease and nearly dead, crawling in his agonies of thirst to a pool across which one of these trees had been blown down by a hurricane. He drank of the nauseous water, and, falling asleep, was cured. The bitterness of this fever-quelling tree had saved his life, as it has since that time saved that of myriads.

Vanilla is a Spanish word, meaning a case for a pair of scissors. The fruit is shaped like the sheath for a knife-blade. It is used much as a flavour for ices and sweet-meats.

Henry Parke, who was a great bookworm, told us a curious fact about vanilla when he was showing us his crop one day. He said the island of Java never had any of it until the beginning of this century, when the Duke of Marlborough brought some plants into England. From English gardens it went to Holland, and by the Dutch it was introduced into Java, as a plant likely to thrive there.

In about five years' time Henry found his legacy had prospered far beyond his expectations. He had bought more land, and was now a considerable grower of coffee, rice, and spices. There was not a better man of business in the island. His friends used to call him the Batavian timepiece; always wound up and in going order.

He most religiously cared for his old master's business. A certain young lady, who did not get married, was now the one chiefly interested, and he loved her too well to neglect her fortunes. But, somehow or other, the death of Mr. Childe was a death-blow to his house. Matthew Norris did all he could, but he never had known the proper value of his old friend's judgment till it was lost to him. Good and true as Matthew was, he was not a born man of business. In a few years he had conducted his old friend's business to the verge of bankruptcy.

And Henry had feared that it might be so. Delicacy of feeling alone prevented his sailing to London to rectify matters if he could. But who was he? Merely a confidential agent in a far-away land. How could he displace his old employer's executor?

At last the crash came. It was almost unheard, because so many greater houses toppled over at the same time. There were white faces on the Exchange. Childe and Co. paid a dividend of seventeen shillings in the pound.

'I'll pay the other three,' vowed Harry, 'or I'll be a Dutchman for ever! My old master a bankrupt! It is well he did not live to see this black day.'

What with winding up the business of the firm and attending to his own affairs, he made the twelve hours of the day do duty for twenty. And the end of it was he fell into a nervous state, and had to be put to bed and nursed, chafing at his enforced idleness, and so protracting his recovery. The long-tailed Chinese cashier was one in a thousand, and he loved Henry greatly, and he one morning telegraphed to Mrs. Parke that her son was ailing, and, if she loved him, she ought to come out without delay.

One day, as Henry was scheming how to get up, he suddenly found himself, 'with one stocking off and one stocking on,' in the honest arms of his mother. Some one else was standing on the other side of the door, some one who thought she heard her own name breathed in a faint voice.

Yes, the tidings Henry had sent to England from time to time, the glowing pictures he had drawn of Java and its wonders, had convinced Mrs. Parke that she could not do better than confide Mr. Childe's legacy to Henry, and, as he was ill, she thought she must go to him at once. Flora, who loved the good widow, and who had no relations of her own, was content to go with her.

Nothing—not all the bark on his farm—could have done him so much good as that presence behind the door. He read in his mother's eyes that she was there. And when he got up and put the other stocking on, he felt himself well again, or nearly so.

We need not dwell much on what was sure to happen. Of course Henry was not now afraid of telling Flora that he had always been her faithful admirer. She was now no longer out of his reach, and he thought he should not be very wrong if he told her all that was in his heart. She was not at all averse to him, and he found to his joy she never had been from the first. So they were married, and when I was last in Java I smoked my pipe with him, and the honest fellow told me his story, which I have given to the public under the title of 'Who's to Pay?'

G. S. O.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

237. When you and I are flying fast
Upon the iron rails,
Post after post goes quickly past
At stated intervals.

Some six and sixty yards apart
Those posts are set, they say,
And tidings, bright or gloomy, dart
Along the wires all day.

Three moments by my watch I read,
As post and post go by,
Then tell me, if you can, the speed
At which just now we fly.

---

238. My naughty clock no care improves,
It treats me as it chooses;
While round its face the hour-hand moves,
Four minutes good it loses.

Sometimes, its tiresome trick to spite,
Or otherwise upbraid it,
I put it on—last Sunday night,
Ten minutes fast I made it.

'Tis Thursday eve, and six, I know,
For, hark! the church is chiming;
Tell me what time my clock does show,
And here I end my rhyming. G. S. O.

CONUNDRUMS.

239. What English word is heard when not spoken, and heard by its three middle letters when spoken?

240. What animal has most brains?

241. Why is the letter O the most charitable letter in the alphabet?

242. What is the smallest sound made by the sea?

243. What is the only jam a schoolboy will not eat?

244. Why are a poor man, a barrel of ale, and a ferry-boat alike?

245. Five hundred men and women sitting,
Eating, drinking, sleeping, knitting.
London, Tunbridge, Maidstone, Dover,
In, out, under, over,
Tugging, hugging, dreaming, screaming,
Rain or snow, or sunshine beaming,
Burr and stir, fire and hissing,
Often ends with hearty kissing.

246. A word of one syllable, easy and short,
Read backwards and forwards the same,
It expresses the sentiments warm from the heart
And to beauty lays principal claim.

247. My *first* is to hard-working horses oft spoken;
My *second* of sudden surprise is a token;
My *third* is a place we shall do well to shun;
My *fourth* is a river which in Scotland doth run;
My *half* is an order to quit you will find;
My *whole* is an idol set up by mankind.

248. No bird that ever flits the sky
Can boast such varied plumes as I;
And yet I ne'er was known to fly,
Unless my wings were broken.

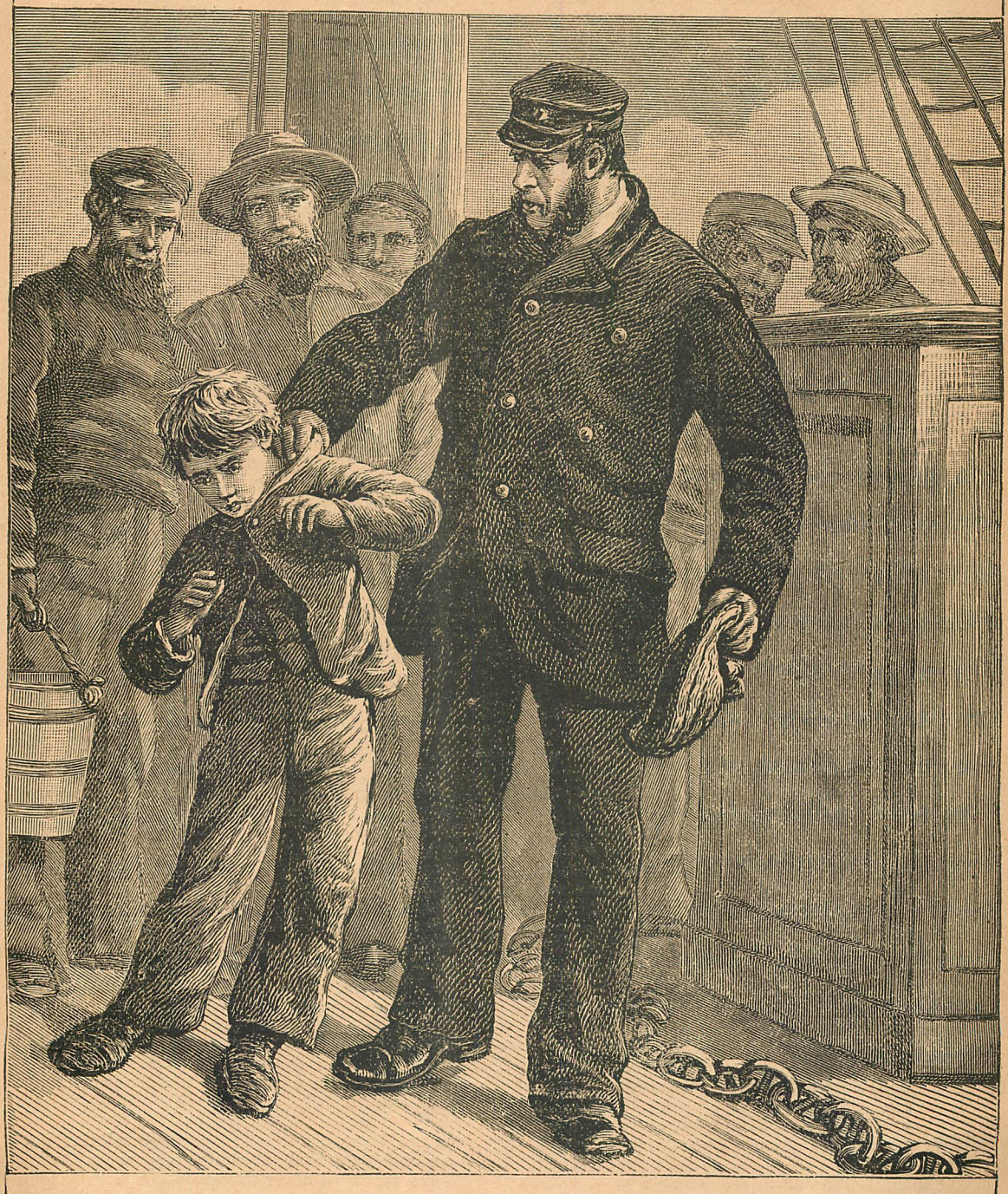
[*Answers at page* 287.]

THE YOUNG BIRD.

OH, Mother, see what I have found,
All by itself upon the ground—
A tiny little bird!
It cannot move a single bit,
But squeaks so loud and cries "Twit, twit,"
Quite piteous to be heard.

It's crying out for food, I know;
I cannot bear to see it so,
I'm sure that it will die.
Or sly old puss will snatch it up,
And on the little creature sup
When next she passes by.'

'Oh, Rosie darling, do not fear,
The parent birds are very near,
I saw them pass this way.
Let's hide a minute out of sight,
Now peep—you see that I was right,
They've taken it away.'



"How dare you come on board the *Ocean Queen?*"

HARD LINES.

(*Continued from page* 275.)

'WELL, you see, my boy,' said the good man kindly, as he linked his arm within that of Ned, 'it is nigh on fifteen years since I first saw your mother, and a bonnier lass I thought I had never seen in all my life before; you favour her a little, especially about the eyes, when you smile. I soon got to like her very much, and to watch for her, as she came down to the village-shop for some of her little purchases. She was an English lass, as I told you, and lived at the Hall as lady's maid; but she always seemed to me to have been better born than the other servants, she was so like a lady, with her gentle, serious manner, and her polite ways. Ah, my boy! I got to be very fond of her, and—but ye needna say anything about this to the good wife—I asked her in marriage, but she wouldna have me. She had met with your father by that time, and I couldna compare with him, Ned; he was a handsome man, and a buirdly, with een like a gled (hawk), and a heart as tender as her own. Well, I didna bear her any malice, though she wouldna take me for better or worse. I liked her too well for that, and would have served her with my best blood, if I had had a chance to do so. Well, one day I met her in Dalmerry Wood, and she was greetin sorely. She tried just to pass me by with a bow, but I wouldna let her. "Mary," said I, "if you are in trouble and will let me help you, I'll gladly do so." Then she showed me a letter, it was from her brother, a young doctor (she was better born, as I thought), who had got into trouble and had fled the country. There had been a mistake made about some medicine, and a child had died; he had been tried for manslaughter, and, though acquitted, had been censured for carelessness by the judge. Many a man would have thought little enough of the censure when he was allowed to go scot free; but Philip Foster was of a different stamp. The baby's death seemed to lie on his conscience, though it had been purely accidental; he felt disgraced, and could not stay at home. "He was all the world to me," said poor Mary, weeping; "I have no other friend; and now that he is away in that reckless mood who knows what may become of him?" She told me he had gone off to Australia—to Sydney I think, but I'm not sure; and, Ned, my boy, if you were to question me till to-morrow morning, I could tell you nothing more, for that is all I know myself. You are of honest birth, my lad, be thankful for that; and now put it all out of your mind. If you are willing to stay here, I'll try and get ye settled at some work, and ye can attend the night-school, for education is a grand thing, Ned! No man is worth a thistle-top that canna write and cast up accounts, as ye tell me is the case with you.'

'You are very kind, Mr. Grant,' said Ned; 'but I can't stay here. I mean to go to Australia in search of my uncle.'

'Is the laddie daft?' said Sandy Grant, with an appealing look all round. 'Gang to Australia in search of a man who may be dead and buried langsyne! As weel search for a needle in a bottle of hay! And how are ye to get there? And where is the money to come from?'

'I have thought of that too,' said Ned, proudly; 'I mean to work my way out as a cabin-boy.'

'Mercy me!' ejaculated the perplexed saddler. 'A cabin-boy, indeed! A slip of a bairn like you! I had a brother, Ned, aye, and I'm thankful to say I have him yet, though he is out in Australia now—a settler there and doing well—many a time he has wanted me to go out. Well, as I was saying, when he was a boy nothing would serve him but he must go to sea, and I can tell you, Ned, that when he came home again his two ears were as long as any donkey's! He told us that the captain, and the mate too, aye pulled him out of his bunk by the ears! Weel, it seems to come natural to captains and mates to do these unconscionable deeds, so we needna blame them too much; but if ye want to keep a whole skin, my lad, I advise ye, as a friend, to keep on *terra firma*, whilk is the Latin for dry land, as I hope ye'll learn some day at the night-school. Bide with me, my boy, and I'll teach ye saddlery. I learned the trade when I was young.'

'But Ned's mind was made up, and nothing would turn him from his purpose. Two days after this conversation with the kind-hearted saddler he turned his back on North Queensferry, with five shillings in his purse and a letter from Sandy to a friend in Glasgow, who perhaps might be useful to the boy. But before he left these kind friends he had received a gift from the worthy saddler, which had touched him greatly—it was a small photograph of his mother.

'Ye see, my lad,' said Sandy, as he took it out of a private drawer, 'it has her picture on the one side and the initials M. F., for Mary Foster, on the other. She gave it to me just the day before she married your father. "You have been very kind to me, Mr. Grant," she said, "and I should like you to have a little trifle to keep in remembrance of me; it is but a paltry thing after all, but Jack Williams is getting a penniless bride, as he knows very well, and you won't despise my gift because it is a trifling one." Well, Ned, I set great store by it till I got married myself, and I value it still; but you shall have it, my boy, and I can tell you it is a very good likeness of as good and pretty a young woman as I ever knew.'

We may imagine how often poor Ned pulled out the tiny portrait, gazed at it and kissed it, as he manfully trudged on his way to Glasgow. 'I shall keep it all my life,' he said to himself; 'and when I find my uncle, won't he be pleased to see a likeness of his only sister!'

Poor Ned! With the inexperience of youth, he felt perfectly sure of succeeding in all his plans; having received so much kindness at Queensferry, he expected to find the same everywhere else; the future seemed to him all sunshine and brightness. Alas! he did not see the dark clouds which were already gathering over his onward path.

Smoky Glasgow never looked more dismal than it did on that cold and blustering day when Ned Williams wandered along the quay-side, surveying in utter bewilderment the many vessels which lay there, taking in their complement of passengers or

merchandise. No one spoke to him, or took any notice of the little lad, as he stood gazing at a small ship, which, from the hurry and bustle on board, seemed about to sail with the turn of the tide. Not that this was the kind of vessel he hoped to sail in, oh, no! a well-found passenger ship was his idea, in which a cabin-boy would be respected, if he did his duty as Ned intended to do. But where was such a vessel to be found? Ned had got thus far in his meditation, when he was seized with perfect horror by hearing a stentorian voice quite near to him: 'Ned, you thieving villain! have I found you at last?'

It was Andrew Thorpe's voice! the boy had no doubt on that point; and with a faint hope of eluding his pursuer, he bounded along the gangway leading to the ship, and, all unseen in the bustle and confusion, contrived to hide himself behind some huge barrels in the hold. Still he heard that dreadful voice! apparently his step-father had come on board too. 'Ned, Ned! where are you? I'll break every bone in your body, unless you come here!' Oh, how sick at heart was the poor boy! Suppose he was discovered and dragged out, would any one protect him, or would he be compelled to return to Melrose, to a life of bitterness and slavery? But the voice was silent now, no one came near him, and as he lay, scarcely daring to breathe in his place of concealment, he began to hope that, after all, he might possibly effect his escape. Hour after hour passed away, yet he did not dare to show himself, lest he might be pounced upon by the enemy, when—oh, horror! what sound was that? the vessel was certainly moving away; yes, there could be no doubt of the dreadful truth. The despised ship had actually sailed, and was carrying him away with it, but to what port, north, south, east, or west, the poor bewildered boy had not the faintest notion! Of course, only a short time elapsed before he was discovered and dragged ignominiously to the deck, where everything was still in confusion, with half intoxicated men (who had been dragged unwillingly away from the attractions of the shore) reeling about in all directions, some singing lustily, and others endeavouring with tipsy solemnity to clear the decks and bring things into some kind of order. 'Hullo!' cried one and all, as they gathered about the forehatch, shouting and laughing to see the boy scuffling with his captor, who held him by the hair of his head.

'What is all this noise about?' cried the mate, walking up and scowling at them. 'A stowaway? hand him to me,' and seizing Ned by one arm, he dragged him on deck. 'And now who are you?' he said, 'and how dare you come on board the *Ocean Queen?* and how dare you stand with your cap on in my presence? There! take that, for your insolence,' and with one blow poor Ned was soundly boxed on the ears, while his cap was sent spinning over the side into the water. The boy was hungry and frightened, and he gazed at his tormentors just as though they were so many wild beasts.

'Well, can't you speak?' said the mate, impatiently; 'what did you want aboard our vessel?'

'Please, sir, I was running away from my step-father, who was chasing me,' replied the boy. 'I heard him say, "Ned, Ned, have I caught you at last?" so I ran on board to hide: but I did not know you were to sail so soon, sir; I really did not.'

'You heard him calling "Ned, Ned," did you? replied the mate, with a sneer. 'You young fool, it was my voice you heard calling Ned, the ship's cook. But I'll tell you what, my fine fellow, now that you are aboard the *Ocean Queen* without leave, asked or given, you'll please to do a man's work or I'll know the reason why.' And with these parting words the cruel monster kicked poor Ned from the quarter-deck to the bowsprit, and then went down to his supper. The men all laughed (all save one), just as though it was the greatest fun in the world to see a poor defenceless boy treated worse than a dog.

The one man who was an exception to the general rule was a seaman named Jarvis, who, instead of laughing like the others, assisted the bewildered boy to rise from the deck, where he lay half-stunned and bleeding, and then gave him a drink of coffee and half a biscuit. Poor Ned had a grateful soul, and he looked up in the man's face with eyes like a frightened girl.

'Ain't ye got a home?' said Jarvis; 'or a mother? No? Well, poor chap, you just do the best you can while you are aboard, and come to me when you are in trouble; I'll help you all I can.'

And Ned soon found that he needed help sorely; and many a time had he reason to remember the warning words of his friend, Sandy Grant: 'If you want to keep a whole skin, don't you go to sea.'

The mate, whose name was Spicer, seemed to have taken an aversion to him from the first, while the captain (who was too often to be seen drinking himself drunk in his cabin) was too lazy to interfere for his protection.

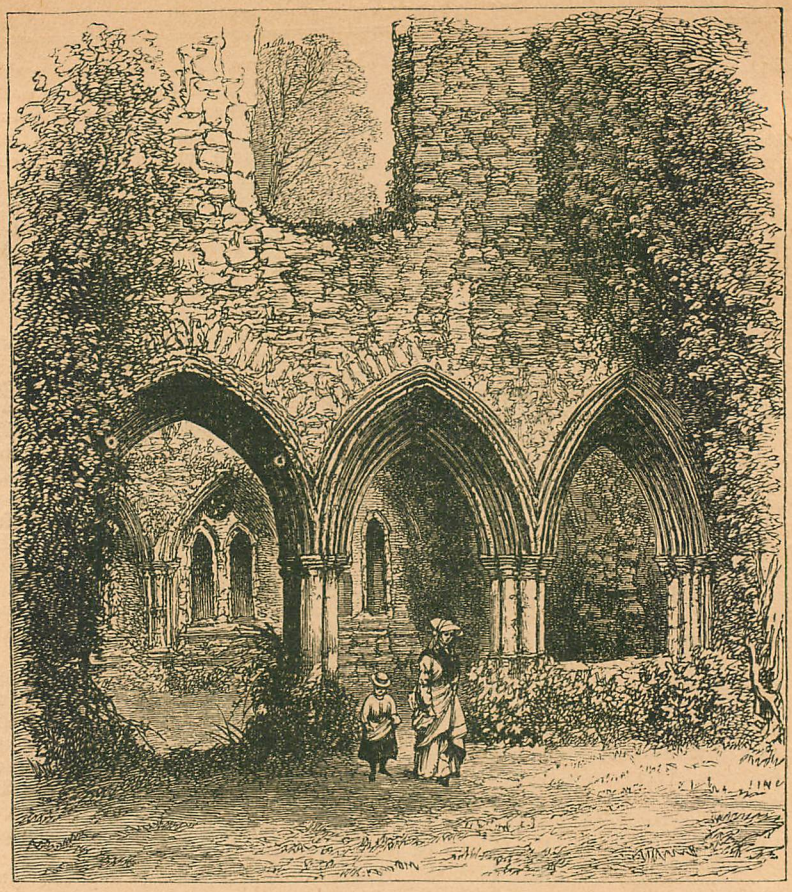
Of course Ned was quite unacquainted with the routine of a ship's work, though he was willing enough to learn, but his ignorance was attributed by the mate to laziness, or insolence, and punished accordingly. The ill-usage meted out to the unfortunate boy might have moved the hardest heart. For the most trifling offence he was mast-headed for hours at a time: he was chased round the deck with a rope's end, beaten till the blood ran in streams, then kicked down the forecastle ladder, till the wonder was that a slender young boy of only fourteen years was not killed outright by such frightful treatment.

(*Continued at page* 290.)

LIT BY GAS.

IN 1809 Pall Mall, London, was lit by gas. Many who saw it feared that terrible explosions, with great loss of life, would result from its use, and resolved that it should never be used in their own houses. Yet fifteen years before this Mr. Murdock, of Redruth, had made gas and used it for lighting his own premises. Soon after this Messrs. Boulton & Watt began to burn it in their workshops at Birmingham, and a large cotton-mill at Manchester followed their example. But it was the display in Pall Mall which took away most of the prejudice against gas, and at last brought it into popular favour.

A. R. B.



NETLEY ABBEY.

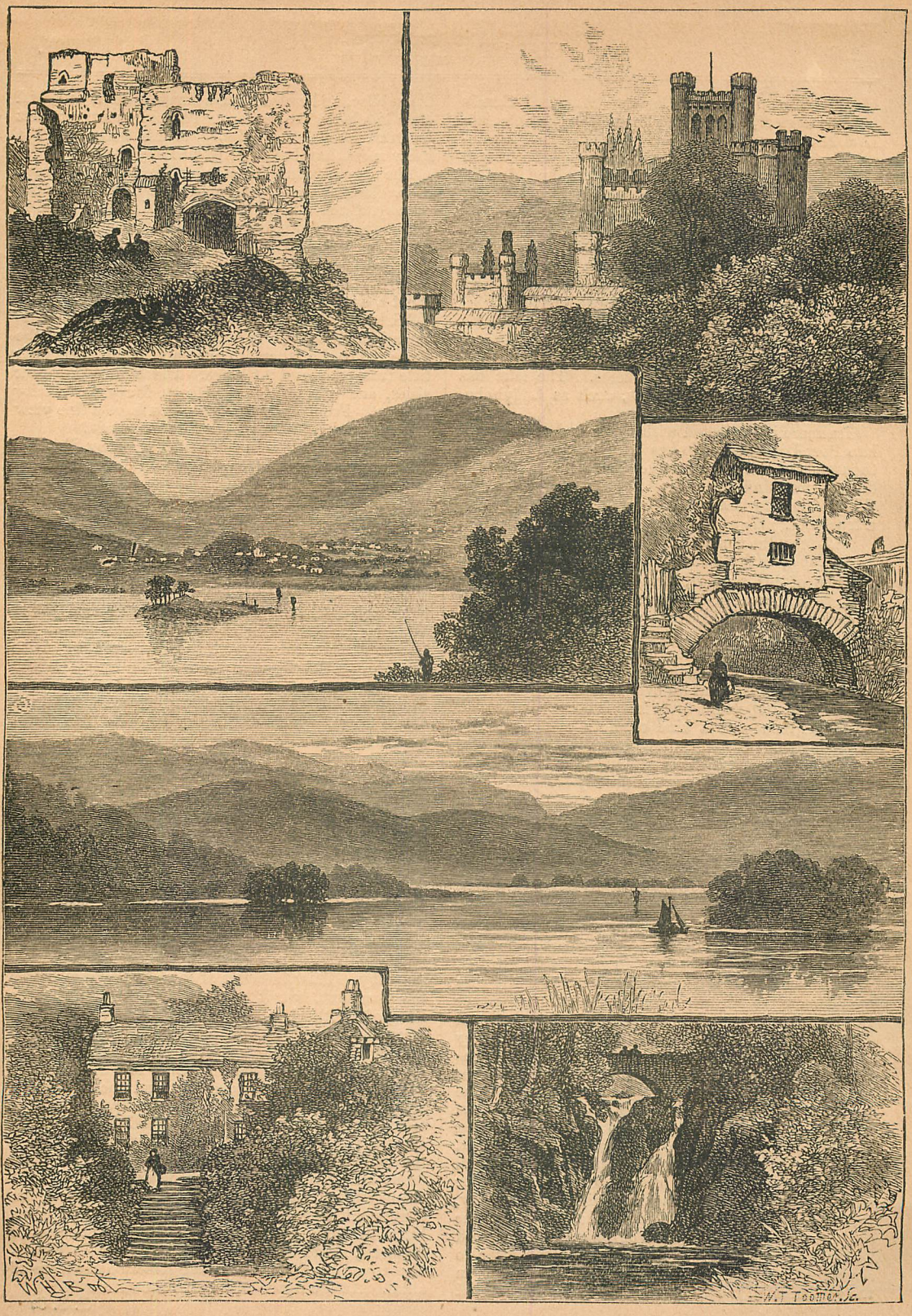
NETLEY ABBEY, founded in the thirteenth century by Peter Roche, bishop of Winchester, stands on a gentle elevation rising from the bank of the Southampton Water, about three miles east of the town. The monks were at first brought from the neighbouring abbey of Beaulieu, but hardly anything is known about the abbey for the first three hundred years after its foundation, except the names of a few of the abbots. The abbey appears to have been about 200 feet in length by 60 in breadth, and to have been crossed at the centre by a transept 120 feet long. The roof, which remained till 1704, now lies in fragments on the floor, these fragments being in some cases sculptured with armorial bearings, while many broken columns remain to show that the building must have been one of much beauty. But the chief attraction of Netley Abbey is the singular loveliness of the spot. The walk to it from Southampton is delightful, the landscape being rich in all the charms of water and woodland scenery, the abbey itself being so embosomed among foliage (some of it springing up from amidst the roofless walls) that scarcely a fragment of it is visible except on a near approach.

A strange story is told about the destruction of this old abbey. Early in the eighteenth century its owner sold the materials of the fabric to a builder, who intended with the stones to erect certain dwelling-houses. This builder was advised by some of his friends not to have any share in the demolition of a consecrated place. These words impressed him so strongly, that the same night he dreamed that in taking down the abbey one of the stones fell from its place and killed him. Nevertheless, he held to his bargain, which he believed to be a good one. Strange to say, however, as he was trying to dislodge some stones from the west wall, not a single stone only, but the whole of the window fell upon him, killing him upon the spot. This strange coincidence made a deep impression upon all those who had heard of the dream. M. K.

COUNTY CHATS.

No. XXXVII.—WESTMORELAND.

THIS little county is wholly mountainous,—made up of slate rocks, mountain limestone, and new red sandstone. At the north extremity are the ruins of Brougham Castle. Over its inner door is this pithy inscription, 'This made Roger.' Roger was Lord Clifford. The Castle which Roger built seems to have been unfortunate. In 1403 it was said to be worth nothing to any man, because of the marauding Scotsmen. However, King James was here magnificently entertained by the Earl of Cumberland. Afterwards, it seems to have gone out of repair,—then it



VIEWS IN WESTMORELAND. By W. H. J. Boot.

Brougham Castle.
Lowther Castle.

Grasmere.
Ambleside.
Windermere.

Wordsworth's House.
Lower Fall, Rydal.

was furbished up by the Countess Ann, and then it fell into neglect, and so on. The house where the late Lord Brougham lived is nearly a mile off, and it commands such beautiful views that it has been termed 'The Windsor of the North.' The late lord died in 1868 at Cannes, and there his bones rest. He lived to be ninety. He was attorney-general to Queen Caroline, and afterwards became Lord Chancellor.

Lowther Castle is a seat of the Earls of Lonsdale. Lowther means 'Dark Water.' Smirk, the architect, rebuilt this fine house in 1808. The park is a very beautiful one, with noble forest trees and deer.

Windermere, or Winandermere, is our largest lake. Its greatest depth is 200 feet, and its waters are beautifully clear. Its ancient name was Wonwaldremere. It is a sheet of 4580 acres. The lake has thirteen islands, called Holms, such as Ladyholm, Silverholm, Crowholm, &c.

Grasmere is connected with William Wordsworth, late Poet Laureate. He has left behind him many thousands of lines of sweet verse, which will live to delight mankind for ever. For, as Keats says, 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.' Wordsworth was a true poet. He says, in one of his tender songs:—

'To me, the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.'

Some of his sayings, like that famous one, 'The child is the father of the man,' have become English proverbs.

Ambleside has its bobbin-mill. Some bobbins are made for silk, others for flax, or wool, or cotton. Some are black, and some are yellow. Hoops, too, are made here and sent all over the world.

The most important town in this county is Kendal. 'Kendal green' was a kind of cloth made here by the industrious Flemings, who came in 1337. It was a stuff much loved by foresters, and in it Robin Hood and his merry outlaws were generally arrayed. In a dress of this colour they could approach the antlered monarch of the woods without his seeing them so well as if they had worn scarlet.

At Kendal bobbins are made, and combs, and clogs, and fish-hooks, and many other useful things. Here was born one who was unexpectedly raised to a high estate, Katherine Parr. The Parrs succeeded the Rooses as lords of Kendal, one Sir William Parr marrying Elizabeth de Roose. The Parrs came from a place called Parr, a township in Prescott parish, Lancashire. It is a fact that Katherine Parr, who was Henry the Eighth's sixth wife, nearly lost her life because she ventured to argue with her husband on a point of religion. She only escaped a fiery death by chance. The warrant for her burning was signed, and, somehow or other, it came into her hands. When she read it, and knew her danger, she went to the King, and he began to talk to her about religion, and he said she wanted to be rather a teacher than a scholar. But she, not wishing to be burnt, replied meekly, she had come to learn of her husband, and to have her doubts dispelled by his superior wisdom. 'Is it so, sweetheart?' said Henry; 'why, then we are friends.' And so, with a kiss, he let her go. But she was not yet out of danger, for the Lord Chancellor, with a strong guard, came soon after to apprehend her, when she happened to be walking in the garden with the King. He roared at the amazed Chancellor, and called him a knave and a fool, and bade him leave the garden. 'Thou knowest not what he came about,' said Henry to his wife; but she knew more than her husband had any idea of.

The only port in Westmoreland is Milnthorpe, and it is, like the county, a small one. It is near the estuary of the Kent. That word Kent is found in various parts of England. It is to be met with in Devonshire, Suffolk, and Northumberland. We think it has something to do with the word King. The river Kent may mean a King's river—the county Kent a King's county, &c.

Kirby or Kirkby Lonsdale is evidently the church-town in Lunesdale. It is in the fertile valley of the Lune. The Lowthers, to whom it came, take their title from this ancient place. The church has four aisles, and was given by Queen Mary to Trinity College. From the churchyard you have a fine view of Ingleboro', a famous Yorkshire mountain.

'Wildboar Fell' is in the parish of Kirby Stephen. This place is so called from its church being dedicated to the first martyr.

'Nine Standards Fell' is in the parish of Nateby. The nine standards seem to be stones set up there to mark the boundary line which separates Yorkshire and Westmoreland. The scenery about this place is very romantic, and here the brawling river Eden has a noisy foaming cataract.

Brough stands on the ancient Roman road called Watling Street. The castle was built before the Conquest, then ruined, and then repaired by Anne Clifford, a celebrity in her day. The pulpit in the church is hewn out of one stone. This village lies under Stainmoor. Here is a very venerable cross, called the 'Rere Cross,' which marks the border. The forest here used to have a hospital for way-faring people; and, not long ago, a blind man, named Home, used to conduct passengers through the solitudes.

The church of Great Musgrave is dedicated to St. Theobald. The old custom of 'rush bearing' used to be in vogue here. The young women still bear garlands of flowers to the village church, hang them up therein, and take down the withered ones of a year old. After hearing a sermon, they are regaled at the Rectory, and end the day with sports and merriment.

A Roman altar was found at Milbourn with the inscription, 'Deo Silvano,' 'To the Silvan God,' upon it.

We will end our chat at the county town of Appleby. This place was of some importance before the Conquest, but it was nearly destroyed by the King of Scotland in the time of Henry II., and a second onslaught, in 1388, completed its ruin. The greater part of Appleby lay in heaps in the reign of Mary. The keep of the old castle is called Cæsar's Tower, and is in good condition, and the judges are always entertained here. Appleby was always a loyal town, and was held for the King by Anne, Countess of Pembroke. In St. Laurence Church is the tomb of the aforesaid Anne, countess of Pembroke and Montgomery. She deserves a tomb, for she nearly rebuilt this church. The little town has done what many bigger towns has not—it has given birth to three eminent bishops, viz., Thomas de Appleby, Roger de Appleby, and Thomas de Vipont. The town consists of a broad street on the slope of a hill. At the upper end stands the old castle.

G. S. O.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES NOS. 213 TO 248.

213. In 50 runs, 134⅞ feet will be lost. A run is not from wicket to wicket, but between the 'popping creases,' which are four feet from each wicket.

214. (1.) The Mann, in Nottinghamshire.
(2.) The Otter, in Devonshire.
(3.) The Don, in Yorkshire.
(4.) The Teith, in Stirlingshire.
(5.) The Bride, in Waterford.
(6.) The Bury, in Carmarthenshire.
(7.) The Parret, in Somersetshire.
(8.) The Ellen, in Cumberland.
(9.) The Lark, in Suffolk.
(10.) The Wick, in Caithness.
(11.) The Tees, in Durham.
(12.) The Teme, in Radnorshire.
(13.) The Deel, in Limerick.
(14.) The Foyle, in Londonderry.
(15.) The Churn, in Gloucestershire.
(16.) The Erne, in Cavan.
(17.) The Tweed, in Berwickshire.
(18.) The Barrow, in Queen's County.
(19.) The Hull, in Yorkshire.
(20.) The Ore, in Suffolk.

215. Noah's Ark.

216. The Great Eastern will hold 143,360,000,000 such pins.

217. Picture.

218. Lawn-tennis.

219. Timepiece.

220. Candle.

221. A chimney.

222. An icicle.

223. A star.

224. A shadow.

225. 78*l.* 16*s.* is the balance at the year's end.

226. Bob's box will contain 13 shillings.

227. Sam must give Mike 2*l.* 14*s.* 5*d.*, and Ned must give him 11*d.*

228. A stitch in time saves nine.

229. A rolling stone gathers no moss.

230. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

231. White ones, because there are more of them.

232. United—Untied.

233. Jack the Giant-killer.

234. Little Red Riding Hood.

235. Robinson Crusoe—(Robin's son crew so).

236. Anatomy—(Anna Tommy).

237. Forty-five miles an hour.

238. My clock will point 20 minutes to six. The clock is put on at midnight of Sunday.

239. Heard.

240. The hog, for he has a *hog's head* full.

241. Because it is found oftener than any other in 'doing good.'

242. A creek.

243. The door jamb.

244. They all have their crosses.

245. Railway train.

246. Eye.

247. Gold.

248. The wings of an army.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

249. Two vessels from the port of Brest,
The *Minna* and the *Brenda*, glide,
The *Minna* south, the *Brenda* west,
From twelve at noon till eventide.

Twelve miles an hour the *Brenda* flew,
Cutting the briny billows through;
Into the south, three-fourths as fast
The *Minna* bravely bore her mast.

'Tis six, and many an evening gun
Roars out, 'Another day is done:'
Now, tell me, if you can, how far
Minna and *Brenda* parted are? G. S. O.

TRANSFORMATIONS.

ONE letter only to be changed at a time. No proper names, and only well-known English words to be used. The changes should be as few as possible.

250. CHANGE Wood to Coal.

251. CHANGE Hard to Easy.

252. CHANGE Silk to Cord.

RIDDLE-ME-REE.

253. My *first* is in cold, but not in heat;
My *second* in hailstone, not in sleet;
My *third* is in parson, not in his people;
My *fourth* in cathedral, not in the steeple;
My *fifth* is in green, but never in blue;
My *sixth* not in me, but always in you.
Of a pet warbler here find me the name,
And the isle from which the little bird came.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

254. IF 'Big Ben' be twenty-four seconds in striking five o'clock, how long will it be in striking ten?

CONUNDRUMS.

255. My *first* the drayman daily utters; my *second* is seen at village feasts; my *whole* tells you truly what you are.

256. BROWN, Jones, and Robinson ran a mile together. Robinson came in first, Jones second: what did Brown run?

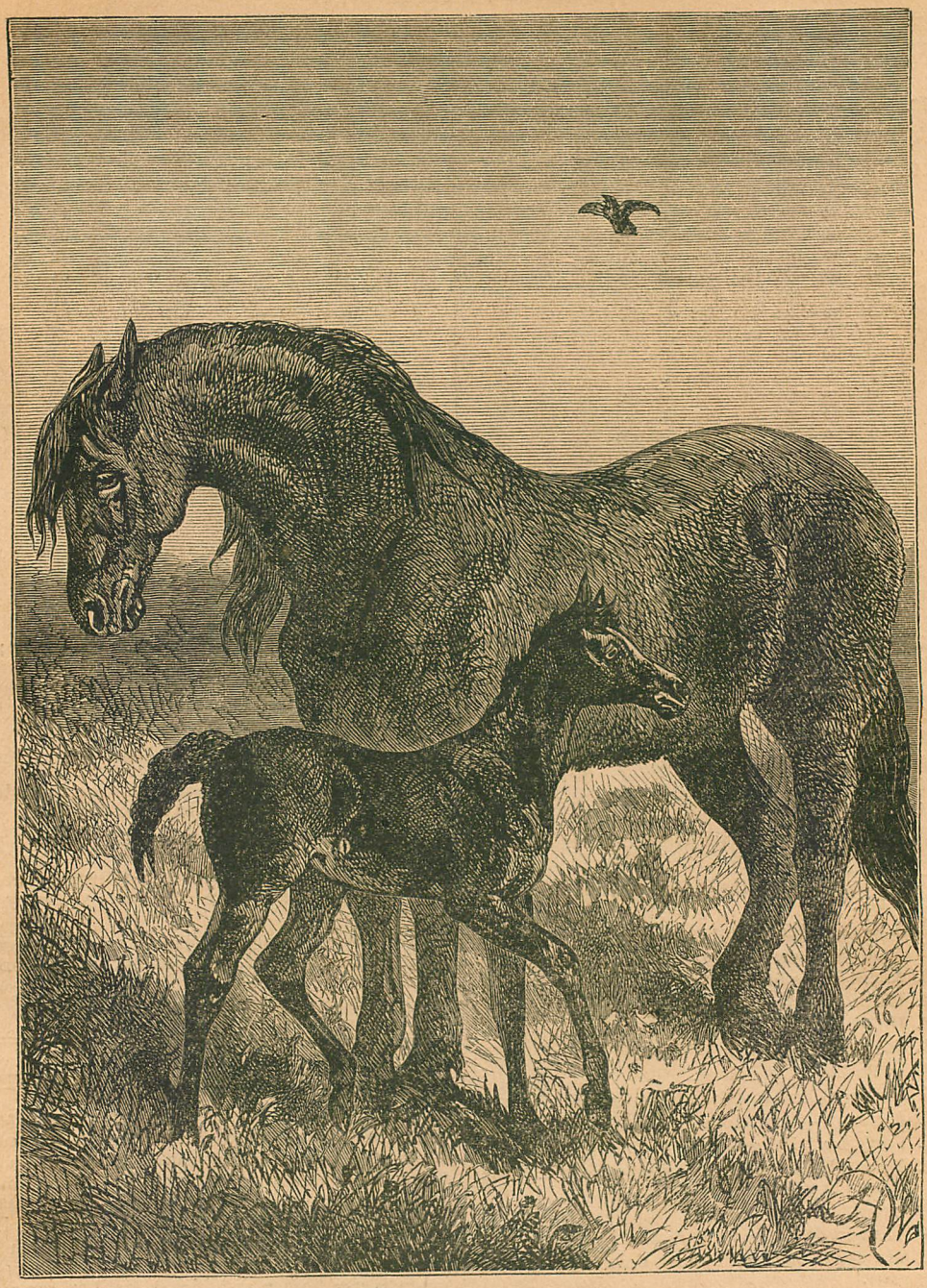
[*Answers at page* 327.]

A STRANGE CURE FOR INSANITY.

A CERTAIN doctor of Milan, in years gone by, was famed for his success in curing certain kinds of insanity. Many guesses were made as to the means which he used, but it was found that all were wrong.

He had only one plan, which was as follows. His patients were bound to a post, which was placed in a kind of well. The icy water was then made to rise higher and higher, until in some cases it reached the face. The terror of being drowned in this way had such an effect, that his patients were frightened out of their melancholy and strange fancies and recovered their senses once more.

A. R. B.

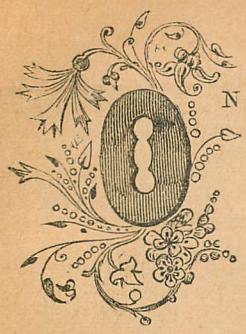


MARE AND FOAL.

WHERE the meadow-sweet is growing,
By the river winding far,
Pink convolvuluses blowing,
And the red rose-mallows are;
There old Jenny and her darling
Dwell from early morn to night,
Teaching to us all a lesson
Of contented calm delight.

Poor old Jenny and her darling!
We know greater joys than you;
Brighter prospects lie before us,
Higher aims we have in view.
Still the lesson that you teach us
May we all with patience learn,
As in flower, and field, and sunshine,
Daily blessings we discern.

Jarvis teaching Ned "book-learning."



HARD LINES.

(*Continued from page* 283.)

N one occasion—it was a Sunday afternoon, when there was comparative leisure on board, which the men usually turned to account by playing cards or spinning yarns to each other, Ned Williams, who did not know what to do with himself, retired to the quietest corner he could find and fairly took to tears. Oh, if he had only stayed in Queensferry with kind-hearted Sandy Grant! He might have had little Flora as a sister, and might have known all the joys of family love. But, here! how could he ever live in such misery as this? And at these thoughts the boy's tears fell again. But tears are too much of a luxury for a ship boy to indulge in. He was speedily discovered and held up to ridicule.

'Look here,' cried a rough fellow, whose name was Bob, 'here is that little land-lubber blubbering over his mammy's picture, and there it is,' he added, throwing Ned's cherished photograph among the mocking and jeering crew.

Of course, they all laughed and made fun of the poor lad, who in an agony of distress was endeavouring to regain his lost treasure. At this moment Spicer came past, and snatching up the photograph he spat upon it, and threw it overboard; at least he intended to do so, though, fortunately, it fell short, and was eventually recovered by Ned.

This brutality on the part of the mate was more than even the rough seamen could stand. There was a general murmur, while Jarvis, in a paroxysm of rage, opened out upon the monster with such vehement fury that he was immediately put into irons and kept there for a week.

But retribution was coming swift and sure. The *Ocean Queen*, which was bound for Madagascar, had nearly reached the Cape, when a succession of squalls set in, and the mate, who really was a good seaman, began to keep his weather-eye open. One day it was blowing hard, and when night fell they were in chop seas with a very ugly wind.

'Steer small there,' cried Spicer, who was growing hot about the face. 'Steer small there, I tell you! Furl the royals! Send down the royals! Where is that lubber Jarvis? Up with you! lively now!'

And Jarvis went spinning up, hand over hand, the great mast swinging like a pendulum to and fro, and the sails flapping and cracking with a noise like thunder. Presently, however, Jarvis slipped and struggled, then fell to the deck, where he lay, apparently killed, while Spicer, cursing in his usual dreadful manner, shot away up himself, and disappeared in the shadow of the great grey sails. Then there was a terrible lurch of the vessel, and a cry, a horrible, despairing cry, heard even above the roaring of the tempest. The mate was overboard, buried in the seething waters, while the *Ocean Queen*, as though rejoicing in his doom, went racing along with the gale. Had the whole crew been overboard, she could not have stopped for them on that dreadful night.

The sad death of the mate on board the *Ocean Queen* might have been expected, at least for a time, to have solemnised the hearts of the men; but we are obliged to confess that the dreadful event made very little impression upon the crew. Spicer had been so generally detested by one and all, that none of them could have pretended to feel any particular sorrow for his death. While at sea so many sad catastrophes may at any moment take place, that sailors are apt to grow callous and hardened, just as we know soldiers do who are exposed to all the hazards of war. As soon as the storm was over, all damage repaired, and the new mate appointed, everything went on as before, except that the captain seemed to have given himself up more than ever to the fatal habit of drinking, now seldom appearing outside his cabin-door.

The new mate was kindly and affable, though scarcely so good a seaman as Spicer had been, no one reaping more benefit under the new *régime* than the boy, Ned Williams, who was now set free from the horrible oppression and ill-usage which he had suffered at the hands of the drowned man.

Jarvis, the seaman who had fallen from the mast on that stormy night when the mate was drowned, had been less injured than was at first supposed, and long ere they reached Madagascar he was all right again, to the great joy of Ned, who had cared for him during his illness with the most assiduous and devoted attention. Many conversations had been held between the sick man and his boy friend during those weary days of enforced idleness, greatly to the benefit of Ned, who, as we have seen, was a very ignorant lad, though intelligent, and anxious to obtain knowledge of all kinds. Jarvis had asked the boy one day to read aloud to him, at the same time handing to him a tattered volume, which single book formed the entire library of the poor seaman. Ned had complied very willingly with this request; but his reading had been so imperfect, he made such terrible havoc of the long words, and read in such a very sing-song voice, that Jarvis lost all patience. 'Why, Ned,' he said, 'you read like a child in the A B C! Where were you taught, young one?'

Then poor Ned, in some confusion, had to confess how very limited had been his education, and how cruelly he had been situated in his early childhood.

'And don't you know anything of arithmetic or geography?' asked Jarvis, who had been pretty well instructed himself.

'Not a bit,' replied the abashed Ned; 'but I would like amazing well to learn. You said our ship was bound for Madagascar, now where is that?'

'Madagascar?' replied Jarvis; 'why, we shall be there in no time now. It is a large island on the south-east coast of Africa. I have not been there myself, but of course I have read all about it. We will trade with the folk there for honey, bees-wax, palm oil, and lots of other things. About two months I dare say we shall be there; you will enjoy a sight of land once more, I guess. A boy who has been knocked about as you have been soon gets sick of a sea-faring life—don't he?'

'Yes, and I never had any turn for it,' said Ned

'I would never have thought of the sea, only I wanted to work my way out to Australia, where I have an uncle.' And thereupon Ned unfolded his whole story to the sympathetic seaman, who began to love the boy as though he was his own son.

'But you can never hope to find your uncle, even though you might succeed in reaching Australia. Seems to me 'tis a kind of wild-goose chase. Why not go back with us to the old country, and then you can settle down with your friend in Queensferry? He made you a very good offer, and I think you were a young fool to refuse it.'

'I dare say I was,' replied Ned; 'but still I do not repent it. Since I came aboard of the *Ocean Queen* I seem to feel as though I should like to see something of this wonderful world. I could not settle down in Queensferry, however kind they might be.'

'Well, one never knows,' replied Jarvis. 'You and I may both be in Australia yet before we die. I am sick of the *Ocean Queen*, and I can tell you this—between a drunken captain and an incompetent mate we stand a good chance of going to the bottom some day; we shall be in cross currents directly we leave the Cape. It is an awful thing for the captain of a vessel to give himself up to the brandy bottle, Ned. I hope, my lad, you will always be an abstainer. My old mother made me promise on her death-bed that drink should never pass my lips, and I have kept my promise, and mean to do so always. But there goes the mate holloaing for you, so you'd better be off, boy; you can read to me some other time.'

As the *Ocean Queen* sailed into the harbour at Tamatave, the chief commercial port of Madagascar, the delight of the boy, Ned Williams, at the foreign appearance of everything about him, was extreme. The busy wharves, where dark-skinned natives were constantly flitting to and fro, the quantities of merchandise brought down from the interior for shipment, the lovely flowers, the magnificent forests, and the elevated mountains in the background, all delighted the home-bred lad, who had seen so little hitherto in his young life, and greatly increased his longing desire to see more of what he called this beautiful world. Scarcely had they anchored in the well-sheltered bay when the captain appeared on the scene, and to Ned's amazement showed himself to be a man of much ability and good sense. He had laid aside (at least for the present) his miserable habit of drinking to excess, and speedily took command of all the arrangements on board, the whole crew, including Ned, being set to work to empty the hold, and get it ready for the cargo which they proposed to take home with them to the old country. Barrel after barrel of palm oil was brought down and stowed away in the vessel, honey and wax, sugar and rice, &c. Ned was now as happy as possible. No longer beaten or abused, and with Jarvis as a friend and adviser, he speedily grew both in body and in mind, and gave promise of being able, at some future day, to do a man's work in this busy world. Indeed, at this time Ned was changing so fast in appearance that his good friend Sandy Grant at Queensferry would scarcely have recognised the tall, smart youth, stepping briskly along the wharf at Tamatave, to be the same little lad who had arrived at his door footsore and weary, and without a penny in his pocket. But still Ned's want of what Jarvis called book-learning was a great hindrance to his advancement and a source of continual mortification to him.

Under the tutelage of his friend Jarvis he had devoted all his spare minutes to the study of spelling, writing, arithmetic, and geography, and soon took such pleasure in this work that he made great progress in each department. His delight was great when the seaman produced a map of Africa, pointing out to him the situation of Madagascar, and tracing with a pencil the whole route taken by the *Ocean Queen*.

'I never knew before that a map could be so interesting!' cried the boy, whose face was flushed with delight. 'Oh, I think I shall never weary of learning geography!'

Jarvis smiled, and in his secret heart felt quite fond of his young pupil, and thus was the bond of affection between the man and the boy deepened and strengthened every day. It must be confessed that at this time Ned had nearly given up caring to go to Australia in search of his uncle; indeed, so well satisfied was he with the present state of things, that had any opportunity presented itself to him of shipping for Australia, it is much to be doubted whether he would have accepted it; certainly not if it involved separation from Jarvis, who was now much more to him than any unknown uncle could possibly be. But very strange experiences were in store for poor Ned, experiences which would try his fortitude, and almost sink him to despair, but out of which he was at length to emerge strengthened by the discipline of suffering, and thus made more and more fit for the stern battle of life.

(*Continued at page* 298.)

TABLEAUX VIVANTS.

ON the pavement in front of a large house in one of our well-known squares I saw two little children stand. The one was a fair, noble-looking boy, dressed in daintiest summer costume of blue and white; the other a tiny Italian girl—ragged and dirty, pale and thin—with great brow neyes fixed intently on the boy before her. In one little hand she held a battered marigold, which I suppose she had found in the street; the other clasped the end of a long string, which terminated in a melancholy-looking monkey, dressed in a red petticoat. A little way off, a swarthy woman, with a bright-coloured scarf twisted round her head, was playing an organ, turning the handle slowly and unevenly, as she glanced up at the windows in hopes of a penny. Presently, without speaking a single word, the boy took a beautiful rose, which was stuck in the front of his dress, and put it into the little girl's hand, and she, with a graceful gesture, gave him in exchange the faded marigold. Then a servant appeared at the open house-door and hurried the boy inside; the organ-grinder moved wearily away, and the little girl ran after her, dragging the unwilling monkey, who maintained an almost sitting posture, along the street. The afternoon sun beat down on the empty square; the sound of the organ died away in the distance; and I went within, pondering on the little love-scene I had witnessed.

CATHERINE P. GRANT.

Hilda carrying her Father's Sword and Shield.

HILDA.

THE name of this Saxon lady is one of the notable ones in the history of the early English Church. She was a member of the royal family of Northumbria, her father being a nephew of King Edwin, and it was along with her royal kinsman that, as a girl of fourteen, Hilda received baptism at the hands of Paulinus. But after King Edwin's defeat in battle and subsequent death a pagan reaction set in, and the young Hilda, like many others, had to endure much persecution. At this time she fled to the monastery of Chelles, near Paris, where she remained for a time under the protection of her widowed sister; but she was recalled to England by

In the Corner.

Bishop Aidan, the missionary from Iona; and in A.D. 649, two years after her consecration as a nun, she was appointed Abbess of Heortea, or Hartlepool. Next year Hilda founded the famous monastery on the cliffs near Whitby, and for twenty-two years she ruled with great ability and virtue over the double community of monks and nuns which gathered around her. In 680 she died, mourned and lamented by her nuns as their dear mother. There is a St. Hilda's Church both at South Shields and at Hartlepool, and the latter preserves her effigy on its ancient seal. St. John of Beverley was one of the most distinguished inmates of the monastery ruled over by this lady. M. K.

IN THE CORNER.

ROUGH shall stand in the corner
(Rough is our dog, you must know);
Rough has been snapping and barking,
So to the corner he'll go.
Dogs who are snappish and noisy,
Set them apart and alone;
Nothing to fight or to growl for,
Nothing—not even a bone.

If there were ever a child, now,
Snappish and noisy like Rough,
I should say, 'Into the corner
Till you've had barking enough.'
But to the child I'd say further,
'If you grow up in this way,
You'll find yourself all in the wide world,
Alone in a corner, some day.'

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH was born at Budleigh, in Devonshire, in the year 1652. He received his education at Oxford, and at the age of seventeen he joined a company of gentlemen volunteers whom Queen Elizabeth sent to aid the Protestant princes in France. After serving also for some time in the Netherlands, he set sail with the intention of exploring Newfoundland; but this attempt failed, and he had to return to England.

Shortly afterwards there arose in Ireland a rebellion, which he was so successful in subduing that Queen Elizabeth rewarded him by supplying him with the ships and money necessary for carrying out his favourite idea of making explorations in North America. He therefore embarked on his second voyage, which was more fortunate than the first had been, for he succeeded in founding a colony, which he named Virginia in honour of his maiden queen. He brought home with him two articles now in constant use in our country, potatoes and tobacco, then introduced for the first time into England.

At the time of the threatened Spanish invasion Sir Walter came again to the front, and shared the honour of the great victory then gained by the English over the celebrated Armada.

Other expeditions were undertaken by him during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, to whom he also rendered good services of different kinds. But when James I. came to the throne, Raleigh's fortunes changed for the worse. Some courtiers, who were jealous of his fame and brilliant qualities, plotted against him, and through their false representations he was committed to the Tower.

During his weary imprisonment of twelve years he was not idle, for he employed his solitude in writing his famous *History of the World*, besides other works of less importance.

At last, in the year 1616, he was set free; but James I. wished to retain him in his power, and so he did not grant him a pardon. Nothing daunted, however, Sir Walter set out once more for America with a party of explorers. To his deep disappointment, however, this venture completely failed, and he returned to England only to meet his fate.

Summoned again on the old charge of treason, he was condemned to be beheaded on the following day. He behaved with calm fearlessness on the scaffold, addressed the assembled people in his own defence, and said with a smile as he felt the edge of the axe, 'This is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases.' Thus ended a life which had opened with such bright promise sixty-six years before. A. S. C.

A DROLL PREACHER.

ONE day a Persian preacher ascended the pulpit of the mosque, and thus addressed the congregation: 'O true believers, do you know what I am going to say to you?'

'No,' answered the congregation.

'Well, then,' said he, 'there is no use of my speaking to you;' and he came down from the pulpit.

He went to preach a second time, and asked the congregation, 'O true believers, do you know what I am going to say to you?'

'We know,' replied the audience.

'Ah! as you know,' said he, quitting the pulpit, 'why should I take the trouble of telling you?'

When next he came to preach, the congregation resolved to try his powers, and when he asked his usual question, replied, 'Some of us know, and some of us do not know.'

'Very well,' said he; 'let those who know tell those who do not know.'

WHAT DR. LEENWENHOECK LEARNED FROM THE FROGS.

MASTER FROGGY, leaping and jumping about our bogs and ditches, may seem to us a very insignificant little fellow; but on making inquiries we find that he is a much more important personage than, at first sight, we took him to be. For not only has he a most interesting life-history from the time he leaves the egg till he becomes a fully developed young 'jumper,' but he also holds a place which is peculiarly prominent for such a small individual in the scientific world.

Now this prominence he owes not so much to his own exertions, as to the influence of a certain Dr. Leenwenhoeck, who, just about two hundred years ago, spent a great part of his time in watching the growth and development of this little creature; and it is about the observations this Dutch gentleman made and the discovery that resulted from them that I now wish to tell you something.

In the first place, the frogs Dr. Leenwenhoeck chose for his work were not the same as those we see on our own river banks and in our marshes, but a larger sort, of a greenish hue, which do not live in England at all, but are the *grenouilles vertes* which our French neighbours are fond of eating. The tiny eggs of these frogs Dr. Leenwenhoeck found on the surface of the water in a ditch, each egg surrounded by a transparent, gluey matter, and the mass kept afloat by a number of minute air-bubbles attached to it. He took a quantity of these eggs home and kept them in earthen vessels, every day opening some and examining them with the aid of his microscopes.

At first they appeared to be simply tiny yellow globules wrapped up in a thin skin, clotted all over with little black spots, not unlike the knots of shagreen; but their shape changed gradually day by day, becoming more oblong than round, until at last the form of the worm or tadpole could be distinctly seen. The tail became visible first and then the head.

When the worm was hatched it was about the fifth of an inch long, and something the same in shape as the older tadpoles you may have seen swimming about the pools of water in fields and marshes; but with this difference, that from each side of the head hung three flaps like labels, which disappeared when the worm was a few days old. The mouth was visible, and in ten days the teeth could be seen too, grown so perfectly in rows as to resemble those of a dog-fish. At the same time the eyes could be distinguished, round, and

sticking out of the head, and with a black speck in the middle.

But it was the tail and the six little labels which principally interested Dr. Leenwenhoeck, and for this reason, that when they were under the microscope he could trace in these parts with the greatest distinctness the flowings and windings of the blood.

Now, you know that there are two sorts of vessels that carry the blood through the bodies of animals, the one sort called 'arteries' and the other 'veins,' and these two are distinguished from each other by their structure, that is by the way in which they are made, and also by the fact, that arteries pulsate or throb while veins do not. But as to the different uses of these two sorts of vessels little was known two hundred years ago; it was, therefore, with great delight that Dr. Leenwenhoeck found that in the transparent bodies of the young frogs, and with the help of his strong microscopes, he could watch their motions and different purposes. And this is what he found. That the arteries took the blood *from* the heart to all the parts of the body, while the veins, in their turn, served to bring the blood back again *to* the heart after it had done its duty in nourishing all the tissues or materials of which the body was composed.

You will be able to guess how painstaking and patient he must have been in his observations when you learn that through a vein only one particle of blood could pass at a time, and that these particles or globules were so minute that a great number of them together would hardly amount to the size of a grain of sand.

Dr. Leenwenhoeck continued his examinations of the little creatures through all their successive stages until they were full-grown frogs, as he says, 'leaping about in the fields.'

When they had arrived at this last stage he used their transparent web feet for his purpose of watching the blood, and made all his observations without cutting or hurting the little animals in the least, but placing them entire and whole beneath the microscope.

Now it happened that not long before this time Dr. Harvey, in England, had been making researches of the same kind as to the course of the blood, and that he had come to the same conclusion as Dr. Leenwenhoeck; namely, that the blood goes through the body from the heart by the arteries, and back again to the heart by the veins. He published his discovery before the Dutch doctor, but they both made all their observations and came to their conclusions without the least idea that the other was engaged in the same way.

But what is strange is the fact that Dr. Harvey in England, and Dr. Leenwenhoeck in Holland, both used frogs for the purpose of finding out the same thing. So that we owe our little jumping friends a great deal, as being amongst the indirect means of discovering one of the most important facts in the science of physiology, namely, the truth as to the circulation of the blood. R. M.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

257. Eleven-thirteenths of an electric cable
We lay upon the ocean's oozy floor,
That words, more still and quick than those at Babel,
May flash from man to man, from shore to shore.

On the dry land we've miles two hundred running,
And in the ocean waves there hang suspended
One-fifteenth of the whole; now, use your cunning,
And tell that cable's length when all is ended.
G. S. O.

258. A ruined tower of other years
Its ivy-mantled head uprears
Beside a river, broad and deep;
Upon the other side I stand,
A tightened cord is in my hand,
Stretched from the summit of the keep.

A friend has scaled the stair, and found
The top-stone set above the ground
Feet fifty-five: the knotted line
Shows how the distance, measured straight
'Twixt him and me, is seventy-eight,
And now the river's breadth divine.

N.B. It may be necessary to state that the square of the length of the cord will be as much as the square of the height of the tower added to the square of the breadth of the river. G. S. O.

SELECTIONS.

259. The middle letter of one word in each of the following proverbs in order will spell a month of the year:—

'Idle folks have the least leisure.'
'Poverty parts good company.'
'Quarrelsome dogs get dirty coats.'
'None so blind as those who will not see.'
'Ill weeds grow apace.'

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

260. I*a*f*r*t*o*d*n*s*c*e*d
*r*t*y*r*a*a*n.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

261. Divide the number 45 into four parts, such that if the first be increased by 2, the second diminished by 2, the third multiplied by 2, and the fourth divided by 2, the four results are equal to each other.

ENIGMAS.

262. I am a word—a little word—
And what I am pray guess:
By me the great and stately lord
Would lose his haughtiness.
Of late in my way much has been
By skilful workmen done,
And most of you have over me
Enjoyed a rapid run.
Now find me out, nor long about
This little quibble stay;
You see me both in-doors and out
For certain every day.

263. To a word of consent add one half of a fright,
Next subjoin what you never behold in the night;
These rightly connected, you'll quickly obtain
What millions have seen, but will ne'er see again.

[*Answers at page* 327.]

A COCHIN COCK NURSING CHICKENS.

I HAVE got a brood of nine chickens, which were deserted by their mother on the second day, and, strange to say, a large white Cochin cock has taken charge of them. He will not go to roost till the chickens have been fed. He then walks up to the hen-house, and the chickens follow him and nestle under his wings as if he were their mother.

RED DEER.

A Royal Baby.

A ROYAL BABY.

KING EDWARD VI., whose babyhood I am going to tell you about, was born at Hampton Court on the 12th of October, 1537. His mother, Queen Jane, died when he was scarcely two weeks old, so he was entrusted to the care of attendants.

Havering-bower, a beautiful palace among country scenery, was chosen by King Henry VIII. for the earliest home of his little son, and a regular household was established for him there. Lady Margaret Bryan, who was a sensible and kindly person, was appointed his governess or lady-mistress, and when he began to speak his pet name for her was 'Mother Jak.'

Every precaution was taken for the child's safety and well-being. There were four attendants whose duty it was to rock him to sleep, and no one of any degree or rank was allowed to approach his cradle without special permission from the King. The materials of which his clothes were made were carefully examined, lest they should contain anything likely to hurt his health, and nothing was brought into the nursery for his use that had not first been washed and perfumed.

His food was always thoroughly tested to make sure that there was nothing poisonous in it, and the Lord Chamberlain was obliged to be present every morning and evening while the royal infant was washed and dressed. No pages, nor boys of any kind, were permitted to enter his rooms for fear of accidents through their carelessness.

During unhealthy seasons it was forbidden to any of the household to visit London in case of infection being brought to his little Highness. Beggars even had orders not to come within a certain distance of the outside gates of the palace.

Prince Edward was a very pretty baby, as we may learn from part of a letter written by Lady Lisle, who saw him when he was very young.

She says: 'His Grace the Prince is the goodliest babe that ever I set my eyes upon. I think I should never weary with looking upon him.'

Lady Bryan, writing some time after from Havering-bower, mentions that 'My Lord Prince is in good health, and now his Grace hath four teeth, three full-cut, and the fourth appeareth.'

At six years old the royal boy was put into the charge of tutors, and made rapid progress with his education; but it is very likely that the early training of his wise governess helped to make him what he afterwards became—a good young king.

But his reign was short, though he succeeded his father when he was only a child of ten, for he died six years later, much regretted by his people.' A. S. C.

WATER.

THE quantity of water discharged into the sea by all the rivers in the world is estimated at thirty-six cubic miles in a day. It would therefore take above 35,000 years to create a circuit of the whole sea through clouds and rivers.

HARD LINES.

(*Continued from page* 291.)

THE *Ocean Queen* having (in about two months' time) taken in a very full cargo, sailed out of harbour one fine morning, heading again for the Cape on her way back to the old country; but they had not proceeded far on their way when difficulties beset them on every side; fierce and sudden squalls were of almost daily occurrence, while the ship's cargo was so large that many barrels of oil had been placed on deck, greatly interfering with the proper working of the ship in stormy weather. Besides this, the captain had relapsed into his old habits, and had again shut himself up in his cabin, leaving the mate to take charge of everything, who being really incompetent for the work, gave such contradictory orders to the crew that more than once the aggrieved seamen were on the point of open mutiny. This unpleasant state of matters continued for several weeks off and on, till one unfortunate day when things came to a sudden and terrible climax.

For some time past the weather had been pleasanter than usual, so that the men ceased grumbling among themselves at the incompetent manner in which the vessel was guided; but on this particular afternoon a gradual, almost imperceptible change had been taking place in the elements all around them. The sun was going down with an angry glare, while across the western sky a great gleam of violet and purple light diffused itself, growing darker and darker, until nothing was left but a dense mass of clouds, all purple black, lying heavily against the evening sky. It had also become strangely hot and breathless; there was no wind, the ominous silence all round seeming not unlike the strange pause that occurs before some dreadful battle.

'What is all this?' asked Ned in low tones of his friend Jarvis. 'Are we going to have a storm, do you think?'

'A storm? you may say that,' growled Jarvis. 'And was ever a vessel so unprepared? Where is the captain, I should like to know? It is my belief he is in his bed! And look at the mate, I declare I could punch his head, he don't know which way to turn first; but stick by me, lad, let us sink or swim together. Aye, now we are just going to catch it hot! Look at that ripple on the surface of the water.'

Even as Jarvis spoke, there came the first small puff of wind, precursor of the tempest to follow. Then, again a moment's pause, and in the twinkling of an eye the full fury of the storm burst over the devoted vessel. The rain came down in deluging showers, the lightning flashed across the inky blackness of the sky, while the shrieking of the wind and the dreadful roaring of the sea all combined to make up a scene enough to appal the stoutest heart on board the *Ocean Queen*. But worse was still to follow.

We have said that the *Ocean Queen* had taken in a very large cargo, so that her decks were encumbered with barrels of oil. Some of these barrels now broke away from their lashings, and rolling heavily about were the cause of no small embarrassment to the men,

who attempted to throw them overboard, and so get quit of one source of imminent danger; but ere this could be accomplished the mischief was done. Several of the barrels were broken and the deck immediately flooded with oil, which, as it poured over the sides of the vessel, had the one good effect of allaying the force of the waves in their immediate vicinity.

But alas! the oil also ran in streams all over the ship, down the forecastle ladder and into the captain's cabin, where, coming in contact with a lighted candle, the whole place was speedily in a blaze! In the first horror of the moment it seemed as though every life on board would be sacrificed, so paralysed did the men become by the presence of this new misfortune, and so much did they feel the want of a competent man to direct their energies in this dreadful moment. Such a man was the captain; but where was he? Alas! stupefied by drink and neglectful of every duty, he lay in a heavy sleep, amid the suffocating fumes of burning oil in his own cabin.

The mate did his best under the terrible circumstances; but he could not secure the co-operation of the men, who distrusted his skill and despised his orders, with the inevitable result that utter confusion reigned around, each man doing what seemed best in his own eyes, while the fire gaining ground from the continual supplies of oil, now rose in lurid flames, which by the furious wind were swept across the vessel from end to end, accompanied by volumes of smoke, which threatened suffocation to all on board. It was soon quite evident that nothing could save the *Ocean Queen*, thus wrapped in flames from stem to stern, and with one hoarse cry of 'The boats, the boats!' the blackened, panting, breathless men prepared to launch themselves upon the seething waters. Fortunately for them the storm was as brief as it had been violent, the wind ceased suddenly, and, as though by some magic power, the hitherto angry waves sunk to repose.

The following morning the sun shone as brightly as ever; but alas! all that was left of the *Ocean Queen* was one boatful of weary and disheartened men, looking anxiously around the distant horizon in search of some friendly ship to assist them in this their hour of greatest peril and need. The second boat, launched at the same time, had, unfortunately, been swamped almost immediately, while the unfortunate captain had perished by suffocation on board of the doomed vessel. Oh, sad ending of a life which might have been so differently spent, had it not been for the accursed drink! Oh, that every boy who reads this story would put it away from him at once and for ever!

Ned drew a long breath as he gazed over the still heaving waters. 'Where are we, and what are we to do now?' he whispered to his friend Jarvis. 'Oh, will we ever see land again?'

But Jarvis did not reply; he was busily engaged in securing and stowing away the small supply of provisions and water which had been hastily gathered together at the last moment. Alas! it was but a very small supply.

It was evening in North Queensferry; the little steamer lay at the stone pier waiting the arrival of the last coach from Edinburgh; a merry group of children were running home from school, when the village postman stopped one of the laughing youngsters and gave her a letter, desiring her to give it to her father. Little Flora Grant, for it was she, felt highly honoured to be the bearer of such an important document, and forthwith conveyed it into the cottage, where her father and mother were seated at the evening meal.

'A letter for me, and from foreign parts!' quoth the good man, as he doubtfully turned it round and round in his hands; 'now who can this be from, I wonder?'

'Oh, father! won't you open it and see?' cried the impatient little maid; 'perhaps there is something in it for me!'

And there was something in it for Flora, for the letter when opened proved to be from Ned Williams, and contained a lock of his hair for the little girl, with many affectionate messages, and a solemn promise that, on his return to the old country, he would most certainly bring her a beautiful parrot.

'Well, now, who would have thought it?' said Sandy, when he had read the important letter twice through; 'the lad has made good use of his time; he could not write a stroke when he was here, and yet look at this letter! it is a very fair specimen for a first attempt; he seems to have found a very good friend on board. And to think of the boy being in a manner kidnapped in Glasgow and carried off to Madagascar; it was enough to turn his brain. But I am glad he is coming back again, and has given up the daft-like notion of going to Australia in search of his uncle. I always thought he was too good to be thrown away as a cabin-boy.'

'But, father,' urged his impatient little girl, 'you must take me directly to Edinburgh to buy a cage for my Polly. Oh, I always said he was a dear, good boy! How I shall love my beautiful parrot!'

'Yes, my beauty, you shall have a cage,' said the fond father; 'but we may as well wait till the parrot comes. He says he is leaving Madagascar at once, and will be home in about four months. Now wouldn't his father have been proud of him! Poor Jack Williams! he was as fine a fellow as ever stepped. But I must go and show this letter to the minister, he was greatly interested in the boy.' And away went the good man with the important missive in his pocket, while Flora ran upstairs to bed, and to dream of the dear good boy and her beautiful parrot.

(*Continued at page* 306.)

THE MOUNTAIN RILL.

IN a shady nook by a mossy stone,
'Mid ferns and brambles rudely grown,
By day or night unceasing still,
Hear the song of the mountain rill,
Rippling, drippling.

Wild birds hither wing their way,
Quench the thirst which stills their lay,
Fresher notes their voices pour
While the rill is gurgling o'er,
Rippling, drippling.

The Mountain Rill.

Comes the youthful mountaineer,
Bounding lightly as a deer:
Thirsty lips receive the treasure
Man can neither bound nor measure,
Rippling, drippling.

Glittering like a diamond shower
Bursting from a fairy bower,
Dancing onward to the glade,
Sparkling through the thicket's shade,
Rippling, drippling.

So from out the black rock's side,
Thorn'd by Ignorance and Pride,
Spite of Bigotry and Wrong,
Cheerful Truths refresh the throng,
Like the silvery streamlet's song,
Rippling, drippling.

VIEWS IN WILTSHIRE. By W. H. J. Boot.

Longleat House.
Cricklade Church.

Stonehenge.
Old Sarum.

Salisbury.
Wilton House.

COUNTY CHATS.

No. XXXVIII.—WILTSHIRE.

WE begin our chat about this very interesting county at the city of Salisbury, or New Sarum, which has been removed from Old Sarum,—a little way off. The bishop and clergy led the way and the people followed. This was in 1220. The cathedral is one of the most beautiful in England, and is well seen. The spire is the highest of all English spires. An old Latin epigram says, 'It has as many windows as days in the year, as many pillars as hours, as many gates as moons.'

Wardour Castle, near at hand, was held by the brave lady Blanche Arundel, and twenty-five men, against the army of the Parliament for five days. She surrendered the fortress, but, as the captors did not keep their promises, Lord Arundel came by night and blew up his old castle, and it has been in ruins ever since. Wilton, where the first English carpet was made, gave the shire its name. It was once a royal residence, and here the noble house of Pembroke have a splendid seat which King Charles used to visit every summer. Here, too, the great painters, Holbein and Vandyke, used to ply the brush.

At Fonthill a very rich young man, named Beckford, spent no end of money in rearing a wonderful 'gimcrack' abbey. Its tower, of wood, was 400 feet high, and about five hundred men were employed day and night in finishing it. Once part of it caught fire, and Mr. Beckford, instead of being sorry, feasted on the sight. A reverse of fortune obliged him to part with the abbey and grounds for 350,000*l.*

Cranbourne Chase, near the borders of Dorset, has a farmhouse called 'King John's Hunting Seat.' It was once part of the vast property of Lord Rivers.

The Marquis of Bath has a magnificent abode at Longleat. This, like so many other noble dwellings, was once Church property. Bishop Ken used to reside here after he retired from his bishopric, and here he perhaps composed his beautiful Morning and Evening Hymns.

Ludgershall was formerly called Litlegarsele, and Heylesbury, Hegtredesbiryg. This shows how names change with changing years.

Stonehenge is 'the glory of Wiltshire, and the wonder of the West.' It is a sort of rude temple made of huge masses of stone. There are about ninety-five blocks, and the wonder is how these heavy stones were carried hither. The old Britons used to call Stonehenge 'The Giants' Dance.' No idea of its age can be obtained. Some say it was set up before the flood: others think it was done about the fourth century. Salisbury Plain surrounding Stonehenge is covered with a profusion of earth-works, which, when opened, are found to contain chests and skeletons, &c.

At Marlborough,—anciently, Malberge—there is one of England's great public schools. It used to be a great thoroughfare for people travelling from London to Bath. Here was born Dr. Sacheverell, the friend of Addison and Swift. Two sermons which the Doctor preached were condemned by the House of Commons as seditious libels, and, after a trial which lasted twenty-two days, the preacher was ordered to preach no more for three years, and the two sermons were burnt by the hangman. When the Doctor was allowed to preach again, he preached on the duty of praying for our enemies. A printer gave him 100*l.* for it, and brought out 30,000 copies. Dr. Swift said, 'the printer would not sell one-half, for it is a long, dull sermon.'

Near Marlborough is Avebury, where there is another collection of ancient stones and earthworks. Silbury Hill is near Avebury, and is raised very likely over the bones of a king. It is the largest mound of the sort in England; and of it the country folk say, 'Here was King Sil buried on horseback.' The hill stands on five acres, and is 170 feet in height. King Charles II., with the Duke of York and some others, walked up this famous hill,—the greatest work of its kind in the world.

Devizes was called in old times Divisæ, because divided between the king and the bishops of Salisbury, one of whom built here a castle. Of that castle it was said, 'a castle so costly and strongly was nevar afore nor sence set up by any byshope.' Devizes used to be celebrated for its market and cloth weaving as long ago as the reign of Henry VIII. A Cross there has an inscription recording the sudden death of a woman who had called on God to strike her dead if she had not spoken the truth.

Bradford means the 'broad ford' over the Avon. This town is pleasantly placed. It was of old a town of importance, for here the meeting was held at which the famous Dunstan was elected Bishop of Worcester. Three hundred years ago Leland said, 'The toune of Bradford stondith by clooth making,' and this is still true. Over one of the piers of the old bridge is a small square building, which may have been a chapel, where money was asked for the hospital at the other end of the bridge.

Cloth is also made at Trowbridge. 'It flourisheth by drapery,' said Leland. Here lived Crabbe the poet, as Rector. 'Truthhabrig' was its former name.

Chippenham, anciently Chepenam, means 'Marketing.' It has always been famous for that. Forests used to surround Chippenham, and it had two abbeys near, both which, of course, are abbeys no more. One is a farmhouse, the other a family seat of the Talbots. The nuns' boiler, belonging to the latter, is still preserved, and holds sixty-seven gallons. A strange story is told of two lovers here. Miss Olave Sherrington was fond of John Talbot, but the lady's father did not like it. One night, as she was talking to her lover from the battlements of the church, she suddenly said, 'I will leap down to you.' Without any more words, she leaped down, and, the wind being high, her fall was broken; but as it was, Mr. Talbot, who caught her in his arms, was nearly killed. He, however, recovered, and the young lady's father said, as she had made such a leap she should marry him.

Near Chippenham, too, is Draycott, where is an

old manor-house, containing many interesting relics. A curious legend is connected with the Long family. It seems that long ago Sir Walter Long married two wives, the second being a young lady when he was an old man. When the second bride came to his home his son John sat still and gloomy. He had his reasons, for the bride and her friends had resolved to get him disinherited. So a will was prepared for old Sir Walter to sign. Now, the clerk who wrote out a fair copy of this wicked will on parchment, found, when he came to the fatal words of disinheritance, a slender white hand placed between the parchment and the daylight. Twice this happened, and the terrified clerk threw down his pen and left the spot. However, the will was engrossed by another clerk, and, when Sir Walter died, his son found himself a beggar. But the story of 'the white hand' had got abroad, and John Long's friends stood by him and provided the means for a law-suit, which ended in his getting half the property back again.

At Malmesbury there used to be the most celebrated abbey in all England, Glastonbury only excepted. It sprang from a monk of Scotland named Maildelph, who wandered into Wiltshire and led a hermit's life. Others joined him, and, in time, a stately building arose. When the abbeys were broken up this fine one was bought by a rich cloth-maker, named Stumpe. This man once feasted Henry VIII. very grandly, and when the King said, 'I'm afraid our visit has undone you,' Stumpe replied, 'It will only cost my servants their supper, your Grace.' When Stumpe bought the abbey he filled the rooms with weavers. Many valuable manuscripts (*i.e.* books written by the hand) were destroyed as if they had been waste paper. The old writer, Aubrey (one of those who accompanied Charles II. up Silbury Hill) says the old manuscripts flew about like butterflies. Parson Stump (a relation of the rich cloth-maker) used to stop the bung-hole of his special ale barrels with a sheet of manuscript, and his sons scoured their dirty guns with them, and the glovers of Malmesbury wrapped up gloves in them.

Near Malmesbury Edmund Ironside fought a duel with Canute. They think much of Ironside here, and call him 'Rattlebone.'

At Calne, Dunstan played his famous trick of the false floor, which let everybody down into the room below but himself. Hard by is a white horse, 137 feet long, cut in the chalk hill. Near this is Bowood, where the Marquis of Lansdowne lives. It has an echo which repeats itself four times. G. S. O.

TOO LONG BY HALF.

ON a recent occasion, one of our friends was coming up from York by the North-Western Railway, and it appeared—as ill-luck would have it—that there sat opposite to him a gentleman with remarkably long legs, which he was not very particular about digging into our friend's knees. On the arrival of the train at Birmingham the long-legged man observed to his neighbour, 'I shall get out and stretch my legs here a bit, as we wait ten minutes.'

'Pray sir, don't do that,' said our friend, 'for I am quite sure they are too long by half already.'

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

264. As the year's mid-moment flies
(When 'tis not called Leap),
Is there day-light in our skies?
Do we wake or sleep?
Tell me also, tell me quick,
How oft must the clock say tick,
When old Time can truly say,
Fifth of Leap Year's past away?

265. To camp there hies a volunteer,
Three miles and three good quarters,
Counting his footsteps, they appear
(As he since then has taught us)
Eight thousand lacking eight times ten,
How wide are his paces then? G. S. O.

ENIGMAS.

266. I'm a creature most useful, most active and known
Of any that daily perambulate town;
Take from me one letter, and yet my good name
In spite of this loss will continue the same;
Take from me two letters, and still you will see
That precisely the same as before I shall be;
Take from me three letters, take six, or e'en more,
Yet still I continue the same as before.
Nay, rob me of every letter I've got,
My name you'll not shorten, or alter one jot!

267. The King who commanded the waves to stay;
Another who died in the battle's fray;
The one who shared with the cotter's wife
Her slender remains of the staff of life;
The King who by eight assassins was slain,
And he who to England once laid claim;
He who by a poisoned arrow fell,
But was saved by his queen who loved him well;
The King who was first and the last of his name,
But did nothing worthy the record of fame.
The initials of these if joined aright
A man's Christian name will bring to light.

268. I'm long, I'm short, I'm crooked, straight;
Sometimes I'm fast, and sometimes slow;
I'm strong, I'm weak, I'm small, I'm great,
I'm sometimes high, I'm sometimes low.

I'm quiet, noisy, dull and quick,
I'm pure, I'm dirty, dark and fair;
Sometimes can't raise your walking-stick,
Sometimes I heavy burdens bear.

Though I've no brains—'tis no disgrace—
I can reflect: I have a head;
Though beneficial in my place,
I'm dang'rous when I leave my bed.

As I have neither teeth nor tongue
I cannot speak, yet I've a mouth;
Though thus deformed, by poets sung,
My beauties please from north to south.

To man I'm oft a ready slave,
He curbs me up for him to toil;
But oft I am his treach'rous grave,
And from his homesteads bear my spoil.

To commerce I lead willing aid
Although with merchants do not rank,
Nor ever do engage in trade,
You're sure to find me at the bank.

[*Answers at page* 327.]

THE SYRIAN BEAR.

OUR picture represents the Syrian bear, which is still at long intervals met with in Lebanon and Hermon. The colour of the Syrian bear varies according to age. When it is young it is of a greyish blue colour, but it becomes lighter as it grows older, and when it has reached its full age it is nearly white. The Syrian bear, like all other bears, lives on both vegetable and animal food, though he is more of a vegetarian than his numerous relations.

'A bear robbed of her whelps' was in ancient times a proverb used to denote extreme ferocity.

"'A sail! a sail!' he cried."

HARD LINES.

(*Continued from page* 299.)

BUT the stipulated four months passed all too quickly away. Summer faded into autumn, and autumn gave place to winter, yet neither Ned Williams nor the wonderful parrot ever appeared in Queensferry. Instead of the boy, however, there appeared a most melancholy announcement in a Glasgow newspaper, 'Reported loss of the *Ocean Queen*:'—

'This vessel, laden with palm-oil, &c., which left Tamatave on April 14th, has never since been heard of. It is believed that she has foundered at sea with all hands. Cargo partially insured.'

There were very few to interest themselves in the untimely fate of poor Ned Williams, although in one little cottage he was deeply and sincerely mourned. 'Ah, well, he was a good little lad, and he was the son of a good man,' said Sandy Grant, with a sigh; 'poor boy! he deserved a better fate. I wonder now what that villain Thorpe will think of himself when he learns the fate of the poor lad, whose mother's heart he fairly broke with his evil ways? Dinna greet about the parrot, my bonny doo,' added the good man kindly, as he saw the grief of his little daughter; 'I'll buy ye a canary the very first time I go to Edinburgh.'

'Oh, father!' sobbed little Flora, 'I am not thinking of the parrot, but of the dear good boy who was so unkindly treated at home; we will never see him any more, he is drowned in the deep sea; but I am sure he has gone to Heaven. Oh, father, why are some people so unkind in this world?'

Ah, why, indeed? How much more pleasantly would life be passed if we were each more mindful of the Apostolic precept, 'Love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous.'

Nine days had slowly passed away since that terrible gale, during which the *Ocean Queen* had been burned to the water's edge and then sunk in mid-ocean. Nine days since the remnant of her crew, eleven men and one boy, have ceaselessly toiled in rowing to reach the far-distant shore, from which they were distant, as nearly as they could guess, about one thousand miles: nine days, and yet here they were, apparently having made no progress whatever, blown by contrary winds far out of the course they had intended to pursue; at one time suffering untold agonies from exposure to a burning sun, at another drenched and almost swamped by raving storms of wind and rain, while all these nine days they had been on short allowance of food, the boat having been but poorly supplied with provisions from the very first. Ned had suffered greatly both from fatigue and hunger, though the heroic little fellow made no complaint, nor would he accept the morsels which Jarvis willingly spared from his own allowance for his boy friend.

It was indeed a most miserable position in which the shipwrecked crew now found themselves, and, as might be expected in such circumstances, each man soon began to show of what stuff he was made. Jarvis (who by universal consent had been placed in authority over the others) endeavoured to be humane and considerate towards all, strictly just in apportioning to each man his share of food, and ready at all times to do as much work and to suffer as many hardships as the crew under his authority.

The men were, on the whole, obedient to orders, at least so long as the hope of rescue animated their hearts; but when day after day passed, and no friendly sail met their anxious gaze, as they were blown out of their course by contrary winds, and began to suffer from the horrors of starvation, symptoms of a rebellious spirit began to show themselves. The seaman named Bob, at all times a rough and surly fellow, was the first to break out into open mutiny, refusing to obey orders and declaring that his portion of food was less than that secured to Jarvis for himself. The spirit of disaffection soon spread—from words two or three of the men came to blows, and ere the tumult was quelled Bob lay in the bottom of the boat with his leg broken, while another of the men, who had been suffering from fever, had leaped overboard in the delirium of the moment, and been drowned.

These untoward events of course diffused a still deeper gloom over the unfortunate men, who sat silently brooding over their troubles, without paying the least attention to the groans of poor Bob, who was suffering fearfully from his injured limb. But Ned crept up to his side, and endeavoured to comfort his heart. 'Look here, Bob,' he said, 'let me bandage your leg with a strip of my shirt, and keep it soaked with water; the evaporation of the sun will take down the swelling and make it feel better.'

Bob only groaned in reply; he was one of those men whose courage quickly fails them under severe bodily suffering; but he did not refuse Ned's kind offer, and from that time the boy took charge of the injured man, and really performed the part of a surgeon in a very creditable manner indeed.

'You're a good lad,' said Bob, gratefully, 'a very good lad! Ah! I don't forget that it was me as took away your mother's picture, and laughed at you for crying over it, when that brute Spicer had been beating you. But you don't bear no malice, Ned, I see, and I am heartily grateful to you, indeed I am.'

Thus Ned, by his kindness to the poor rough sailor, succeeded in bringing to the surface the really good qualities which lay dormant in poor Bob's heart, and secured another friend for himself; a friend who, though not nearly so reliable as Jarvis, was yet sincerely and strongly attached to the boy. We can easily imagine what an anxious look-out was kept all these weary days, in order to catch the first sight of some passing sail; but never were their weary eyes gladdened by such until four weeks had passed away, by which time the horrors of extreme thirst had been added to the sufferings of the shipwrecked crew.

A succession of fine days, without a cloud to darken the face of the sky, had grievously disappointed the unfortunate seamen, who had anxiously anticipated a fall of rain to replenish their water-cask, which was now totally empty; but the heavens were like brass above them, not a drop of rain fell, and the most terrible forebodings took possession of the hearts of

one and all. Even Ned's courage gave way under the pressure of extreme thirst; and on one occasion, when Jarvis had caught him attempting to assuage his sufferings by drinking sea-water, and had severely reprimanded him for his folly, the poor lad burst into tears.

'We may as well die at once, Jarvis,' he faintly said. 'I would as soon die now as further on; to live longer is just to add to our misery.'

'Don't be a fool, boy!' said Jarvis, sternly; 'your life was given you by God, and it is your duty to take what you can of it, till He recalls it to Himself: besides, who can tell at what moment He may send us deliverance?'

'Why, what is that?' cried Ned, excitedly; 'that white thing right in front of us?'

Jarvis stood up in the boat to get a better view. Long and anxiously he looked, then suddenly turned round with a face from which all the colour had fled; 'A sail! a sail!' he cried; 'look alive, every one of you!' And immediately all the half-starved men staggered to their feet, and with trembling hands waved abroad their tattered signals of distress. Alas! the stranger, whose sudden appearance had excited such strong hopes among the castaway men, either did not perceive the tiny speck that lay on the bosom of the ocean, or else she did not care to alter her course and delay her voyage: certain it is that she took no notice of their signals, but steadily ploughed her way ahead, lessening in size as she drew off, until she finally disappeared below the horizon, leaving the shipwrecked men weeping tears of rage, mortification, and despair.

'Oh, it is cruel! cruel!' sobbed Ned, almost hysterically, 'to leave us like this! Shame upon them for cowards! They can't be Englishmen, I am sure of that!'

'They don't see us,' said Jarvis, who was more composed than the others; 'remember that we are just like a speck upon the ocean. Never mind, better luck next time; we are evidently now in the track of passing vessels, and may sight another soon—who knows? Anyway we are in God's hands, and must try to trust His mercy in all our troubles. We don't think enough of Him, I am sure.'

But no one responded to this speech of their leader; a spirit of apathy seemed to be creeping over them all, the result of the cruel disappointment which they had met with; and as night drew on and the weather still remained profoundly calm, they all lay down in the bottom of the boat, and speedily fell into an exhausted sleep.

Sweet are often the dreams of poor shipwrecked men, who, as the over-wearied body lies at rest fly away in spirit to the loved scenes of early childhood and youth, the green fields and leafy lanes of dear old England; but correspondingly sad it must be to awake with a start from such sweet memories, and to find themselves poor, starved, and suffering outcasts, floating alone on a wide wilderness of ocean, all hope of rescue gone, and apparently nothing left to them but a lingering and agonising death. Such was often the experience of our poor castaway seamen for days after the sad disappointment caused by the passing vessel. Once a welcome shower came, just in time to save them from perishing of thirst; but after the sudden storm had cleared away all remained as before, not a ship to be seen, nothing to relieve the horrible monotony of sea and sky. A flock of Cape pigeons at one time had flown over their heads, several of which they caught and speedily devoured; but this happened once, while continually increasing weakness warned them that life could not much longer be maintained without an adequate supply of food and water.

(*Continued at page* 314.)

A MIGHTY BIRD.

THE Islands of New Zealand and Mauritius are well known as having once been the home of some gigantic birds, and the same fact appears also to be true of Madagascar. It is said that about 1850 an enormous egg was found in the island, an egg so large as to equal in size half-a-dozen ostrich eggs, or about 150 eggs of our domestic fowl. Some gigantic bones have also been discovered at various times, but scientific men differ as to the character of the bird to which they belonged. Most probably they were the remains of a gigantic eagle, large enough to carry off a man, or even a bullock—a bird that might have been the origin of the 'roc' in Arabian romances.

A. R. B.

PERFORMING MICE.

AN Italian boy with white mice! There are many to be seen in London. Do you think they lead very happy lives, with nothing to do but to carry about the pretty little mice and show off their clever tricks?

Let us ask this boy Joseph, and see what he says. He is smiling, as if he was very happy.

'Ah, sir! ah, madam! I am not very happy. I wish to return to my own beautiful Italy. I was a foolish boy to leave it, but I grew tired of minding our cow, and helping grandfather to dig the field, and gather up the chestnuts later on, and people said England was such a rich country, much money to be gained there; so I ran away from home with some other boys, and begged my way here. But my master is not very kind; and it is cold in England, and I cry at nights for my mother and my sister. I love my little mice, to be sure, but I am not happy—no.'

'Then why do you not save up the money you get, and go back to Italy, Joseph?'

'I cannot; the money all goes to my master; even the mice are his. He is angry if I do not bring him pence enough. I cannot keep one sou for myself. But I hear that the magistrates in London have been sending to the magistrates in Italy, begging them not to let their poor boys come to England, so I hope some day soon I shall be sent back to my home.'

'You will like that, Joseph, and you will never complain any more about helping your grandfather?'

'No, indeed. I shall be so glad to see him, and my sister, and the cow, and the chestnut woods! It is just now the time of the chestnut harvest, when we all go out with sacks tied to our waists, and wooden tweezers in our hands to pinch open the prickly shells, and gather the nuts in for the winter.

Performing Mice.

Oh, sir, it is such fun! you have nothing like it in England. We live on chestnuts in our part of Italy; they are our bread, our everything. We roast them, and boil them, and grind them into flour; and the children grow fat on them. You have so few in England, it makes me sorry for you.'

'Well, Joseph, here is a penny for your master; and see—give me your other hand—here is a penny for yourself.'

'Thank you very much, little master, but I fear I shall not be allowed to keep it; but I thank you, and my little mouse kisses your hand.'

THE GOAT.

THE common goat of Europe is so well known that we need not describe it. It flourishes everywhere, although in our country we do not see such flocks of these animals, as may be seen in Eastern countries, where its milk is in more demand than with us. The varieties of the goat are almost numberless, but the most valuable of these is the celebrated Cashmir goat, whose soft, silky hair, furnishes material for the costly fabrics so highly valued in all civilised countries. This animal is a native of Thibet. Its hair is of two sorts: first, there is a soft under-coat of greyish wool, extremely light and fine: this is the material used in the manufacture of Cashmir shawls. Above this there is a covering of long silken hair, very beautiful, and prized for other purposes. Attempts have been made to introduce this valuable goat into Europe, but without much success. In its wild state the goat is a fleet and agile creature, delighting in rocks and precipitous localities; and even in domestic life this love of

clambering seems never to be lost. Its flesh is not liked much, being tough and rank; the milk, however, is very nutritious, and is sold at a high price in London for invalids and children.

If cottagers in England and in Scotland could contrive to keep goats it might be very profitable to them and their children, as hardly any other animal will thrive on so many different and even inferior kinds of food, such as turnip and potato tops, easily procured from the cottage garden. M. K.

THE BUILDING OF THE FIRST CRYSTAL PALACE.

IN the volumes of the *Illustrated London News* for 1850 and 1851 we find an interesting account of the designing and erection of the Crystal Palace.

The committee appointed to superintend the building received no less than 233 plans from English and foreign architects, but not one of them was found to be suitable; and some members of the committee forthwith consulted together, and produced a design of their own. They proposed to build an edifice 2200 feet long, and 450 feet wide with a central dome 150 feet in height, and 200 feet in diameter. Such a building would have been four times as long as Westminster Abbey, and double the width of St. Paul's, if the Cathedral were measured across the transepts. It was calculated that the bricks required for this monster palace would number about fifteen millions.

This design appears in the *London News* for June 22; but a fortnight later, on July 6, a sketch is given of another building quite as imposing as the one planned by the committee, and far more elegant.

Mr., afterwards Sir Joseph Paxton, was at that time occupied in the erection of those wonderful glass-houses at Chatsworth, in one of which he grew so successfully the giant water-lily, known as the Victoria Regia. On Friday, June 11, he happened to be in London, at the House of Commons, and in the course of conversation with a friend, he made some remarks about the proposed Exhibition-building, adding that he had himself been struck with an idea, but he supposed it was now too late to make any suggestion. His friend, Mr. Ellis, at once offered to go with him to the committee, and these gentlemen allowed him nine days in which to produce his design.

Mr. Paxton was not a man who had much leisure, but he determined to carry out his ideas if it were possible, and in the end he proved the truth of his patron, the Duke of Devonshire's words concerning him, 'I never knew Mr. Paxton resolve to undertake what he did not fully accomplish.' He had business in Wales on the Saturday, and his presence was afterwards required in Derby at a railway meeting. But during this meeting he contrived to make a rough sketch on a sheet of blotting-paper, and when he reached home he set to work in earnest. He was assisted by a friend, Mr. Barlow, and succeeded in completing his designs by the following Saturday, when he carried them up to London.

It happened that a member of the Building committee, Mr. Robert Stephenson, went up to London by the same train, and the two gentlemen discussed the plans very fully during the journey. Mr. Stephenson was much pleased with them, and although the committee did not at first see their way to accepting Mr. Paxton's design, they were in a few days persuaded of its merits, and decided to adopt it. Messrs. Fox and Henderson undertook to estimate the cost of erecting such a palace, which instead of being built of brick was to be made entirely of iron and glass, so put together that it could be taken down without difficulty at the close of the Exhibition, and rebuilt, if thought desirable, in some other place. Letters were dispatched to various iron-masters and glass-founders, who at once came up to London, and the estimates for this enormous building were prepared within a week. Possession of the ground was obtained on the 30th of July, and the first pillar was fixed on the 26th of September. The Palace covered a space of about eighteen acres; its length was 1848 feet, and its width 456 feet. Its height in the centre was 64 feet, and in the transept, 108 feet. Several fine trees were growing in Hyde Park, within the space marked out for the building, and as it seemed a pity to destroy them, it was decided, if possible, to inclose them within the Palace. When the committee prepared their design, one of their number, Mr. Brunel, suggested the dome, beneath which the trees could remain undisturbed. This gentleman, although anxious that his own plan should be adopted, very kindly took the trouble to measure the trees for Mr. Paxton, who then altered his design to suit them.

The extraordinary rapidity with which the Palace was built is worthy of note. The iron columns were made in joints, which were put together like the pieces of a telescope, and fitted into sockets firmly placed in the ground. Iron girders united the columns, and as everything was made to fit with the utmost nicety, the building was done with wonderful quickness. Mr. Paxton, in a speech delivered during the autumn, said that on the previous day he had been watching the workmen, and had seen two men put up a couple of columns, each eighteen feet in height, and three girders in sixteen minutes. Eighty men employed upon the roof fixed 18,392 panes of glass in one week, but one of the glaziers outdid even their industry, for he put in 108 panes, covering a space of 367 feet in a single day.

The entire weight of glass used in the building was no less than 400 tons, and it may be noted that the sheets used were larger than any that had been previously made. The iron columns numbered 3300, and were united by 2225 girders. It was also necessary to join them beneath the surface of the ground, and for this purpose thirty-four *miles* of tubing were used. About 552 tons of wrought iron and 3500 tons of cast iron were required. The carpenters were as busy as the glaziers and iron-workers, for the flooring measured more than 750,000 square feet, and orders were given for 205 *miles* of sash-bar.

It had been arranged to open the Exhibition on the

1st of May, 1851; and a tremendous effort was necessary in order to have everything in readiness by that date. But masters and men put their hearts into their work, and all was finished by the time appointed. 'Every zone of the earth, and every temperature beneath the sun, had received the command to exhaust their riches, and lay them at the feet of Queen Victoria.'

Fifteen thousand contributors responded to this invitation, and the result was a gathering together of all that was beautiful and useful, such as the world had never before seen. H. L. T.

EARLY FRUITS.

SOME men of talent have early in life given promise of the powers within them. Macaulay began composition in prose and verse before he had entered his teens. Sir Francis Palgrave translated Homer at the age of eight. Goethe, when but very little older, wrote a description of twelve pictures describing the life of Joseph. Howard Dudley, at sixteen, compiled, engraved plates for, and printed a history of Horsham, in Sussex. Barré Roberts, at nineteen, was a contributor to the *Quarterly Review*. On the contrary we have ample testimony that in many cases a man's intellectual power,

'Blooms in the winter of his days,
Like Glastonbury thorn.'

A. R. B.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

269. I SAW a crowd of people, who
Were thick as bees together,
Although 'twas not a pleasant day,
And rather showery weather;
The publican had left his tap,
The customer his ale;
For where's the English villager
Who does not love a sale?

A fight will draw the neighbours out,
To see how matters stand;
The boys and girls and babyhood
Will flock about a band;
A preacher draws his two or three
To listen to his tale;
But if you want a multitude
Get up a spanking sale!

He is a man most popular,
The sprightly auctioneer;
His wit is keen, but never cuts,
His voice is bland though clear;
He seems to have a loving heart
For everything he sells;
And by his merry jugglement
Turns inches into ells.

Smart Mr. Going came last week,
To scatter, dear or cheap,
The worldly goods of farmer Oats,
The cows, the calves, the sheep;
The horses, barrels, pigs, and guns,
The cats, and eight-day clocks,
The beds, the chairs, the pots and pans,
And vols of *Chatterbox!*

The farmer had some notions queer,
As who indeed has not?
Waggon and team and nineteen steers
He lumped them in one lot.
The auctioneer said, 'Mr. Oats,
By such a plan you'll lose;'
But farmer Oats swore, Briton like,
'It shall be as *I* choose!'

The auctioneer his shoulders shrugged,
But did as he was told;
So waggon, team, and nineteen steers
In one big lot were sold;—
Into a fit he nearly fell,
As he harped their merits on;
And Going was a happy man
When he spoke the final 'Gone!'

The buyer paid the money down,
In twenty ten-pound notes,
And twenty fives, examined well,
By sharp-eyed farmer Oats;
Nor was that all—he further paid,
And did it with some pain,
Six and a half bright sovereigns,
As well as shillings twain.

Now every horse, and there were four,
Each warranted quite sound,
By all but three half-crowns, was worth
Just four and thirty pound;
The steers (which Mr. Going call'd
The finest drove on earth),
Eight guineas each we'll reckon at—
What was the waggon worth?

Yes, Chatterbox, whoe'er you are,
Where'er you laugh or chatter,
Whether you have roast beef to eat,
Or herrings on your platter;
Whene'er you hunt, whate'er it be,
Pray run your game to earth;
And in a twinkling tell to me
What was that waggon worth? G. S. O.

TRANSPOSITION.

270. A WORD well known to all our readers—Bert, Cox, Hat.

ENIGMAS.

271. MY *first* is most formal, affected, precise,
My *second* has often delighted our eyes,
My *whole* is a modest and fair blushing flower
That decks the gay meads in the bright summer hour.

272. I LIKE the *first*, when my dear wife
Prepares for us the staff of life
Ere we sit down to tea.
The *next* shares with us morn and night,
And seems to think it nought but right
To taste each nicety.
When brightly shines the glorious sun,
And when our daily labour's done
Into the fields we stroll;
And as on pretty flowers we gaze
Admiring Nature's works and ways
We sometimes see the *whole*.

[*Answers at page* 327.]

A SAGACIOUS DOG.

ONE night a gentleman was driving home, accompanied by his brother and their dog. On arriving home the gentlemen missed a parcel which they had placed in the carriage, and which must have fallen out. The dog was also missing, and therefore it was determined that they should retrace their steps. On arriving at the junction of the turnpike-roads they discovered the parcel, and the dog faithfully guarding it.

The Newly-discovered Land.

HARD LINES.

(*Continued from page* 307.)

ONE morning, however, a loud cry from the look-out man awoke them all with a sudden start. With that shout ringing in their ears, who could possibly sleep any longer? Painfully they raised themselves into a sitting posture in the bottom of the boat, holding on to the gunwales on either side as they dragged up their attenuated bodies, and turned their sunken eyes first upon the look-out man and then in utter amazement upon the wonderful scene that lay right before them. The sea was perfectly calm, but all night long they had been drifting in a strong current which had gradually carried them within a mile of a small and lonely island of the sea.

In the first emotion of astonishment at finding themselves close upon shore, the boat's crew, even including the experienced Jarvis, were almost inclined to think that what they saw before them was nothing but some lovely mirage, such as torments the weary traveller in the burning desert, a mirage which would most probably disappear when the sun shone out in its full strength. But a few minutes' anxious survey all round dispelled that painful idea. It was certainly land that lay before them, real, beautiful land, with grass, rocks, trees, an undulating surface, and a gravelled beach, upon which having landed their boat, they stepped ashore, with hearts filled with gratitude for this wonderful and unexpected deliverance from almost inevitable death.

But scarcely had they become calm again, than new and anxious thoughts crowded into their minds. 'What about food?' They were already almost dead with hunger, and could scarcely endure another week of such terrible privation as they had already passed through; and more important still, 'Was there any water? or had they been landed here only that they might perish miserably by thirst?' Questions such as these were so pressing, that the men, weary and feeble as they were, felt that they must at once disperse themselves abroad in search of shell-fish, edible roots, and water.

'Don't leave me, Ned,' implored poor Bob, whose leg was still very painful; 'don't leave me, there's a good lad; but lend a hand, and I can make shift to hobble along of you, and do my share of the work. Had it not been for you, Ned, I believe the other chaps would just have heaved me overboard when my leg was broken; and served me right too, for it was me as begun the fray: but if I ever have a chance to show it, you will find that I am grateful, Ned.'

'Oh, come, I say, you just shut up!' cried Ned, cheerfully. 'I would have done the same, of course, for anybody. But I say, just look here, what are these? Clams! I do declare! Hurrah! why, we can live like princes now! Clam soup, or baked clams! Could anything be more delicious?' So saying, Ned picked up a score or two of the shell-fish, and ran back with them as quickly as his weakness would allow to the little creek, where some of the men had already secured the boat, and were gathering wood for a fire. Further search, close by the shore, revealed the fact that there were various roots to be gathered, some of which might prove edible, while several eggs were found, the eggs of sea-birds, which would prove as nourishing food as shipwrecked men could desire. All was now animation and bustle. Ned became chief cook, and baked the clams to perfection, while Jarvis, who had ascended a slight eminence in order to see better about him, came running down with the blessed news that he had discovered a tiny well of clear and delicious water. This was news indeed! and we may well believe that the first meal which was cooked and eaten on 'Good Providence Isle,' as they named their island home, was sweeter to these half-famished men than the choicest dainties are to those who never knew the pangs of hunger.

After dinner we may well believe that our poor men were greatly disposed to rest and sleep; but there was much to be done before any of them could with an easy mind enjoy repose, however needful it might be. The interior of the island must be explored, a tent of some kind or other must be erected in order to protect them from any disastrous change in the weather: besides this, a flag-staff must be mounted on the most prominent point, in order to attract the attention of passing ships.

'What do you think of your prospects now, Ned?' asked Jarvis, while they were engaged in these necessary occupations. 'Do you think you will ever see Australia, or your precious uncle, that you set such store by?'

'It don't seem very likely,' answered the boy, cheerfully; 'but you know I had given up that notion before we left Madagascar, and was quite willing to go back with you to the old country. But how can we help ourselves, Jarvis? Here we are, cast ashore by no efforts of our own; we must just make the best of the situation, at least in the meantime; for my part, I feel pretty contented and comfortable, and I hope you feel the same.'

'Ah, Ned, my boy, you are young,' said Jarvis, almost with a sigh; 'but at my time of life (why, I am nearly forty years of age), a man does not like to be caged up on a little speck of a place like this, without the least idea what is to become of him in the future. We may have to stay here long enough, Ned, and the idea is not a very pleasant one to me. I fear we are not altogether in the track of ships, so, unless some vessel puts in here for wood or water, we may be left to the fate of Robinson Crusoe. However, we are not solitary, as he was: we should thank God for that. To be all alone on a speck of an island like this would be a dreadful fate indeed. But come along and help me to drag up these sails, Ned; none of us are so strong as we once were, but none of us can afford to be idle.'

The examination of the interior of the island did not turn out so promising as had at first been hoped. It was evidently of volcanic origin, and presented rather a dreary scene; deep layers of cinders, lava, ashes, and other debris, overgrown in some places with grass, creeping plants, and stunted herbage, while the crater of an extinct volcano was very plainly to be seen. Not a trace was observed anywhere of animal life, therefore, as no good purpose could be served by remaining in this locality, the

wanderers, after a hasty glance round, and an examination of the shrubs, upon which no fruit was found, once more returned to the beach, where they speedily erected as comfortable a tent as could be constructed out of the few materials they possessed, and at once began collecting as many eggs as they could find and digging about their tiny well in order to increase the supply of water.

It has often been said that it is well for us that we cannot forecast the future, or tell what a day may bring forth, and this was certainly true in the case of these shipwrecked men. They were tolerably comfortable on the island, and very grateful indeed for the food, such as it was, and for the precious supply of water; still all their desire was to escape from Good Providence Isle, and to return to the haunts of civilised men; and had they known that on this tiny island of the sea they were destined to spend two long years, they would certainly have been overwhelmed by despondency, and been quite unable to exercise that cheerfulness which is born of hope, and which is so necessary to make the wheels of life run smoothly.

But ignorant of the future as they were, and upheld by the continued expectation that to-morrow might perhaps bring the long-hoped-for vessel which was to carry them away, the days passed not so very drearily after all. And the time did at length come when the flag-staff with its streaming signals was sighted by an Australian liner, which at once lay-to and sent a boat's crew ashore to see if there really were any inhabitants on this tiny spot, and to bring them off without an hour's delay.

Alas! one man had to be left behind, when all his companions were taken aboard the ship. It was poor Jarvis, Ned's best and kindest friend, who had died some five months before, and been laid to rest within a mossy grave on Good Providence Isle.

But we must now return to North Queensferry, where we find things in a sadly altered position, at least in so far as the family of Sandy Grant was concerned. The summer of 1852 had been a very sultry one, and the little village, which had always suffered from scarcity of water, was now in a decidedly unhealthy condition.

At length it was visited by fever of a very severe type, one of the very first victims of the epidemic being the kindly-tempered wife of Sandy Grant, who expired after a very short illness, and without even one word of farewell to the dearly-loved ones left behind, so sudden had been the onset of the delirium, which was a marked feature of the disease.

The death of his wife was a blow which poor Sandy was quite unable to bear with his usual fortitude and equanimity. He had been so deeply attached to her, and she was so necessary to his everyday happiness, that it seemed to him almost impossible that life could be carried on in such sadly altered circumstances. And, then, his little Flora, his motherless bairn, how was he to care for, and train this little one, single-handed, and alone, as he was? These thoughts oppressed the heart of the afflicted man so much, and he drooped so manifestly under his sad bereavement, that the kindly neighbours took it upon them, to interfere, advising him for the sake of his own health, as well as that of the child, to shut up the fever-tainted cottage altogether for the present, and to go to the quarters of the coastguardsmen, where amid the healthful breezes of that sea-girt promontory he might pick up renewed health and strength for the burden and the battle of life.

But the poor saddler only shook his head. 'You're all very good to me, neighbours, and I thank ye kindly,' he said; 'but it is too late for me to make such a change. I maun die in my ain cottage, and it's a dying man I am this day, or else I am greatly mistaken. I feel the fever coursing in my veins. But if you would do me a real kindness, some of you good neighbours will tak hame my wee Flora. I'll never see my bonnie wee doo again, for I wadna bring her near this infected room. And will ye ask the minister to come to me? I have a word to say to him about the bairn afore I can turn my thochts altogether away from earthly things.'

Everything was done as the poor man wished, and in the grey twilight of the same day the minister was seen to leave the little cottage with a very grave face and a sealed packet in his hand.

Eight days after and Sandy Grant was laid to rest beside his dearly loved wife, while little Flora looked with an awe-struck feeling at her dress of sombre black, beginning to realise for the second time in her young life that sorrow and disappointment were often the portion of the young as well as the old. But childhood soon emerges from its cloud of sorrow and begins to look forward again with bright anticipations of happiness; and the saddler's orphan daughter, when she was made acquainted with the future in store for her, began to think, that though it was sad to look at the daisy-covered mound in the village churchyard, and to think that there all that was left of her dear parents had been laid to rest, still in her new and far-distant home a welcome was awaiting her which would very much compensate for the sorrows of the past.

After Sandy's death his good friend the minister proceeded to fulfil his last request, which was that he should write to his only brother, Ronald Grant, a squatter at Forest Creek, near Melbourne, acquainting him with the sad state of matters at North Queensferry, and asking him to assume the guardianship of little Flora. 'I ken he'll be glad to do so,' the dying man had said. 'Roland had aye a kind heart from the time he was but a bairn, and since he went out to foreign parts he has wedded a nice young lass, though she hasna brought him any bairns; and then my Flora won't go to them empty-handed, I have taken care of that; but, sir, dinna send the child out of the country until ye hear from Roland that he is ready to take her. My bonny wee doo, when she grows up she will quite have forgotten her old daddy and her Scottish hame; but it is God's will, and I'll be greatly beholden to ye, sir, if you will take all this trouble for me.'

All these instructions being carefully attended to, little Flora Grant, six months after the death of her parents, was sent under safe guardianship to her new home at Forest Creek, where a real Australian welcome awaited the orphan girl, who was henceforth treated with all the kindness and consideration that could have been bestowed upon a real daughter of the house.

(*Continued at page* 322.)

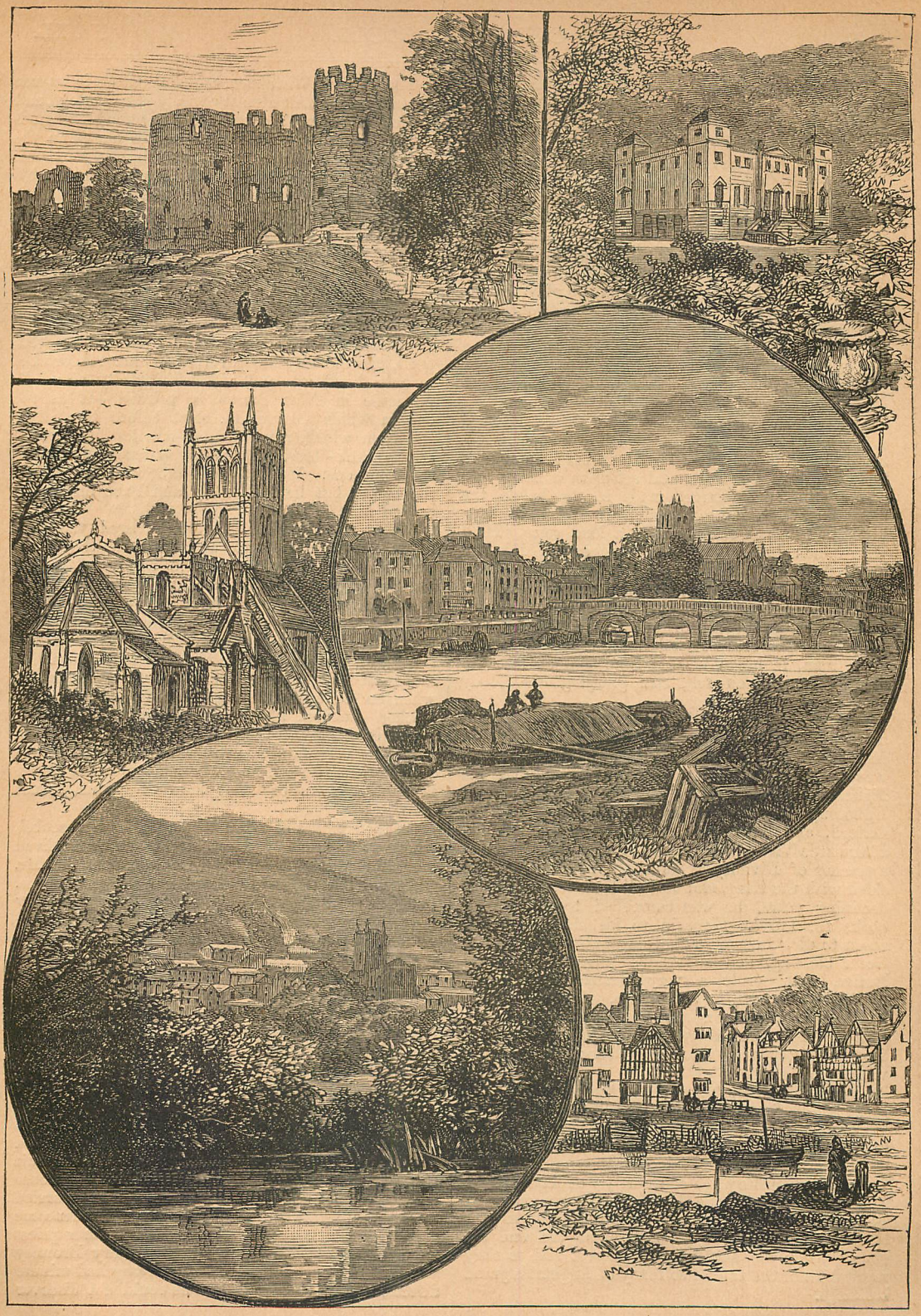
UNDER THE WING.

ONE of the most beautiful sights on the earth is a hen gathering her brood under her wings. They are such silly little creatures, so weak and in such danger, that if it were not for their mother's love and watchful care they would never be reared. But God has provided for their wants in a manner that shows us how good and kind He is to the least of His creatures. As the chickens are more feeble than most other creatures, so is their mother gifted with more love than usual. She seems fully aware of her children's danger, and therefore feels most anxious about them. You may see it in her actions, and you may hear it in every tone of her voice.

'O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! which killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee: how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not!'

LEAVE NO STONE UNTURNED.

IT appears, as an accomplished naturalist has informed us, that the creature who has had the honour of teaching by his own habits the all-important lesson to 'leave no stone unturned' is none other than one of the tropical baboons, we believe the blue-nosed baboon. The creature's favourite relish is to eat a scorpion for dinner. Now the scorpion lives under flat stones, and leaves no trace behind him to show under which particular stone he is hid. So the baboon, in his scorpion-hunting expeditions, turns over every stone as he comes to it; not passing one by, lest perchance his desired repast should be hidden under that one.



VIEWS IN WORCESTERSHIRE. By W. H. J. Boot.

Dudley Castle.
Hagley Hall.
Pershore Abbey Church.
Worcester.
Malvern.
Bewdley.

COUNTY CHATS.

No. XXXIX.—WORCESTERSHIRE.

IS generally flat, occupied by the Vales of Severn and Evesham, and bounded by two ranges of hills on the East and West. Its figure is very irregular. For instance, look at Shipston-on-Stour, and tell me whether it looks as if it ought to be in Worcestershire? It lies with Warwickshire all about it; sleeps in a blanket of Warwick, as one may say. Evesham once possessed a magnificent abbey, of which a fine tower remains, called the Abbot's tower. It is used as a bell tower. The church of All Saints is said to have been built of the abbey fragments. The name of the place comes from Eoves, a swineherd.

Here Simon Montfort encountered Prince Edward (surnamed Longshanks), on the 4th of August, 1265. Simon had the old King Henry in his keeping, and he was cased in armour and set upon a horse. In one of the rude charges made in the battle the old man was unhorsed, and he would have been killed had he not called out in a loud voice, 'Hold your hand: I am Harry of Winchester.' His son chanced to be near enough to hear the words, and he ran to his father's rescue, and carried him out of the press. Montfort fought like the bold man he was, but all in vain. No quarter was given, and his brave friends fought and died, man after man, in heaps around him, and at last the great Earl himself fell, still grasping his bloody sword in his hand.

Pershore was anciently Perscora. Some think it owes its name to its pear-trees. At Bredon is an immense mountain mass. Here Bishop Prideaux was buried. He was a poor man's son, and once his highest ambition was to be the parish clerk of Ugborough, in Devonshire. A lady sent him to Oxford, and he became first a poor scholar, and afterwards Vice-Chancellor of the University, and a teacher of Divinity. As Bishop of Worcester he sided with the King, and lost all his income. In his declining years, he was compelled to sell all his books for bread. He said to his children, when about to die, 'I leave you nothing but pious poverty, God's blessing, and a father's prayers.' Samuel Butler, who wrote a very strange book called *Hudibras* was born at Strensham. His father was a small farmer. He is said to have been the most witty writer in our language. *Hudibras* is a poem describing a justice reforming abuses, in company with Squire Ralph.

Cromwell's troops lay at Upton-on-Severn the night before the 'crowning victory' at Redhill, near Worcester. Cider is here shipped in large quantities to all parts. Medicinal springs, called St. Anne's and the Holy Wells, are found at Malvern, and it has become a favourite place of resort for delicate people. The hills are high (the Herefordshire beacon being 1444 feet), but they are easily climbed. Luckily for Malvern, its generous people bought the fine old church when the abbey was dissolved, and so they saved it from the fate of so many of England's grand buildings.

The capital, Worcester, called Wooster, is on the Severn. It is built almost entirely of red bricks, and the churches, too, are reddish, being made of sandstone. King John, the unworthy, lies buried in the minster. His tomb was opened in 1797, and his body found perfect. This cathedral is remarkable for its pinnacles. It was so injured by fire that it was reconsecrated in the presence of Henry III., at Christmas, 1218. When Cromwell held the city, his Roundheads stabled their horses in the nave. No town, perhaps, has had so many royal visits as this, except of course Windsor and such-like. And the antiquary Lambarde says no place in England has suffered so much from calamities as Worcester. Taken, plundered, burnt, besieged, fined, the old city has survived all her misfortunes to be a handsome and a flourishing city after all. A house in New Street is pointed out as the one in which Charles II. slept before the battle, and from which, after the day was lost, he escaped at the back-door, just as his pursuer entered at the front one. He had been crowned here before the battle, but he had to fly and leave his crown behind him.

When the sweating sickness ravaged the city many people retired to an island in the river. This sweating sickness is often mentioned in the history of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The sufferer had violent fever, pains in the head and limbs, thirst, sickness, and restlessness. Then a clammy sweat broke out all over the body. Sometimes the victims died in three or four hours. It first made its appearance in the army of Richmond when he landed in Milford Haven in 1485. It soon reached London, and raged there for six weeks. Then it kept reappearing, and the visitation in 1517 was very fatal; so was that in 1551. It was a mysterious disease, and whether it was the plague in another form or some kind of typhus is not known.

On the confines of Worcester and Salop is Boscobel, where, at the time of the battle of Worcester, lived a certain William Penderell, a woodman to Mr. Giffard. The name of Giffard is a very noble one. It means 'The Free Giver.' To the Penderell family the King owed his life. He dared not hide in the woodman's house by day, so he climbed into the branches of an oak, and when it was dark he descended, and slept by the woodman's fire. An interesting discovery was made a few years ago. The picture of an old lady was bought at a sale for a few pence, and when it was cleaned the inscription was discovered, 'Dame Penderell, Anno Dom. 1662.' Here, then, no doubt, was the woman who had helped to shelter the unfortunate King in the hour of his trouble.

Not far from Worcester stood Hendlip Hall. It was provided, more than any other house, perhaps, with secret rooms and staircases. Here the Jesuit Garnet was hidden for some time. Hendlip House then belonged to Thomas Abingdon, who had married Lord Mounteagle's sister. Garnet was connected in some way with the Powder Plot. He and another priest were hidden at Hendlip, when Sir Henry Bromley was sent to search for them. Sir Henry had minute directions how to search, but he could not discover

their whereabouts, and it was only when they could bear their confinement no longer, that they came forth. They were fed by means of a reed which passed through a chimney. Garnet was tried and hanged, and so ended the Gunpowder Plot.

There are salt springs at Droitwich, and many thousands of tons of salt are made there. The Romans called it Salinæ. Wich is Saxon for a salt spring. One ounce of brine contains 140 grains of muriate of soda, which is another name for common salt.

Bromsgrove has given up linen making, and has taken to nail making. The Lickey is a quartz mountain, from which rivers rise and fall into the Irish Sea, and others rise and fall into the North Sea. Dudley is in a Worcestershire island, wholly surrounded by Staffordshire. Dodo, a Duke who lived in the dark ages, built here a castle. In course of time it came into the hands of a troublesome fellow named John de Someri, who plagued every one who would not help him to build his castle. It was, you see, the house that Jack built, but with other men's money. Then John Dudley, duke of Northumberland, had it. At length, the heiress of the Dudleys married Henrietta Maria's jeweller, named Ward.

Dudley is a great place for coal and iron. Limestone is needful for smelting, and they have pierced the castle rock with a tunnel nearly two miles long, through which the limestone is conveyed to the kilns. There is a curious fossil found here, called the Dudley locust.

The poet Shenstone was born and buried at Hales Owen. He was not much of a poet, but he was a first-rate gardener, though he spent far too much on his flower-beds. Hales Owen had an Abbey built by Peter de Rupibus—Peter of the Rocks. We are now near Hagley, the seat of the Lyttletons. The poet Thomson says—

'Courting the muse, through Hagley park you stray.'

The other poet, Shenstone, aided the first Lord Lyttelton to lay out the waterfalls, walks, and shrubberies of beautiful Hagley. Horace Walpole says of it, 'I cannot describe the enchanting beauty of the park: it is a hill of three miles, but broken into all manner of beauty—such lawns—such woods! Here is a ruined castle, which has the true rust of the Barons' wars.' Lord Lyttelton built a temple to Thomson's memory, and there are ornamental urns in memory of Shenstone and Pope. So three poets are connected with Hagley. In the hall there is a picture of Pope and his dog Bounce. The busts of Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, and Dryden, were a gift from Pope to his Lordship.

Carpets are made at Kidderminster. This place once belonged to Waller the poet, but he had to sell it to pay a fine. He was implicated in some plot against the Parliament, and nearly lost his life. He was a very rich man, and when Charles I. set up his standard at Nottingham he sent his Majesty a thousand broad pieces. At Kidderminster the famous Richard Baxter used to preach. A church here has 'the Descent from the Cross,' done in carpet work.

Bewdley means *Bellus Locus*—Fair Place. Leland writes thus:—'The towne is sett on the syde of an hill: soe comely, a man cannot wish to see a towne better. It riseth from Severn banke by east, upon the hill by west: soe that a man standing on the hill trans pontem by east, may discerne almost every house in the towne, and, at the rising of the sunne the whole towne glitterith as if it were of gould.' Is Bewdley still as Bewd-liful? Mention has often been made in these papers of Leland. He was a great favourite of Henry VIII. He was the King's Antiquary; and he spent six or seven years in travelling about England collecting materials for his history and antiquities. He died, out of his mind, in 1552.

At Tenbury, floods sometimes occur, from the Kyre misbehaving itself. In 1770 the church itself was partly carried away by the turbulent waters, and the people had to do without one for seven years. The Crusader's Child in Armour was happily spared.

G. S. O.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

273. Reconstruct the following letters to form the names of places required.

(1.) Roookoon—a river of America.
(2.) Ieeebllls—an island in France.
(3.) Qganntuu—a province in China.
(4.) Nnoodl—a city of England.
(5.) Lleesnnniik—a city of Ireland.
(6.) Byyaallln—an Irish town.
(7.) Nnnaa—a river in Scotland.
(8.) Znoog—a village of Austria, in Lombardy.
(9.) Zzmaaar—a town in Sicily.

CONUNDRUMS.

274. Why is the sun the strongest thing within our system?

275. Why is the earth like a lamp-lighter?

276. Which travels faster, heat or cold, and why?

277. When is leather like rust?

278. What is that which sickens everybody but those who swallow it?

279. Use me well and I am everybody. Scratch my back and I am nobody.

AN ENIGMA.

By Lord Macaulay.

280. Cut off my head—the singular I act;
Cut off my tail—and plural I appear;
Cut off both head and tail—to nothing I contract,
Nothing to blind man's touch, or wise man's ear.

What is my head cut off? a sounding sea;
What is my tail cut off? a flowing river;
And through their mighty depths I fearless play,
Parent of sweetest sounds, yet mute for ever.

ENIGMAS.

281. In the south of Erin's Isle
My *first* you sure will find;
My *next*, a little thing 'tis true,
But known by youth and aged too;
My *whole* in winter's freezing blast
Is wrapp'd around when snowing fast.

[*Answers at page* 327.]

THE NIGHTINGALE.

DEEP was the silence, unbroken and still,
As we listened with breathless delight;
The moonbeams lay soft on the side of the hill,
And broad were the shadows of night;

And hushed was the valley, and hushed was the lake,
No leaf in the forest was stirred;
No sound but the moan of the ripples that break
On the glittering pebbles was heard.

And now a low cadence, and now a clear trill,
And now a full gush of rich song,
Burst forth from the distance, and then all was still
Save the echo that floated along.

Oh! think with what calmness to Heaven ascending,
The nightingale poured forth its soft plaintive tone,
While its voice, with the sound of the sad waters blending,
Was answered on earth by an echo alone.

Mouse's Nest in the Curtain.

ANECDOTES OF MICE.

'It is well known,' says the Rev. J. G. Wood, 'that mice make very comfortable nests for their young, gathering together quantities of wool, rags, moss, paper, hair, or similar substances, and rolling them into a soft ball, in the middle of which the young are placed.'

As an illustration of the above, we give an account of two different nests which were found full of young mice. In a country vicarage in Yorkshire, many years ago, a bank-note went a-missing. Its owner had laid it on a shelf in a locked storeroom, no one having access to the chamber but herself, therefore its loss was somewhat mysterious. After searching everywhere, and removing most of the articles in the storeroom, a mouse-hole was discovered in a corner of the floor. The happy thought suggested itself that this hole should be explored. A carpenter was sent for, who removed one of the boards, and pushing his arm underneath it he pulled out large quantities of minute pieces of paper, which the mice had probably collected year after year. In one corner of this heap he got hold of a nest of young mice, and brought them out, lying on the bank-note, which was quite uninjured. Apparently the little mother had carried the note away, folded as it was, through its hole, and then unfolded and spread it out as a lining to her nest, evidently conscious of its softness and flexibility. It was the only piece of paper in the nest which had not been nibbled to tiny atoms.

Another mouse's nest was equally comfortable, and was discovered in the following manner. A family party were sitting at dinner when one of the children noticed that a mouse was slowly and carefully toiling up the damask window-curtain with something in its mouth. The little creature was not disturbed, but was carefully watched till she disappeared in a fold of the curtain. After awhile she emerged, and ran down to the floor and so disappeared. On examining the curtain four very little mice were found in one of the folds, which formed a kind of pouch, and would have been comfortable enough without any lining; but Mrs. Mouse had not thought so, for she had placed in the fold some soft wool stolen out of a rent in a sofa cushion. The following day all the little mice had disappeared; the mother mouse evidently knew that her nest had been discovered, and was no longer a safe dwelling-place for her little family.

M. K.

HARD LINES.

(*Continued from page* 315.)

THE death of his friend Jarvis had been a terrible blow to Ned Williams, who felt for weeks after the sad event as though there was nothing worth living for left to him in life. The death had been rather a sudden one, and yet Jarvis had been able to take affectionate leave of his boy friend, and to give him much wholesome advice as to his future conduct, if ever he should be fortunate enough to be taken off the island. 'I'll be buried in this hole of a place, Ned,' the poor man had whispered, 'and I won't say but what it is a sore trial to me; I would have liked Christian burial, and not to be put underground like a dog. And oh, my boy, I hope I have never done anything to harm your soul. We don't think enough of that kind of thing when we are in health, but when we come to die it is different. I've tried to be kind to you, Ned: have I not?'

'Yes, indeed, Jarvis,' said the boy, gratefully, and with a quiver in his voice; 'and, oh! what shall I do without you? Oh, Jarvis, I wish I could die with you!'

'Ah, but you must live, Ned, and live to be a good man. I feel sure you will be taken off the island some day. And now, Ned, I must warn you about Bob. When I am gone you will naturally take to him more than ever; but Ned, he is hardly a safe companion for you. Don't mistake me, my boy,' he added, as he saw Ned about to speak in Bob's defence; 'I believe he loves you; indeed, I know he does, and he would not willingly injure you I am sure; yet his principles are not firm, he is easily turned aside from any good purpose. And, Ned, he is too fond of the drink! He can't get it here, of course; but if you ever leave the island, my boy, take care what you do. I would advise you to work your way back to Scotland if you can, and look up your friend at Queensferry. You tell me he knew and respected your father and mother; if so, he will always take an interest in you.'

Alas, poor Ned! had he gone back to Queensferry he would have found the old cottage in the hands of strangers, and his good friend Sandy laid in his quiet grave. But Ned never did return to Scotland, quite another destiny was in store for him.

Life on board of an Australian passenger steamship was such a novel experience to Ned Williams, that, in the strangeness of his surroundings, it was only natural that the remembrance of his friend Jarvis should gradually fade away. Much excitement had been caused on board the *Southern Cross*, bound for Melbourne, by the discovery of the fluttering signals on the little island, and great satisfaction was expressed when the long boat was seen returning to the ship with its cargo of frowsy-looking and ragged men. The castaway sailors had not suffered from hunger, as we have seen, but while on the island had been reduced to great straits for want of clothing; but as soon as they put foot on deck they were supplied by the sympathising passengers with everything requisite for their comfort, and soon made a creditable appearance among the other men. Work was at once found for them by the mate, and in a wonderfully short space of time they seemed to have quite united themselves with the crew of the *Southern Cross*.

Ned's sensations when he found that he was actually on board a ship bound for Melbourne were very strange. How he had longed at one time to go to Australia! but now, did he wish to go? Well, if he could have chosen, he would much rather have been sailing homewards to Scotland in accordance with the last advice of his friend Jarvis. He was older now by two years since those early days when he had fully expected that by going to Australia he could

find his uncle at once; he knew a little of geography now, and was aware that Australia was rather larger than North Queensferry, and that even if he succeeded in reaching that fifth continent of the world he might search long enough before he could trace out his lost relative. But he had not been long on board the *Southern Cross* when he changed his mind, and was as anxious as possible to arrive in Melbourne, considering it a most fortunate thing that it was an Australian vessel that had taken them off the island. The cause of this change in his sentiments will be presently seen. It was in this year (1852) that the great gold fever was spreading abroad and filling every heart with a feverish thirst for the precious metal. On board the *Southern Cross* it was the general talk; half of the passengers were young men going out to Melbourne with the settled purpose of trying their fortune on one or other of the gold fields, while nearly every seaman on board had made up his mind to desert the ship as speedily as possible after arrival, in order that they too might have a chance of enriching themselves by digging for the precious metal.

Of course all this was new to Ned and his companions, who greedily drank in everything that they could learn on the all-engrossing subject.

'I say, Ned,' whispered Bob, in a moment of leisure, 'why shouldn't you and I chum together, and go up to the gold fields too? I think we may thank our stars for the blessed chance of getting rich without much trouble. What do you think? Shall we work it together?'

'With all my heart,' replied Ned, with animation. 'Oh, if poor Jarvis had only lived to see this day, we might have gone together all the three of us!'

Bob made no reply to this; in his secret heart he was very glad that things had been ordered otherwise; he was fond enough of the boy Ned, but Jarvis had not been at all to his mind he had always felt an uncomfortable suspicion that Jarvis had taken his measure, so to speak, and knew all his weak points, and as we have seen this was strictly true. Jarvis had seen the weak points of his character, and had warned Ned against him; but what young person is willing to be warned by his elders? Very few indeed, and Ned was not one of them. He rather liked Bob, who could be very amusing when he chose, and he thought that Jarvis, who was much older, had been unduly severe upon the younger seaman. Well, we shall see.

The *Southern Cross*, though she proudly ploughed the ocean through fair weather and foul, had yet to encounter one fearful storm very shortly before arriving at Melbourne. Terrific hurricanes of wind burst over her, which raised the sea mountains high, the rain meanwhile falling in torrents, and the barometer falling lower and lower still. At length the wind was such that the masts bent under it like switches, the ship scudding along under bare poles. Sea after sea struck the vessel, one wave mightier than its fellows snapping off the bowsprit, as though it had been match-wood, while at the same moment a furious blast tore one of the sails from its lashings, and, with a sound like the report of a gun, blew it to ribbons and carried it away. The women and children who had been sent below were sobbing in helpless misery, men were cursing and swearing, as though that could make matters easier for them, while added to all this the labouring of the ship, the sound of breaking crockery, and a host of other noises, combined to make up a scene enough to appal the stoutest heart on board the *Southern Cross*.

It was indeed a fearful storm, but soon the immediate danger was passed, the sky brightened, and the sea, though it still rolled heavily, gradually sank lower and lower till it resumed its hitherto quiescent appearance. All was now bustle and activity, damages were repaired, the women passengers were released from their confinement, and every one began to look forward with cheerfulness to the arrival in Melbourne.

Eight days afterwards the *Southern Cross* sighted Cape Otway, and very speedily was towed up the river to Melbourne.

Ned with his older companion Bob was not long of getting on shore, where they at once began to put in practice the plan which they had resolved on while on board ship.

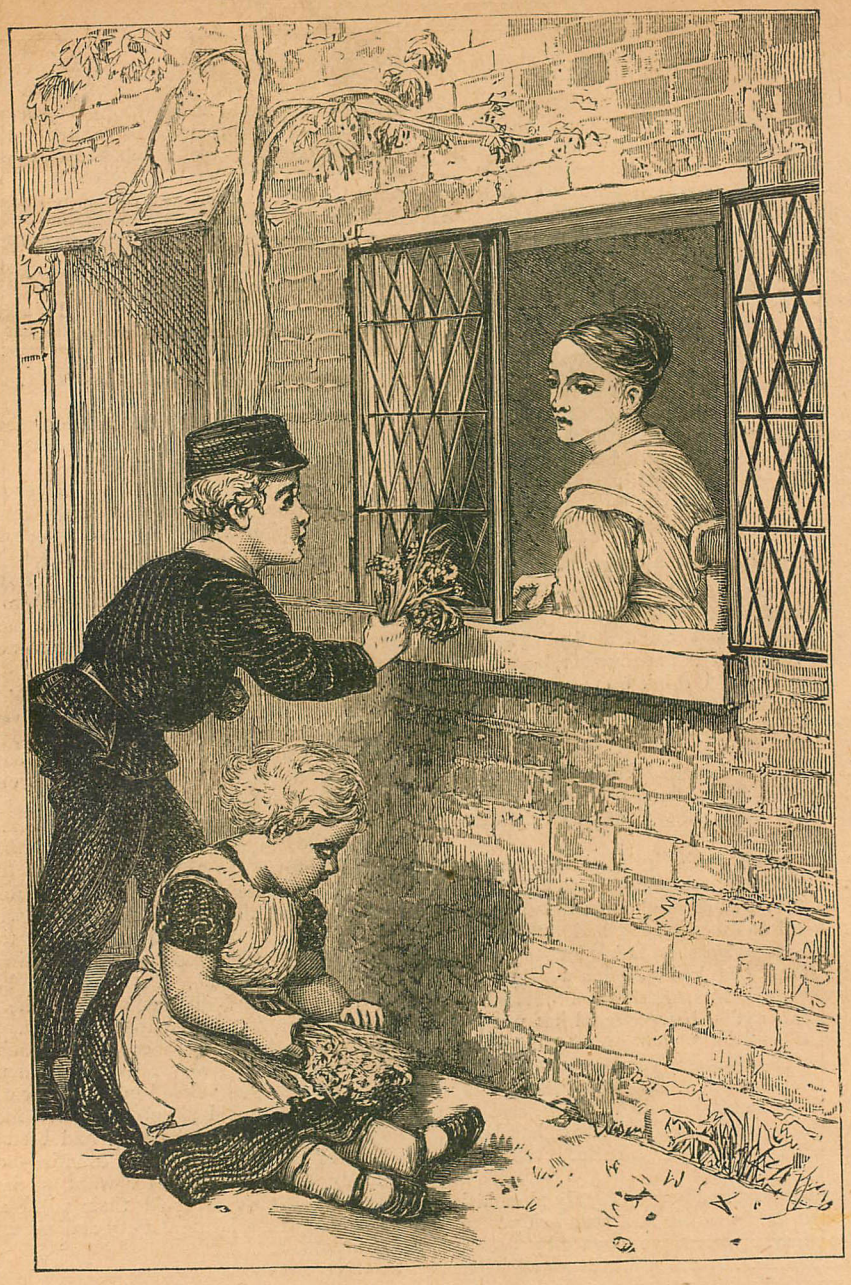
Being utterly penniless, they had resolved (for a few days after arriving in Melbourne), to take any work that might offer itself, and when paid for this work to buy the necessary tools and at once proceed on their way to the diggings.

'Of course,' said Bob, 'work will easily be had if, as they say, so many men are leaving their ordinary employments to go after the gold; so we need have no anxiety about our future, it seems all cut and dry for us. You just follow me, Ned, and you will get the benefit of my experience.'

But even Bob, with all his boasted experience, stood aghast at the strange scenes which everywhere met his eye. Wherever he turned, countless throngs of people were restlessly moving to and fro, piles of merchandise lay almost neglected on the wharves for want of hands to see it shipped aboard the vessels waiting to receive it, these vessels again being deserted by their seamen, who, like those on board the *Southern Cross*, had all made off to the diggings. Heavily laden drays, shouting drivers, mobs of horses and rough vehicles, were jostling each other in endless confusion. Every one seemed on the move, and all the talk was 'Gold! gold!' a feverish thirst for the precious metal seeming to have filled every heart. Meanwhile, just as they had been told, the business of many a store and counting-house was absolutely at a standstill for want of hands, the young men having deserted their posts and their fixed salaries for all the anxiety and uncertainty of the new pursuit.

In these circumstances Bob and his young companion were not long of finding employment, and were speedily engaged at a somewhat respectable hotel to act as boots, which situation they might have kept long enough had they been so inclined, but nothing would induce them to give up the idea of gold digging; therefore, as soon as they had worked for a week, and been paid for doing so, they purchased the regulation pick, shovel, pannikin, and blanket, and with light hearts and eighteen pence in their pockets proceeded on their way.

(*Continued at page* 330.)



FLOWERS FOR THE SICK.

MOTHER, I have been in Burnley Wood and have got such lovely flowers, daffodils, meadow-sweet, and I don't know all what. Do you think I might run down to Joy Cottage and give them to poor Harry Scott? He is so ill, mother, and he loves flowers, I know.'

'But, James,' replied his mother, 'don't you know that Harry is ill with the scarlet fever? It would not be safe for you to go near him. Besides, the poor little fellow would not be able to speak to you, the doctor says he must be kept very quiet.'

'But, mother, I never intended to go into the house. But couldn't I hand the flowers to his aunt through the window, and just ask her how he is going on? When I was ill last year don't you remember how he came every day to see me?'

'Yes, I remember,' said his mother; 'but you were not ill with fever. However, I think you are quite

Home Pets. By HARRISON WEIR.

right, James, to wish to give pleasure to your sick friend. Well, you may go, but remember not to enter the house, and be sure to come straight home again.'

Half-an-hour afterwards James returned home, breathless and excited. 'Oh, mother!' he said, 'I am so glad I thought of gathering those flowers for Harry! His aunt came to the window and I gave them to her, and after a while she came back and said that he was so pleased and had arranged them himself in a cup, and was never weary of admiring them. Mother, how easy it is to give pleasure to people! I was anxious to give Harry a present, but I had no money to buy one; now these flowers did not cost me anything.'

'Nothing but time and trouble, James,' said his mother with a smile; 'and those you gave willingly for your friend. My boy, when we are ill, nothing pleases us so much as some little token that our friends are not forgetting us: it is not the money-value of the gift that delights us, but the loving heart which we know prompted the gift.'

M. K.

THE HOME OF THE CROCODILE.

SOME twenty miles south of the city of Calcutta lies a swampy forest, about forty miles in breadth and sixty miles in length, called the Sonderbunds, from the name of a tree which grows there. The whole place is covered with dense forests, and cut up into innumerable islands by muddy creeks. Tall trees join their branches overhead, while so thick is the small jungle that you cannot see beyond the river bank; the river and bank are abominably muddy, and in this mud the terrible Indian crocodile loves to lurk. It lays its eggs just above high-water mark, in the sunniest spot it can find, and prowls about in search of food, though its usual manner of securing its prey is by lying in wait. It soon finds the places where deer and pig come down to cross from island to island, and rolling itself in the mud, which is dreadfully sticky, the huge creature soon looks more like a log of wood than a living animal. The poor deer are timid, but at the same time inquisitive animals, and are easily led to go near and sniff at what was not there on their last visit, and when near enough the hideous monster knocks the terrified animal down with a blow of its powerful tail, seizes it in its cruel jaws, and disappears with it beneath the water, to the surface of which large spots of blood rise as the meal goes on.

But the crocodile does not confine itself to deer, for many an unfortunate fisherman and woodcutter falls a victim to his terrible appetite. Sometimes the poor men will approach what they think to be a log, and have been known to be putting a rope round it, when, bang comes the tail! and all is over. Now and then the savage creature will swim up to a raft of timber, as it glides along with the tide, and knock one of the crew into the water with his tail, or seize him with his teeth. The animal is covered with thick scales, and can only be shot in one or two soft places, so that it is not easily killed or driven off. These beasts measure sometimes twenty feet in length, and can seize and run off with a full-grown cow, many of which, poor, simple creatures! lose their lives when drinking or swimming home from the grazing ground; the cowherd occasionally sharing a like fate.

THE STARS.

HOW many stars do you see when you look up to the sky on a clear, moonless night? Some people would say, if they were asked this question, 'Oh, hundreds!' or 'Thousands!' and some might even go the length of millions, but very few would give an exact answer.

Well, astronomers tell us that on a good night, with good eyes, we can see from two to three thousand stars. The actual number of stars which may be seen without a telescope is two or three thousand overhead; five or six thousand round the whole world. But with the help of the telescope Sir William Herschel, the great astronomer, calculated twenty million stars round the whole world—twenty million *suns*, for stars are only distant suns.

They must be very distant indeed, you will say, because they look so much smaller than the sun. And they *are* very distant. Alpha Centauri, the nearest star, whose distance we know is two hundred and twenty-five thousand times as far away as the distance of the sun from the earth—two hundred and twenty-five thousand times ninety-one millions of miles, or millions of millions of miles! The light from Alpha Centauri, which we see, started three and a half years ago. All those three and a half years it has been flashing onward at the rate of one hundred and eighty-eight thousand miles each second—it has travelled one hundred and eighty-eight thousand miles with each tick of the clock! That shows us how *very* far off Alpha Centauri is.

Perhaps you know the bright star called Sirius; that star which blazes in the southern sky, shining by turns red and blue, green and white? That light from Sirius left its surface twenty years ago. Sirius is so far off that it has taken the light twenty years to reach this world. C. P. G.

THE 'THREE BELLS.'

BENEATH the low-hung night cloud
That raked her splintering mast,
The good ship settled slowly—
The cruel leak gained fast.

Over the awful ocean
Her signal-guns pealed out;
Dear God! was that Thy answer
From the horror round about?

A voice came down the wild wind—
'Ho! ship ahoy!' its cry.
'Our stout *Three Bells* of Glasgow
Shall stand till daylight by!'

Hour after hour crept slowly,
Yet on the heaving swells
Tossed up and down the ship lights,
The lights of the *Three Bells!*

And ship to ship made signals,
Man answered back to man,
Whilst oft, to cheer and hearten,
The *Three Bells* nearer ran;

And the captain from her taffrail
Sent down his hopeful cry,
'Take heart! hold on!' he shouted,
'The *Three Bells* shall stand by!'

All night across the waters,
The tossing lights shone clear;
All night from reeling taffrail
The *Three Bells* sent her cheer.

And when the dreary watches
Of storm and darkness passed,
Just as the wreck lurched under,
All souls were saved at last.

Sail on, *Three Bells*, for ever,
In grateful memory sail!
Ring on, *Three Bells* of rescue,
Above the wave and gale.

J. G. WHITTIER.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES NOS. 249 TO 281.

249. 90 miles.

250. Wood, Wool—Cool, Coal.

251. Hard, Hart, Hast, East, Easy.

252. Silk, Milk, Mile, Mole, More, Core, Cord.

253. Canary.

254. Fifty-four seconds; for between the several strokes from the first to the fifth there are four equal intervals of six seconds each, and from the first to the tenth stroke there are nine such intervals.

255. G—lass—Glass.*

256. Third.

257. The river will be $55\frac{3}{10}$ feet wide (about).

258. The cable's length is $2294\frac{2}{17}$ miles in length.

259. *Least*; *company*; *dirty*; *blind*; *ill*: APRIL.

260. 'If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try, again.'

261. The four parts are 12, 8, 5, 20.

262. Level.

263. Yes—ter—day.

264. July 2nd will be the mid-day. The stroke of noon will be the mid-moment. Therefore there will be daylight. The clock will tick 6,324,480 times in a fifth of Leap Year.

265. Each pace the Volunteer takes will measure 30 inches.

266. A Postman.

267. Charles.
C anute.
H arold.
A lfred.
R ichard.
L ambert Symnel.
E dward.
S tephen.

268. A river.

269. 12*l.* 10*s.*

270. Chatterbox.

271. Prim-rose.

272. Butter-fly.

273. (1.) Oroonoko. (2.) Belle Isle. (3.) Quantung. (4.) London. (5.) Enniskillen. (6.) Ballyallan. (7.) Annan. (8.) Zogno.
(9.) Amazzar.

274. Because it supports everything by its beams.

275. Because it has many climes—climbs.

276. Heat. Because you can *catch* cold.

277. When it is ox-hide—oxide.

278. Flattery.

279. A looking-glass.

280. Cod.

281. Cove. Ring. Covering.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

282. GOOD Mrs. Short, a careful woman,
Dwells hard beside our village common:
Her husband, who has much to do
With ploughs and horses, lives there too.
They are a loving pair, and yet
One winter night they had a bet.
(Now, mind you, folks who bet, you see,
In every question don't agree.)
The grand dispute between the Shorts,
Which wasted for two hours their thoughts,
And made their faces very hot,
Was, '*Do the poultry pay, or not?*'
She said they *did*, with fair good luck,
Whether 'twere barndoor fowl or duck;
Short answered, 'Nay,' in tones of gloom,
'Think of the corn them things consume!'
The Shorts, then, ere they fell asleep,
Agreed the strictest watch to keep
(A watch, whose microscopic sight
Could see the millionth of a mite)
Over the fowls around their gate,
What each cock did for what he ate,
What each hen cost, what each hen made,
What eggs by each and all were laid.
The farmer had the stiffest job
To value costs beside his hob.
The corn, weighed to a hair, was bought,
And payment made, by Mrs. Short.
But other questions racked his brain,
Beside that chief one of the grain.
The grass they ate, or seemed to eat,
The grass they trampled with their feet,
What was it worth? The fresh air, too,
Without which Cock-a-doodle-doo
And all his wives, would turn to earth,
Say, what were all these good things worth?
At length, it was agreed to fix
The costs at six-eleven-six;
In which Short said he nothing got
As rent, for roosting all the lot,
Nor charged a penny for *his* pond,
Of which *her* ducks were mighty fond.
Now the good henwife stirred her legs
To search with care extreme for eggs,
And sent (by looking so alive),
Eggs seven times five by seven times five
To market, with one dozen more,
The price being fifteen pence a-score.
To market also carried she
Of barndoor fowls three score but three,
A florin did she ask a-piece,
But had to take just threepence less.
Now, had not one fat fowl been stole,
Her ducks had numbered half their whole:
For each she wanted half-a-crown,
But buyers pulled her threepence down.
Say, girls and boys, for now I've done,
Whether the farmer lost or won? G. S. O.

ANAGRAMS.

A COLLECTION OF PLANTS.

283. (1.) REGINA SUM. (2.) Here's a seat. (3.) All on a bed. (4.) My old rag. (5.) Be reviled. (6.) I can order. (7.) A dirt man. (8.) No leader. (9.) Had the sign. (10.) A nut pie. (11.) As lamb. (12.) Love it. (13.) Air cannot. (14.) Dag Henry. (15.) Ann do idle. (16.) Real vain. (17.) Worst pride. (18.) Oh, now rude sot. (19.) Rats nip me. (20.) One amen.

284. My *first* is formed to fly in air;
My *next* assists your house to frame;
My *whole* is used my first to snare,
And every schoolboy knows my name.

[*Answers at page* 359.]

* This Answer was incorrectly applied to No. 81, which should have been 'Nep—tune.'

THE CARRIER PIGEON.

WHERE are you going, little bird,
With outspread, shining wing?
You carry messages, I've heard,
You darling little thing!

You never loiter on the way,
Though weary you must be.
What message have you got to-day?
Pray, tell it now to me.

Dear child, the message of to-day
Lies hid beneath my wing;
My rapid flight I must not stay,
Nor drop the precious thing,

Until I reach my happy home
Across the sunny sea,
And there the letter I will give
To those who wait for me.

B. M.

Ned refusing to drink with the Diggers.

HARD LINES.

(*Continued from p.* 323.)

AS the two friends turned their backs on Melbourne, the strange appearance of everything around was very interesting to Ned especially, who had an eye for the beauties of nature, though perhaps at this early period of his life he did not know it himself. The tall gum-trees soaring to the height of nearly two hundred feet with their naked stems and their feathery tops waving in the morning breeze, the eucalyptus, with the pleasant odour of its leaves, and a countless variety of strange and beautiful shrubs, immediately attracted his attention, while the gaily-coloured birds which flitted screaming and chattering from tree to tree, and in the background the grand old mountains seeming to rear their heads above the clouds, all formed a picture quite entrancing to the youth, who began to feel that he was now in a great new country where opportunities of success not to be met with in older countries might be his at every turn.

But as the two friends hurried away from the city, other scenes they witnessed which were scarcely so beautiful as those which had attracted Ned's attention: the road, if it could be called a road at all, became something dreadful, seeming to be nothing but one great bog ploughed yards deep by incessant wheels, where yawning gullies, stumps of trees, and huge rocks, continually barred the way. Yet this terrible road was thronged by heavy waggons drawn by teams of bullocks who were continually struggling in the mire, while many lay dead or dying on the track, no one seeming to care about them, all being intent on going ahead so as to be first in the race after the precious metal. Through all this our two travellers marched in comparative ease, as they carried only their small purchases made in Melbourne, with the addition of a revolver each, which they had been induced to buy. Keeping themselves as free as possible from their fellow-travellers, many of whom were rather suspicious-looking individuals, Bob and Ned pursued their way until they reached a rough roadside shanty, or public-house, very different indeed from the hotel at Melbourne; but, unless they chose to camp out on the open ground, the only place within reach.

It was indeed rough and primitive to the last degree; the food was kangaroo steaks, eaten with the universal damper and a kettleful of washy tea: but if the food was strange and unpalatable, what of the company who partook of it? They were men of all nationalities, Germans, Americans, and British, in every variety of dress, and at all manner of occupations. Some lying on the grass, smoking the stumps of well-used pipes, one or two mending their clothes, some fiercely gambling; but the great majority were clustering like bees round the bar, where the amount of drink consumed would have terrified a London tavern-keeper.

A great rough digger, finding that Bob and his young companion were new arrivals, at once offered to treat them to drink, which offer Bob eagerly accepted, and to Ned's great disgust his only friend and companion was soon so hopelessly intoxicated that he had to be carried away amid shouts of laughter, and deposited in a rough and dirty trundle-bed, which the lad had to share along with him.

It may safely be said that poor Ned scarcely shut his eyes all that miserable night; the want of fresh air, the noise and confusion of the miserable shanty, the reeking fumes of rum and tobacco, the occasional curse, as some half-tipsy man stumbled over the sleepers while searching for his own bed; all these horrors gave him such a sense of bodily discomfort that sleep seemed quite out of the question. And in addition to all this his mind was no more at ease than his body. Ned had begun to think—and when a lad first begins to think it is an epoch in his young life. And what were his thoughts as he lay tossing on his miserable couch? He thought of all that Sandy Grant had told him of his father, what a high-minded and honourable man he had been; and his mother, a loving, true-hearted woman; what would they have thought of Bob as a companion for their son? And then Jarvis, how good he had been, how carefully he had abstained from drink, and how faithfully he had warned Ned to do the same! Oh, how difficult it would be to steer his way in future! how could he and Bob ever get on together again as friends? What vile language he had used as the half-drunken men had dragged him to his bed! language which made Ned blush even to remember, and the recollection of which turned his heart against Bob more than anything else. Oh, how miserable life seemed to be, and how friendless did the poor lad feel! We can easily imagine that thoughts such as these kept the poor lad awake all night; but they did not do him any other harm, they did him good; thoughts such as these braced him up for the hard battle with evil which every boy, and indeed every girl, must face for himself or herself just when early youth gives place to those years when one must take on responsibility for one's self. Ned had now reached that time, he was nearly seventeen, and he had now to choose between good and evil. Before morning his mind was made up, he could never feel the same to Bob again; he would not separate from him, indeed he could not, but he would steadily avoid his vices, or following his evil example.

But friendship can scarcely be carried on at all in circumstances like these, and accordingly, next morning it was quite evident, by Bob's gloomy and averted manner, that he resented Ned's coldness, and considered himself to be quite an injured individual. In this unpleasant frame of mind the two companions left the miserable shanty, and in due course arrived at the chosen field of operation. But what a strange and chaotic sight did the gold-field present! Twenty thousand men at least were all scattered over the plain, scuffling together and swarming about like ants, while the whole valley was being turned upside down with the pick and the spade. Close as the crowd could press upon each other they were digging and pounding away, throwing up gravel and earth, carrying it away to the washers, who, in their turn, rocked it to and fro in the iron cradles, under deluges of water from the creek. The noise and shouting

was awful, and the selfishness and brutality of some was extreme. Strange figures, all yellow with clay and disguised in bushy beards and veils to keep off the tormenting flies, seemed too feverishly busy even to have time to breathe. Not a tree had been left standing over the whole great space, while the remorseless sun flamed down on their unsheltered heads with a terrible power.

The two companions wandered along in utter astonishment and almost despair. Where were they to place themselves among such a crowd? At last, finding a few feet of vacant space, they pitched upon it and struck in their picks.

'Avast there!' roared a great red-bearded man, 'that claim belongs to a chum of mine; you just clear out now, double-quick time.' So saying, he significantly touched his revolver, and the two new-comers cleared out accordingly. Poor Ned felt terribly inexperienced and out at sea, but as he could not turn to Bob for sympathy he endeavoured to smother it all in his own heart, and, as long as Bob held out, to persevere. Bob as yet showed no symptoms of faint-heartedness; he was horribly sulky and taciturn, but he continued to walk on with Ned at his heels for many a long mile, enduring many a rude rebuff before he could secure a claim.

At last they got settled; but how different was the reality from what they (or at least Ned) had expected it to be! The inexperienced youth had imagined that he could turn the shining lumps of precious metal out of the soft earth just as he had seen Sandy Grant turn up the young potatoes in his garden at North Queensferry! But instead of this, the gravel into which they had to penetrate was as hard as a brick wall, and although both of them were fairly strong they were totally unused to manual labour. Speedily the skin peeled off Ned's swollen hands, while the awful sun seemed to burn out his very eyes, leaving him faint and giddy, parched and speechless. After a long day of such work both returned to their blanket tent and sat down, on the verge of despair.

It would make our story too tedious were we to dwell any further upon the terrible experiences of Bob and Ned at the gold-field. It is sufficient to say, that after a month's work of the very hardest description they finally left the place altogether, without having secured a single ounce of gold. So crushing a disappointment would have nearly overwhelmed the two companions, even if they had been on friendly terms with each other, but in their present estranged state it seemed more than either of them could bear. They had hardly interchanged words for the last week, Ned feeling ill and yet strangely listless and indifferent to his fate, while Bob brooded in secret over a plan of his own, which was to desert Ned altogether as soon as he could tack him on to some other party. He had formed the idea that Ned's slimness of figure and want of full-grown manly strength had been the real cause of their failure at the gold-fields, and he had resolved to join himself to some party of adventurous men. 'I have had quite enough of boys,' he said to himself; 'not that I wish the lad any harm, but we don't seem to suit each other at all,' which was strictly true.

(*Continued at page* 338.)

GUESSING STORY.

WE are a large and very useful family; indeed, we may be said to be essential to existence in all civilised society. Without us are found misery and starvation; with us, all the comforts and luxuries of life. This makes us such favourites of mankind that some people will do anything to procure our company, and if they cannot obtain it by fair means will get it by foul.

As to character, we cannot be said to have much of our own, for we are of such a yielding disposition that we do good or evil according to the will of the people who employ us. We are equally ready to do nothing at all, and fall in with the humour of those who like to have many of us about them doing nothing, just as some rich men are wont to keep numbers of useless servants.

If they do not care to have too great a multitude of us in their own homes they take us to reside in houses built especially for our reception, where there are officers appointed to take charge of us. So highly are we valued, that some people, who are unable to obtain the companionship of the undoubted members of our family who can prove their genuine descent, have made use of the services of impostors, got up to resemble us exactly in appearance. A few unwary folk are deceived by these light and unprincipled impostors, just as when you go to Madame Tussaud's you may take some of the waxwork figures for real people; but the cheat is sure to be found out in the end, and the guilty people punished.

As travelling companions we are quite essential; you cannot go anywhere without us; but you would be wise to look well after us when you are going about the world, as everybody is so anxious for our society that some might be tempted to seize and carry us off without your leave. As there are members of our family in almost, if not quite, every country of the world, you had better when you go abroad change the English branch of us for our foreign cousins, as they speak the language and know the ways of the country, whereas we English ones do not, so that you would find us of little or no use.

In personal appearance we vary as to complexion as much as human beings; and as you may meet children with white, yellow, and brown skins, so you may find members of our family with white, yellow, and brown complexions. I believe amongst men and women a yellow skin is not much admired, at least in England; but with us the case is just the reverse, and my yellow brothers and sisters give themselves great airs, feeling that they belong to the highest aristocracy. They think little of their white kindred, and least of all of their brown relations. They declare that one of their yellow folk is worth many white and scores of brown ones. As a rule, I must admit that they generally keep company with the highest society; still, the whole family of us are incessantly changing our employers, and

it is quite possible that these self-important yellow faces may suddenly find themselves in very low company. It is one of the most noteworthy things about us that we may be found staying with royalty one day, with a beggar the next.

You will not be surprised to hear that it is in our youth that we are most beautiful. Indeed, in infancy our complexion is quite glowing. After a life of restless activity we naturally become worn and travel-stained, so that you would hardly know us for the same beings. We do not grow stout in old age like some people, but painfully thin. But when we are quite used up and done for, as one might say, we are absorbed in and live again in our successors.

I have heard that amongst the human race straight figures are usually most appreciated, so you will be surprised to hear that some persons have the peculiar taste to admire most the crooked figures amongst us. But this arises solely from self-interest, as these people have an idea that the companionship of our crooked brothers and sisters will bring them good luck.

I am told there are some weak-minded mortals who object to telling their age; but we are quite above such nonsense, and proclaim the date of our birth to all inquiring friends. It is only when we attain to a great age that we decline to mention it. There is no secret about the age of royal personages, and as we consider that we belong to royalty we naturally adopt royal customs.

We do not stoop to wear arms but those of Her Most Gracious Majesty, and so great is our devotion to her that we carry her portrait about with us wherever we go, proclaiming, as with one voice, her highest title to honour. Our foreign relations identify themselves in like manner with the Government of their country, whether royal, imperial, or republican. But we yield to none in devotion to our Sovereign.

EDITH C. RICKARDS.

A BRAVE JOKER.

ONE day in Spain a French officer of dragoons rode out, attended by three or four troopers, to find out the position of the English army. While riding along they suddenly came upon a young English officer, who had also ridden out to report on the position of the French.

'Surrender!' shouted the French officer.

But the Englishman, mounted on a thoroughbred horse, laughed, and quietly cantered away. The Frenchman pursued as fast as his heavy steed could gallop. The Englishman allowed him to get quite close, and then, kissing his hand and leaving him far behind, shouted, 'Yours is only a French horse, Colonel!'

The Frenchman galloped after him, shouting, 'I will shoot you if you do not surrender.' He pointed his pistol, but the weapon missed fire.

With a burst of laughter the young officer shouted back, 'And a French pistol too, Colonel!' Then, galloping off, he was soon out of sight.

The Colonel was very indignant; but after thinking the matter over he said, 'After all I am glad I did not shoot the brave joker.'

COUNTY CHATS.

No. XL.—YORKSHIRE: EAST RIDING.

WE will begin our chat at the well-marked promontory of Spurnhead. The land here is very low. The sea, which used to threaten the existence of Spurnhead, seems to be now receding, and an island, called 'Sunk Island,' has been reclaimed.

The tower of Owthorne church was, however, washed away in 1816, and Ravenspur, famed in English history, has long been swallowed up.

Patrington has a noble church, with a lofty spire. Hedon was once a considerable port, but it has declined under the cold shadow of its more successful neighbour.

Hull is the chief town in the East Riding. It is, really Kingston-upon-Hull, having been bought by Edward I. It was of importance in very early times. The first act of hostility between the Crown and Parliament occurred here. Sir J. Hotham, the governor, would not let the King in, but afterwards he was suspected of treachery to his party, and executed. At the Revolution, Hull was held for James II., but it was taken promptly, before the governor had heard a whisper. The anniversary is still called 'Town-taking Day.'

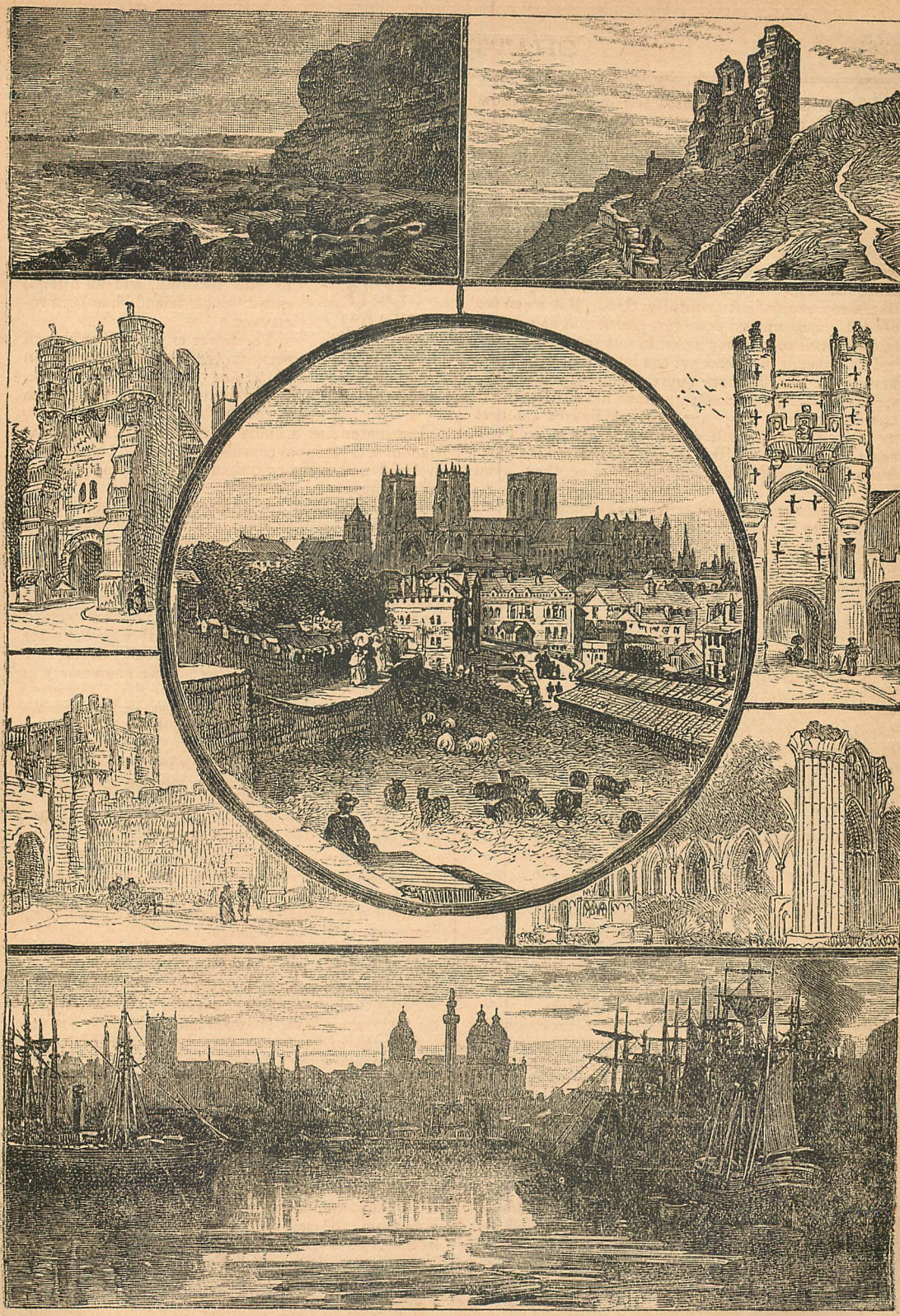
Hull possesses one of the grandest parish churches in the kingdom. The transept of brick is said to be the oldest brick building we have. The revival of the brick-making industry is said to be due to the enterprize of a gentleman at Hull, named De la Pole, who set up a brick yard there in 1321.

William Wilberforce, the liberator of slaves, was educated here.

There is another glorious church at Howden, but, sad to say, part of it is in ruins. The chapter-house is a lovely building of eight sides. Here is the greatest horse fair in England. Foreigners often come over to make purchases.

At Riccal, Harold Hardrada, the King of Norway, landed in 1066, with 600 ships, stormed York, and perished afterwards at Stamford Bridge.

Selby Church is another magnificent monument of the piety and liberal spirit of our ancestors. It was the church of an Abbey founded by the Conqueror, who seems to have taken an interest in Selby, for here his son Henry was born. The tower is modern and mean—a disfigurement of the church. Vessels of 200 tons can come up to Selby. Five miles off is Cawood, where the Archbishops of York used to live. Here Cardinal Wolsey was arrested on the charge of high treason. 'The Cardinal was at dinner when Northumberland arrived, and Wolsey rose up, and went to see what caused the noise. The Earl drew him into a window, and said: My Lord Cardinal, I arrest you in the name of King Henry! After talking haughtily for a few minutes, the Cardinal remembered the manner of man he had to deal with, and he said, "My Lord, I submit myself, and am your prisoner."'



VIEWS IN YORKSHIRE: EAST RIDING. By W. H. J. Boot.

Filey Brigg.
Scarborough Castle.
Bootham Bar, York.
Monk Bar, York.
York.
Walmgate Bar, York.
Ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, York.
Hull, from the Docks.

As he was being carried to London he fell sick, and died at Leicester Abbey.'

The towers of York are not far distant from Cawood. The present Archbishops live at Bishopthorpe, and the church of that place has a stained window which once adorned that of Cawood.

Paulinus built a little house of prayer on the spot where the stately Minster now is. Fire and wicked violence have often played grievous havoc with the Christians of York and their mother church. The building, as it is, was begun in 1171, and finished in the reign of Henry IV. Its grandeur does not derive anything from an elevated site. The Western front is truly splendid. In the North transept are five lancet windows, filled with ancient stained glass, and called 'The Five Sisters.' It is supposed they were given by five maiden ladies.

There is not a more historic place than York within the four seas of Britain. It has been long outstripped in size and population by many an upstart town, but its chronicles are worth all theirs put together. York is connected more or less with all the important throes in our nation's sorrows. The Conqueror razed it to the earth, but it arose again, and was the scene of royal Christmasings, royal marryings, royal head-quarterings, royal battlings, royal crownings, and on its lofty gates grinned the heads and beards of unfortunate warriors who had fought on the losing side. The walls stretch about two miles and a half, and they form a very pleasing and interesting walk. The old railway station is inside the walls, and of course the engineers had to make a great gap in the masonry to let the hissing monster in. Between the city and Aldborough there used to be the forest of Galtrees, and at Bootham Bar toll was taken for the payment of armed guides, who led passengers through the wood, and protected them against wolves and robbers.

At Pocklington, thirteen miles from York, four human skeletons and an urn with ancient letters on it were discovered, and also many coins. It is on a flat near the Wolds. The parish of Wilberfoss is near Pocklington. It gives their name to the Wilberforces; and was perhaps on the Foss way. Passing by Market Weighton we reach Beverley, where another boasted Minster rears its noble head. Beverley itself was founded, A.D. 700, among wastes and waters. Its name means 'The Lake of Beavers;' the river Hull formerly abounding with those creatures. A monastery was erected here, and pillaged by the Danes. John of Beverley was a holy man, who became a saint in the Calendar, and Athelstan, placing himself under John's protection, and returning in triumph from Scotland, conferred many privileges on the place, of which the good folk were very tenacious.

The Minster is smaller than its sister at York, but its west front is as fine in its way. There is an exquisite monument inside, called 'The Percy Shrine,' erected to the memory of one of the ladies of that family. Among the worthies of Beverley were Alured, and John of Beverley, who was tutor to the venerable Bede; and the Conqueror, out of respect to his character, would not allow Beverley to be injured at all. Alured was a historian, and a famous Cantab of the twelfth century.

Bridlington, now commonly called Burlington, is near a sheltered bay. It had a famous monastery, and its monks of old were pious and learned. They used to attend the great fair at Boston every year, and lay in a stock of wine, cloth, groceries, &c. When the monasteries fell, this one had a very large income.

The bay has some historic events; one we will mention, occurring in the time of King Charles; the other in the time of King George III.

Charles's Queen was bringing arms from Holland, when her ship was chased by Admiral Batten. After she had landed, the Admiral entered the bay and bombarded the town for some hours. He was then obliged to retire by reason of the ebb of the tide.

Another brisk canonading took place on a moonlight night in September, 1779. The combatants were the American-Scot, Paul Jones, in the *Ranger*, and the *Serapis* and *Countess of Scarborough* of the English navy. After a fierce engagement, watched by crowds from Flamborough Head, Jones captured the *Serapis* frigate. This famous sea-dog was a Scotch gardener's son, who settled in Virginia. He joined the Americans in their struggle for independence, and he distinguished himself as a bold sailor in the service of his adopted country. In six weeks, he captured sixteen English ships in the West Indies. He then hovered about the English coast, and kept everybody in terror. He was a 'short, thick little fellow, about 5ft. 8in. in height, and of a dark swarthy complexion,' and 'unmatched for skill in sea matters.'

There is a remarkable monument of antiquity at Rudston near this place. It is a pyramid 29 feet high, and it has been traced 12 feet into the ground. This place is called 'The Rood Stone' in Domesday book, and is probably named from this curious stone. It is supposed to weigh about fifty tons.

The chalk cliffs by Flamborough Head are of a brilliant whiteness. They are the end of the wolds, where they break off sharp at the sea. The lighthouse here is most precious. In thirty-six years before it was put up, in 1806, there were 174 wrecks—since then very few. The name Flamborough seems to point to the practice of kindling a beacon on this elevated spot in ancient times.

There is a pretty watering-place between this and Scarborough, called Filey. Here is 'Filey Bridge'—a long reef jutting into the sea. Over it, in stormy weather, the waves dash grandly. Amber and cornelian are found here.

Scarborough is sometimes called 'The Queen of English Watering-places.' There are the South Sands, and the North Sands (the finest in all England), with a castellated rock between. It is a very old, as well as a modern place: old, in sending members to Parliament before any other town in this big shire, except York itself—and modern in its new streets and terraces. The Castle stands on a platform of nineteen green acres. On three sides is a sheer precipice—on the fourth a steep rocky slope into the town. It has been the scene of many events. Piers Gaveston found a refuge here, but was starved out, and had to surrender.

There is lovely scenery about the town, and one remarkable elevation within an easy walk is 'Oliver's Mount,' from which Cromwell may have shelled the castle and town. On one occasion, the Parliamentary

party were bombarding away for a twelvemonth. Scarborough castle was never a very easy place to capture. Pickering is in the moors, a very pretty place. The railway from this town to Whitby passes through a most varied and picturesque district.

Malton is another very venerable town—highly important as a Roman station. Six roads meet here. It was Camulodunum, then Meldon, then Malton. Very many urns, coins, and other remains of those wonderful people, have been discovered here.

Not far off is a splendid English home—Castle Howard. It is one of Vanbrugh's masterpieces. It looks down on a fine sheet of water. The great hall is lighted with a dome, the top of which is one hundred feet above the floor. Within this palace are pictures, statues, and relics almost without end—picked up here, there, and everywhere. Outside, are fountains, walks, and memorial pillars shining white amid the greenery of this fairy land. The Howards, who live here, belong to the Carlisle branch of that great family, of which the Duke of Norfolk, the premier Duke of England, is the head. G. S. O.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

THOUGH our crows and starlings are so homely in their looks they belong to the same family as the most beautiful bird in the world—the Bird of Paradise. It does not live in this country, but far off to the South in the balmy woods of the Moluccas Islands. Its body is small, and it has strong feet and wings formed in the same way as those of ordinary birds, but its tail floats behind to the length of two feet in waving plumes of brilliant yellow, which shine like gold in the sun. Strange to say, its nest, though often looked for, has never been found, so I cannot tell you what the eggs are like.

Two of those birds were once brought to England alive by a gentleman named Wallace, who had paid a hundred pounds for them. They lived for some years in the Zoological Gardens, feeding chiefly on cockroaches—strange meat for such beautiful creatures!

There is another bird of the same species, which has a brown body, yellow head and neck, and green breast. When it is flying two long tufts of orange feathers under its wings rise and spread out till you could almost think that it had a large golden fan on each side. It is called the king-bird, and those who have been fortunate enough to see it say that it is well worthy of its name. A. S. C.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND THE YOUNG GERMAN.

DURING the war between the Northern and Southern States of America, a young German obtained an interview with President Lincoln, and was promised a lieutenant's commission in a cavalry regiment. Gratified by his reception, the young man informed the President that he belonged to one of the first and most ancient families in his native country.

'Oh,' replied Lincoln with the greatest calmness, 'never mind that; you will not find that to be the least bar to your advancement!'

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

285. It is our village feast; the hum-drum quiet
Is broken by a multitude of sights,
Donkeys to ride, and cocoa-nuts to shy at,
A travelling juggler in his spangled tights.

Oh, be we boys, or men, or big, or bigger,
'Tis sweet to fool it at a village feast;
Churchwarden Jones is made up as a nigger,
In college flannels stalks the parish priest.

The man, whom everybody calls a miser,
Keeps open house, and no one thinks it droll;
The mistress works, to let her maid Eliza
Show off her silks and dainty parasol.

But, come along, and see one chief attraction,
Our cricket match—there's magic in the words!
Come, and look on! Two village clubs in action
Provide more fun than you can get at Lord's.

Look at the ground! 'Tis no smooth billiard-table;
The grass grows rank, the field is fall of humps,
To see his game long-off is scarcely able,
The backstop's head is level with the stumps!

Well played! and lo, the ball's in the potatoes.
Well hit! and lo, they've caught our champion bat,
Then a great funk sets in, and, six or eight O's
Adorn the score, and make us very flat.

Our people went in first, and though I know it,
I do not mean to tell you what they made;
Do but attend, and then my words will show it—
That is, if puzzle-guessing is your trade.

Listen to me; for this your care is needing,
Each innings, at its adding up, was found
Less by one quarter than the one preceding,
And so our folks with victory were crowned.

And there was triumph with us, and some shouting,
And much good ale upraised to many lips,
And 'mongst our rivals not a little doubting,
Whether they'd suffered fairly their eclipse.

Now, here's the key to this deep calculation,
We won by *fifty*, neither less nor more.
As now, my lads, you have your information,
State what in every innings was the score.

G. S. O.

ANAGRAM.

286. What yon poor beggar is, transpose
Part of mankind it will disclose.
Change it again—within a mill
You'll see it many sacks doth fill.
The self-same letters ranged as last
Unfold the name of a repast,
And while you live down here below
The want of one may you never know.

ENIGMA.

287. My *first* appertains to the body of a man;
My *second* belongs not to me
Any more than to you; but I've hit on a plan,
We can claim it between us, you see.
And long in the city, at court, or on plain,
May whole suits of my *total*, uncalled for, remain.

[*Answers at page* 359.]

EVENING.

SWEET evening reigns around; the glowing heat
Of summer noon has long since passed away;
The lambs, responsive to the mother's bleat,
Have softly laid them down, till a new day
Shall call the little birds to wake once more and sing,
And with their tuneful voices 'make the welkin ring.'

Oh, peaceful hour! when with the sinking sun
All nature hushes down to sweet repose;
When toil-worn man, his day's work fully done
Smiles with expectant bliss, and homeward goes
To meet his little ones, who wearying watch and wait
With shining eyes, to see dear father at the gate.

D. B.

The Bears Feasting.

IN SEARCH OF POLAR BEARS.

SEVERAL years ago a small Danish sloop arrived at a certain island off Spitzbergen (where many walruses had been killed the previous season), in quest of bears who might be feeding on the carcases. Nor were they disappointed, as no fewer than fifty-two bears were found there, holding high revelry over the ample feast thus provided for them. The crew of this vessel consisted of ten men. The captain and seven others landed to attack the bears, after having anchored their sloop (securely as they thought) to a large grounded iceberg close to the island, and given the two men who were left behind strict injunctions to keep a good look-out. But, alas! while they were busy with the bears the two men in the sloop were making free with the captain's spirit-store, and they were soon so intoxicated that they could take note of nothing that might be going on around them. Just then a sudden dense fog came on, the tide rose, the iceberg floated, and in a few minutes drifted out to sea with the sloop still attached to it, disappearing at length in the fog and mist.

Meanwhile the hunting party, having secured twenty-one bears, rowed back in high spirits to the place where they had left their vessel, but were terribly alarmed at seeing neither sloop nor iceberg. They shouted, fired signal shots, and rowed out to sea, until they became so bewildered that they lost sight of the island itself. However, after a deal of trouble they found it again, and for several days remained there, expecting that when the weather cleared the sloop might return.

But nothing occurred to break the horrible monotony of the scene, and at length the unfortunate seamen found themselves obliged to choose one of two alternatives, either to spend the winter on the island, in darkness, cold, and hunger, or to attempt to reach Norway, distant 480 miles, in their tiny row-boat, an expedition which might have struck terror to the bravest heart among them. Yet we need not wonder that they chose this alternative, for in their dreadful position a forced inaction on the island would have driven them to despair. None may ever know what were their sufferings from cold, hunger, and especially from thirst, during that eventful voyage; still, after eight days of anxiety they touched the hoped-for Norwegian coast, and kneeling down on the shore returned heartfelt thanks to God for their wonderful preservation from death. Of the sloop and the two unfortunate men who were in it nothing was ever heard.

M. K.

HARD LINES.

(*Continued from page* 330.)

'RONALD GRANT, you are just spoiling that child. Now, Flora, just sit down and take your breakfast; don't tell me that a Scotch girl cannot eat porridge.' The speaker was a quick, energetic, and yet kindly-faced little woman about thirty years of age, who was presiding at the Forest Creek breakfast-table, where for the last three years little Flora Grant had found a happy home. It was indeed a pretty spot, and though not very many miles from Melbourne was as quiet and secluded as though it had been situated miles away in the lonely bush.

Ronald Grant, Flora's uncle, was a quiet, home-loving man, who having a moderate competence of his own, and no family to provide for, took life very easily, living in his own pretty cottage, and devoting his energies to fruit-farming, his orchard of plums being the admiration of every one who passed by his little domain. The arrival from Scotland of his niece, Flora Grant, had made the good man truly glad; he loved children, and was especially ready to love this little girl for her father's sake. Every justice was being done to her in the way of education, and she already gave promise of being not only a pretty and good girl, but accomplished as well, and quite an ornament to her kind uncle's house. Her aunt also loved her much, but did all in her power to counteract the evil effects of her uncle's over-indulgence, which perhaps was just as well for little Miss Flora. This morning the breakfast-table had been enlivened by the arrival of a peculiar-looking letter, which as soon as Flora had settled herself at table was picked up and opened by her uncle.

'Well, Ronald,' said his wife, inquiringly, 'what is it all about? Has it come from Melbourne?'

'Yes, it has,' said her husband, slowly, 'and I can't at all understand it. It is from the dead-letter office, and seems to be a letter which had been addressed to my poor brother, Sandy, by some one called Ned Williams. It is dated from Melbourne, six months past, and explains how the writer had been shipwrecked, and cast ashore on some island for two years, and then brought to Melbourne on board the *Southern Cross*. I remember of hearing that some shipwrecked men were on board the *Southern Cross*, but how this person had known my brother is not explained. The letter was returned to Melbourne post-office, and, oddly enough, they sent it on to me, evidently supposing there could be no more than two Grants in the wide world. What is it, my dear?' he added, turning to his little niece, who had been plucking at his coat-sleeve to attract his attention; 'what have you to say about it, Flora?'

'I heard you say Ned Williams, uncle,' replied the little girl. 'That was the name of the dear good boy who was to have brought me a parrot, and was drowned.'

'The parrot was drowned!' said her uncle. 'What does the child mean?'

'Oh, no, uncle! the parrot never came at all, for the poor boy was drowned. Oh, it made us all so sad, he was such a good boy!' And thereupon the little girl repeated to her relatives all that she could remember of Ned's visit to her father at North Queensferry.

'Well, it is all very strange,' said Mr. Grant, musingly, 'and the child's story fits in very well with this letter. I shall go at once to Melbourne and inquire all about it. If I can find the lad, of course, we must give him a hearty welcome here.'

In accordance with this hospitable resolve Ronald Grant betook himself at once to Melbourne, carrying with him poor Ned's travelled letter; but though diligent inquiries were made in every direction as to the shipwrecked men who had been on board the *Southern*

Cross, nothing could be heard of any one of them. They had disappeared altogether in the great vortex of struggling humanity which had passed through Melbourne at the time of the ship's arrival, and as to Ned Williams, no one had ever heard his name.

In these circumstances Ronald Grant could think of no better plan than to have his name and address posted up at the office, with an intimation that if a certain Ned Williams should happen to call for letters he was to be told that Ronald Grant, at Forest Creek, would be very happy to make his acquaintance.

For weeks after this little Flora kept an anxious look-out for the dear good boy, of whom she had a distinct recollection. But all her watching was in vain. Weeks passed into months, yet Ned Williams neither called nor sent for any letters, nor did he claim the offered hospitality of Ronald Grant. What had become of the lad?

We left Bob and Ned at a most unfortunate and critical period of their history, when, having utterly failed to secure any of the precious metal, they had left the goldfields altogether, with the half-formed intention (at least on Ned's part) of returning to Melbourne and seeking more settled employment. The lad, however, felt ill, dispirited, and strangely apathetic as to the future, while Bob was secretly brooding over a plan by which he hoped to shake himself free of his young companion altogether, and so be at liberty to join himself to a party of more adventurous men.

But Bob, though neither trustworthy nor high-minded, was not sufficiently callous and hard-hearted to escape away from Ned (which he could easily have done), leaving the lad friendless and alone. His plan was to get Ned drafted on to some other party who might be induced to take charge of him. And in a very unexpected manner Bob found that his plan was on the eve of success.

Having turned away from the goldfields, silent and dispirited, the two uncongenial companions walked on for several miles in the direction of Melbourne, until, being worn out with fatigue, they resolved to camp for the night, and go on again in the cool of the morning. Selecting a quiet spot a little removed from the track, they stretched their blanket-tent, kindled a fire, and were soon busily preparing their evening meal. But unexpected visitors were near. Two men dressed as diggers made their appearance, and joined them with scant ceremony. They were not pleasant-looking men by any means, and they were fully armed, which looked suspicious. The elder of the two was a heavily-built, oldish man, with a rough head of hair and a cunning pair of eyes which seemed to take in the whole situation at once; the other was thin, pale, and much younger than his companion, but there was a cruel look in his light-coloured eyes which made him to the full as unpleasant a guest as his rough-looking friend.

'We'll join your camp, mates. No objections I hope,' said the elder man.

'And we've got our own feed with us,' said the paler and younger of the two; 'all we want is a drop of your grog.'

'We have nothing but tea,' said Ned, shortly; 'but you may sit at the fire if you like.' This he said feeling that he had no power to drive them away and must just make the best of the situation. But Bob and Ned resolved to be on the alert, and even after the men had curled themselves up, and were apparently asleep, Bob kept himself awake, whispering to Ned to turn in, and he would keep watch.

Bob, however, was very tired, and had himself fallen into a deep slumber when he was suddenly aroused. The elder man was leaning over him and fumbling in his pocket, which so irritated Bob that he sprang to his feet and dealt the villain a tremendous blow on the face, at the same time calling on Ned to rise. Ned, however, was in sore straits, down on the ground, with the pale-faced man kneeling on his chest and doing his best to strangle him.

At this critical moment the rapid tramp of a horse was heard approaching, and the villains, losing heart, made off in a moment. The new arrival was a burly man in a broad straw hat, who was riding at a brisk pace. He drew up, however, on reaching the little camp, and comprehended in a moment the whole scene. 'Bushrangers,' he said, composedly; 'there is a pesky lot of them about. Is your friend much hurt?' This he said to Bob, for poor Ned seemed to be nearly unconscious.

'He has had an ugly squeeze,' said Bob, 'and I think a rib is broken.'

'Then there is no time to lose,' said the horseman. 'An empty cart will come along presently; stop it—it is mine—and tell the driver to bring you along to my store. Meanwhile I will see Dr. Philip, and tell him all about it,' and away trotted the honest man to prepare for the two distressed wayfarers.

In an hour's time Ned was comfortably laid under the blanket-tent, which had been placed as near as possible to the friendly storekeeper's premises. Two ribs were broken, but he had been swathed in a strong flannel bandage, which the doctor had tied on, while Bob held a light, and the storekeeper prepared supper. But all this time Ned had remained unconscious, so that even the doctor had begun to feel anxious about him, while something else had occurred to make matters rather interesting. In arranging Ned's bandages, it had been necessary to remove his mother's photograph, which hung round his neck. Dr. Philip, having taken this off, was about to throw it carelessly aside, when a sudden thought seemed to strike him. He looked earnestly at the miniature for a moment, then glanced at the youth, who still lay unconscious; then after a pause he began to question Bob.

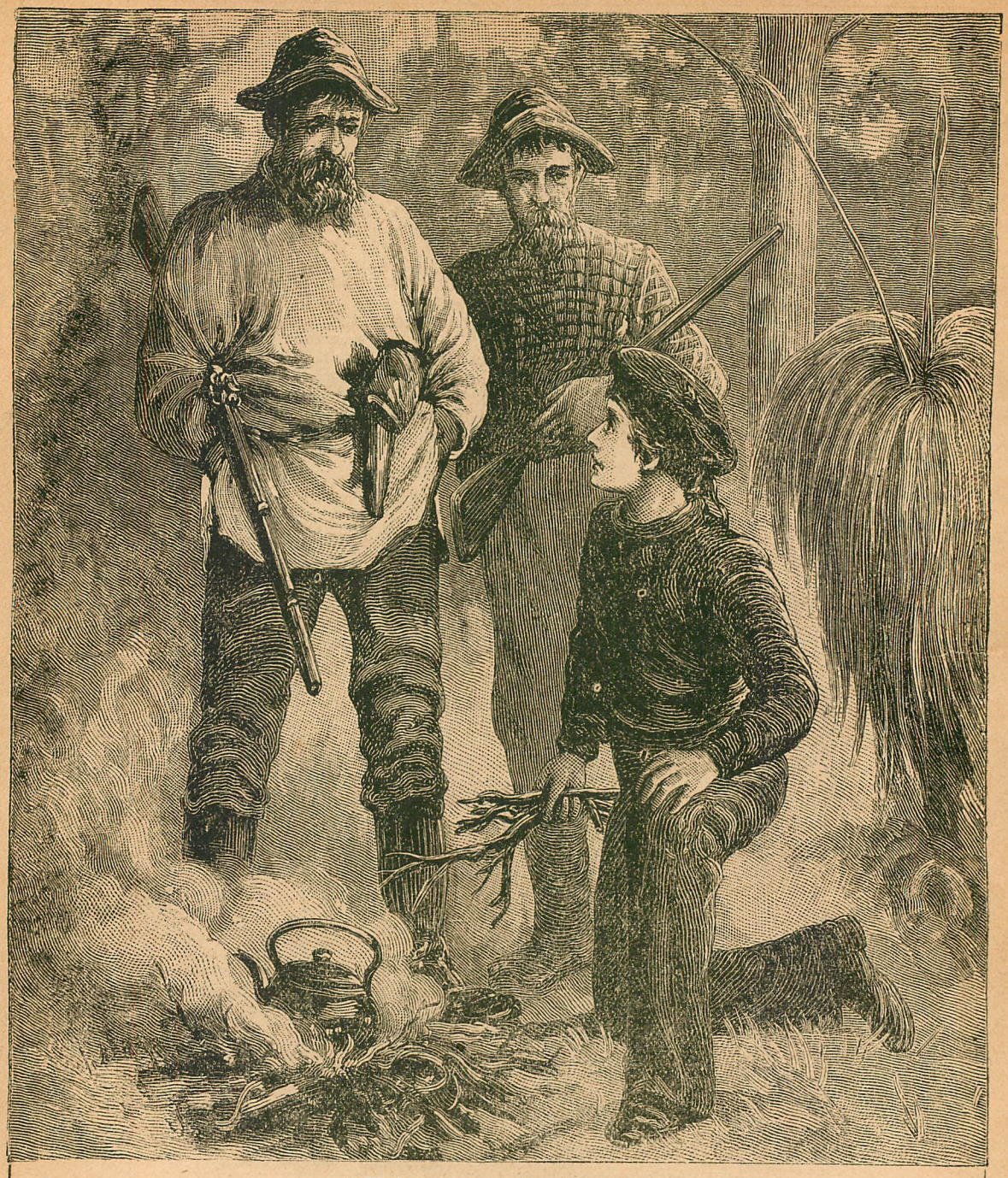
'What is your friend's name?' he asked. 'Is he an Englishman?'

'No, he is Scotch,' replied Bob, rather sulkily; 'his name is Ned Williams.'

'Williams!' repeated the doctor; 'I do not know the name; has he any relations called Foster, do you think?'

'I don't know,' Bob replied; 'he was a shipmate of mine, that's all I know about him. When we arrived in Melbourne we chummed together up to the diggings, but we have been fairly cleaned out of everything. That is his mother's picture as I happen to know.'

'His mother's!' repeated the doctor, with a start, again examining the photograph attentively. 'It is very like some one I once knew, but I never heard



"We have nothing but tea," said Ned.

that she had been married. However, I must attend to my patient in the meantime; I don't understand this prolonged insensibility, unless he had been ill before he met with this injury. Had he complained of illness at all?'

'Yes,' grumbled Bob; 'he has been weakly for a day or two.'

'Well, we must just hope for some improvement to-morrow,' said the doctor in a cheery tone. 'I shall watch by him to-night, and you can take a good long rest. I dare say you need it.'

'That I do,' said Bob, as he withdrew into the receptacle pointed out to him, and lay down with his blanket rolled about him. But Bob, though he was so very tired, did not sleep much. In the early dawn of morning he stole softly out of the tent, and, without even a glance at poor suffering Ned, he sped rapidly away. (*Concluded at page* 347.)

WILD FLOWERS.

I WOULD sing of you, sweet wild flowers, of your lovely beauty dream,
When wandering through the forests by the mountain's gurgling stream,
When the joyous spring wakes gladness in all created things,
And with light, elastic tread her emerald mantle brings;
When the scented gales of summer breathe glowing life around,
And the air is filled with music and many a woodland sound;
When the bright autumnal tints give tokens of decay,
Like the parting gleams of sunshine, as the spirit fades away.

I would sing of you, sweet wild flowers, in the far
sequester'd glade,
Where noble pines and ancient oaks cause deep and
solemn shade,
Where tufts of early primroses and hidden violets
grow,
While list'ning to the wooing of the murm'ring brook
below,
Where the heather and the harebell grace the red
deer's fairy home,
And the feathery ferns in beauty wave beneath the
azure dome,
And where, roaming o'er the purple hills, I tread the
dewy sod,
And muse on Nature's splendour in communion with,
her God.

I would sing of you, sweet wild flowers, in your free
untutor'd grace,
Where, lovely in your freshness, yon lonely haunts I
trace;
And, when gazing on your beauty, I converse seem to
hold
With happy days gone by, with familiar friends of
old,
Oh! can it be they speak to us in the whisp'ring
breeze's sigh?
Do they smile on you, sweet wild flowers, from their
mansions in the sky?
Then tell them how we cherish each word and look
and tone,
And bless the hopes of meeting where partings are
unknown! H. M. RATHBONE.

GUESSING STORY.

MY mate and I are so important to one another that I might go so far as to say that I should be of no use without her, nor she without me. One has just the qualities that the other requires, so that we fit one another like hand and glove. I am of an open disposition, my mate is decidedly reserved—not to say close; so that she requires my presence in order that all that is in her may be brought out and displayed. No one can keep a secret better than she, and it is only I who can make her reveal it, though I have heard ridiculous stories about her giving it up under other influences,—such as the offer of gold, or the utterance of certain magic words. I do not believe a word of such legends, for no one is more trustworthy than she; and that is the reason that she is so often employed to guard houses, banks, and all places containing treasures; and until I tell her to give them up nothing will induce her to do so, unless either violence or treachery are used.

I am ashamed to say I have some false relations, who sometimes demean themselves to make use of the latter. They are a contemptible set, mean and ill-conditioned, both in action and appearance. Some of them are so ill-looking that they go by the name of 'The Skeletons,' so you may imagine that I do not feel proud when I meet them.

We come of an old race, but instead of dying out, as so many old families do, we only improve as time goes on. This is especially true as regards my mate, for whereas her ancestors used to be heavy and lumbering, you will find *her* both active and lissom as possible.

Though our family is a very large one, and there is a strong general likeness between us, yet there are comparatively few of us who are really quite alike. This is fortunate, for the greatest loss and inconvenience would ensue if one were just like the other.

When I tell you that my mate keeps wards you will immediately think of a hospital or a prison; but you will make a bad guess, though it is true that you will always find us in prisons, where I give my name to a useful but often unpopular officer. You will find me in every house in the land, from the palace to the cot, though there are human hovels to be found which are too low for me to reside in.

I think you are likely to make another bad guess when I tell you something else about us, namely, that my mate is sometimes picked, and that when my brothers and I are together we are said to be in bunches. You will at once turn your mind to fruit or flowers, but you are wrong again.

When my mate and I are in repose we never utter a sound, but when we move you may hear us if you listen, especially if we have grown a little stiff from inaction. But give us a rubbing, as you would to rheumatic folk, or pour a little oil down our throats, and then we are soon all right again.

I hope you will not think I am boasting when I say that my presence is regarded as a sign of honour and dignity, whether I accompany the domestic housekeeper or the highest official or dignitary in the land. The most ambitious and powerful of all Ecclesiastics bears my likeness on his seal of office.

Should my employers have parted company from me they are distracted by my loss, and will offer large sums of money for my recovery. Travellers especially are put to the greatest inconvenience from the loss of me, and when you go abroad I advise you never to part with me, except when certain public officers demand my presence for a short time on the authority of the State.

Amongst the various branches of our family there is a large literary class, entirely unlike the rest in appearance, who are much employed in teaching, and so thoroughly well informed as to be able to correct all errors in learning. Lazy boys and girls delight to get hold of these relations of mine, who, by doing the work themselves, can save the children all trouble in school hours. The teachers are equally desirous of keeping them out of their pupils' way.

Others of my relatives go in for the fine arts, and I do not see how music could exist without them. Some of them are of a lively and cheerful disposition, and, strange to say, these are the elder members of the family. The younger ones are all sad and plaintive.

You must excuse my being rather egotistical and keeping on talking about myself, because, you see, I am writing my autobiography.

In architecture I am of such great importance that I give my name to the principal stone in a building.

Another of my merits is that I assist you in the virtue of punctuality, for how could you tell the time without me, when it is I who set your clocks and watches going? But now I have said so much about myself, that if you have not guessed me by this time I doubt if you ever will. E. C. RICKARDS.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

288. In our old school, hoar with four hundred years,
We have a squad of slap-bang volunteers;
We drill indeed amid the London smuts,
But do our shooting at our country butts.
Some of our smartest scholars on the Isis
Still take good aim, and bear off handsome prizes;
Our Cantabs, too, still triumph with the rifle,
To whom the stiffest problems are a trifle.
Yes,—so it is, my lad; I call it stuff,
To set down every bookworm as a muff;
The chap who shines in school could, if he chose,
Make 'bull's eyes' just as easy, I suppose,
And if he don't do that (please do not smile),
It is because it is not worth his while.
Now, as they shot to-day (I did not shoot,
But watched proceedings from an old tree root),
I made a puzzler, which I here submit
To any fellow who can answer it.

Eleven of ours fired off *five* shots a-piece,
Four made *two* misses each—the random geese,
Some seemed too confident, and some afraid,
So but *three* 'bull's-eyes' by the whole were made.
The total, as the marker told to me,
Was ten times ten, another ten, and three.

Now here's the point of all that's gone before,—
Two things I want to know; two, and no more;
What 'centres' did they make? What 'outers' too?
This may you find, if you but use the clue,
By 'centres' *three*, by 'outers' *two* you score,
And every 'bull's-eye' gives a marksman *four*.

G. S. O.

ENIGMAS.

289. Behead a word
Too often heard
From a spoil'd and wayward child,
And name a place
Where the legal mace
Is placed before the justice mild;
Behead once more, and if you've wit
You've not a part—but every bit.

290. Originally I am an adjective pronoun; head me with a B and I become part of the human frame; with a D and I become a word by which a wager is generally concluded; with a G and I become absent; with a H and I become a sharpening stone; with an L and I become solitary; with an N and I become nothing; with a P and I become a judicial process; with a T and I become a sound; with Z and I become a division of the earth.

[*Answers at page* 359.]

BESSIE GREY.

WHEN little Bessie Grey was young,
A dear good child was she,
Her home was in a fisher's cot
Beside the sounding sea.

And there she helped to spread the nets
Upon the yellow sands,
Or gathered cockles and sea-ware,
With quick and willing hands,

To help her father,—for he was
So busy, and so good,
And many smiling little ones
Looked to his hand for food.

Yet Bessie was a cripple girl,
Could scarcely run or walk,
Although with willing heart she toiled
To help the older folk.

But, ah! there came a sad, sad time,
When father left the bay
With sails all gaily spread, to fish
Full many a mile away.

But, though they watched for his return,
His face they saw no more!
Next day, the boat all broken lay,
Upon the wreck-strewn shore.

Poor mother could not bear the shock,
But faded, day by day,
And ere another year had fled
She, too, had passed away.

Oh, sad to see, five little ones
Deserted and alone,
All crowding round the cripple girl
Upon the cold hearth-stone!

Oh, sad to hear their helpless cries,
As, clasping her around,
They whispered, 'Why has mother gone
Away, below the ground?'

'She is not there,' the girl replied
(To whom child's faith was given),
'The angels carried her to God;
Dear mother is in Heaven!'

But now, how could she help them all?
How could she earn them bread?
Those darling babes, now father dear,
And mother, too, were dead.

That saddest day, a lady came
With loving heart and mild,
She took poor Bessie by the hand,
And soothed the weeping child.

Then gently led her to a Home,
Where cripple children dwell.
'And was she happy?' happier far
Than I could ever tell!

For kind friends took the little ones,
And they were cared for, too,
Until to honest men and maids
The little children grew.

And Bessie learned to knit and sew,
And make the finest lace,
And when she sold it, oh, how bright
And happy was her face!

The money earned she laid aside
To help her brothers dear,
And little sisters, who were brought
To see her every year.

Bessie Grey.

'And did she live to grow quite old?'
No. One bright summer day,
The cripple children said 'Farewell'
To little Bessie Grey.

But ere she died she kissed them all,
And lovingly said she,
'I'll tell my mother up in Heaven
How kind you were to me.'

McK.

"The little dog howling away all by himself."

CLEVER DOGS.

A DOG who used to be sent to buy a roll of bread for himself every day, was once tricked by the baker giving him a roll hot from the oven. The dog having made several efforts to eat it, after a while seized his coin, went to another bread-shop, and never patronised the facetious baker again.

Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, used to say that his clever collie dog could keep his sheep in better order than twenty men. He tells how, on one dark night, when his sheep took fright and fled out of sight, the dog went after them, and was away all night. On the following day search was made for the sheep, and they were all found cooped up in a narrow valley, with the dog guarding the entrance.

A story, too, is told of a little dog who belonged to an Oxonian, and who used to be left outside the hall while his master went in to dinner. One night the little dog got into a quarrel with a bigger dog, and was taken into the hall by his master, who had heard the noise that he was making, and had come to see what was the matter. The little fellow spent a most comfortable time of it near the fire and on the rug. The next evening, about the same time, when the dog was outside and his master inside the hall, a most horrible screeching and yelling was heard, and on the company going out to see what was the matter the little dog was discovered howling away, all by himself, in imitation of the sounds of a deadly battle!

WHAT JESS CORTRELL DID.

POOR little Johnny Cortrell's eyes kept growing dimmer and dimmer. At first, black specks had danced before them merely. It seemed to him as if an ugly spider with jerking legs, fastened to some invisible string, was for ever swinging in front of those poor, misty blue eyes of his. He spoke of it often, but neither his father nor his mother noticed much about it. They could see well enough themselves, and that anything serious could be the matter with the eyes of one of their children never occurred to them. They had always been too busy to notice trifling aches and pains, and they seemed to grow more busy every day, with five little ones, all under twelve, to feed and clothe on just the daily labour of John Cortrell's hands. Not that his wife worked less hard than he, but she brought nothing into the house. Enough for her to bake and wash and clean, mend and make, for the seven souls under her roof.

Johnny was the last boy to complain without a cause. There was a great deal of manliness about him though he was not yet ten years old. But he used to talk to his eleven-years-old sister Jess, trusting greatly to her two years more of age and wisdom, and putting much faith in her assurances that the black spiders would get tired of tormenting him by-and-by. Only, as time went on and they came more and more, he began to fear that, though Jess knew almost everything, about just that one thing she might be wrong. And Jess feared it herself, too, after a while, and grew very pitiful toward Johnny, and very careful of him.

He was, naturally enough, nearer to her than any one else in the world; for their mother had been always so busy with the younger children that Johnny and Jess were left very much to each other. They both went to school, for John Cortrell, unlucky in worldly matters as he had always been, and poor as he was, had all a New England man's ambition that his children should be better off than himself, and to that end he meant that they should know all that the district school could teach them.

But now, when Johnny tried to study, it seemed to him the spiders got up a war-dance in front of his eyes, and he felt as if he should go wild. So, hoping better things after a while, Jess made time, from her baby tending and knitting out of school, to read all his lessons over to him once or twice; and even the teacher never guessed how little the poor, misty blue eyes saw, now-a-days, for themselves.

These things had been going on from bad to worse all the long winter. Jess thought the dazzling glare of the sun on the white snows might have had something to do with it, and that when the green grass came, and the sheltering leaves burst from all the tree boughs, Johnny's eyes would begin to mend. But, instead, by May-time they had failed altogether, and one day Jess led him home stone blind.

He made no lamentations himself, poor boy! It seemed as if the eyes that could not see had forgotten how to weep. But his mother sobbed over him in a passion of love and woe, and even his father broke down and cried like a woman, until a thought of possible hope came to him, and he put on his hat and went for the village doctor.

Dr. James held a candle to the poor blind eyes, which never blinked. He examined them carefully, and then he said that he could not tell whether or not to give them any encouragement. It might be a total and permanent blindness, or it might be something which medical skill could remove, he was not enough of an oculist to determine. There was a doctor in Boston—Dr. Williamson, 33 Blank Street—who would be able, if he could see Johnny, to pronounce with certainty, and that the boy should be taken to him was the best advice he could give.

That night John Cortrell and his wife sat and talked together, after the children were in bed. They were only thirty-five miles away from Boston, and the journey might be managed easily enough, but it would involve so much else. Dr. Williamson's fee, which was doubtless large; a sojourn in Boston, of no one knew how long; and the loss of the father's time, on which they all depended. They

had always paid all their debts, but with the high prices of these recent years, and their five children to clothe, and warm, and feed, they had never any money ahead.

'It *must* be done, John,' the mother said, thoughtfully.

'Yes, Mary, but how? I must get a little something saved, first, and what is there we can do without?'

'Plenty of things, John. You shall see. We never have had such reason as this for saving every penny. My poor boy must have his chance before the summer is over.'

Jess, lying awake in her little bed in the closet off the family room, heard their plans, and then a thought stirred her heart in the darkness, and she made a plan of her own. *She* couldn't wait months and months—till the very end of summer, perhaps—before she knew whether Johnny's eyes would ever again see earth and sky, and the sister who loved him. She said a prayer in the still darkness that the Great Father who knew her sorrow would help her, and I think, though she knew it not, it was from Heaven that her thought had come.

The next day she told her plan to Johnny. He went to school with her as before; it amused him, and made the solitude of his darkness less hard to bear. So, on their way, she opened to him the thought which had come to her in the night, and he listened with hope beating so wildly at his heart that it almost choked him.

That evening Jess was busy, for some time, with pen and ink. She was not a rapid writer, and she wished to make what she had to say very clear. She folded up her paper at length, and put it into her pocket, and then she helped Johnny to bed.

'Sleep well,' she whispered, bending over him and kissing his poor sightless eyes. 'You know I want you to be strong and quick to-morrow.'

But she herself slept little. Hope, and fear, and expectation made strange tumult in her soul. The curtain of her little window was drawn up, and through the pane below she saw the stars, and one of them especially seemed to watch her like a great bright, heavenly eye, full of encouragement. Oh, if God would help her she should be strong, and she knew He pitied her, 'like as a father pitieth his children,' she said over and over to herself, and the words comforted her.

The next morning, when it was school time, she and Johnny stole out hand in hand, quite unnoticed by any one. Jess had taken her brother into her own room after breakfast, and quickly dressed him and herself in their best, and made up a little bundle of underclothing, which she carried in her hand when they started out. They hurried along the path toward the district school, and just before they reached it they overtook a girl somewhat older than themselves, the daughter of their next neighbour.

'I'm not going to school, and I want you to do something for me,' Jess said, with a fear throbbing at her heart which almost choked her. What if, instead of being ready to help her, Jane Anderson should betray her?

'Not going to school?'

(*Continued at page* 354.)

HARD LINES.

(*Concluded from page* 340.)

'THIS is a queer start, is it not?' said the storekeeper to his friend, Dr. Philip, as they breakfasted together the following morning. 'What do you make of it? The elder man has bolted, no doubt about it, and left the youth on our hands. By the way, how is he this morning?'

'Better,' replied the doctor; 'but though he can give an answer if roused, still he seems confused and dull. I rather fear an attack of typhoid fever, which with a broken rib is not a pleasant state of matters.'

'Well, he may stay here, and welcome,' said the kindly storekeeper. 'I'll see that some of the men look after him, if you will doctor him up a bit. I say, what a lucky thing it is that you were here just when this occurred!'

'Yes,' replied Dr. Philip, 'and as it happens I can stay for a week or two yet; I am not particularly wanted just now at my own place, and to tell you the truth I am anxious to see this youth on his legs again. I have a curious conviction that he is a relative of my own, though I cannot be quite sure till I ask him a few questions. But why his companion should have deserted him I can't at all understand. I wonder if they had quarrelled?'

Ten days after this, Ned was sufficiently recovered to reply to the questions addressed to him by the doctor, and we can easily imagine how great was his astonishment and delight to find that in the hour of his sorest need, when utterly disappointed in his attempt to win a fortune at the gold-field, sick with the premonitory symptoms of fever, beaten by bushrangers, and deserted by his only friend, Bob, he had actually drifted into the very arms of his long-lost uncle, Philip Foster!

At first it had seemed too good to be true, but a little questioning on both sides soon made everything clear, while the sight of the little photograph, which Ned again wore next his heart, drew tears from the doctor's eyes.

'Yes,' he said, 'it is her very face, just as I remember her last; she was a dear good sister to me. You know a little of my history, Ned; it is a painful one, and I do not care to go back upon it. I dropped my surname when I came here, and am always known as Dr. Philip; let it be so still, my boy, I could not make any change now. My sister must have married very shortly after I left home. Why she did not write to me I cannot tell; I wrote to her once, but receiving no answer, I thought she had cast me off, and was too proud to write again. Yet, I believe now that she had never received my letter. If she went to Scotland, as you say, it is more than likely that my letter, addressed to her employer's home in England, was never forwarded, and, of course, my poor Mary would not know where to write. Ah, Ned, these are sad reflections to me now. I should have

been my sister's protector had it not been for my careless thoughtlessness in youth. And who knows? if I had been at home when your good father died, she need never have entered into that other marriage which ended so sadly; but we cannot recall the past, however much we may regret it. I am thankful, my dear boy, that I have met with you; in caring for your welfare I shall be doing what I can to atone for the errors of the past. And now, my boy, you must tell me what your views are as to the future. You are almost a man now, Ned, and must resolve upon your career in life.'

'Oh, uncle,' cried Ned, 'if you could help me to an education! I am so terribly ignorant, I fear you will be ashamed of me when you find out how very little I know.'

'If you are willing to learn, Ned, nobody need be ashamed of you, and I shall gladly give you as good an education as Sydney can command. And you are just in time, my boy; this very year we have established a university, which I hope and believe will soon acquire the status of the home universities. In a few years, Ned, we may see you an M.D. or a D.D., or whatever you may choose.'

Ned smiled at this sanguine idea. 'Uncle,' he said, 'I know so very little, that it seems scarcely possible; but if I could hope to be sufficiently educated to become a doctor like you, oh, I do think I would have nothing left to wish for in this world!'

'I am truly glad to hear you say so, my boy, and I shall further your prospects the same as if you were a son of my own. I hope you will like Sydney, Ned; it is the oldest city in Australia, and the discovery of gold, although you benefited so little by it, is already greatly augmenting our commerce and importance in the world. Now I must leave you for a little, for I have many arrangements to make.'

It will be remembered that Ned Williams had written two letters to Queensferry, the first from Madagascar, detailing all his adventures in the *Ocean Queen*, and announcing his speedy return in the same vessel, with a parrot for his little friend Flora. This letter had been received by poor Sandy Grant very shortly before his own death. Then a second letter had been written, but not till the lad had reached Melbourne, when, quite unaware of the distressful event which had taken place in Queensferry, he had narrated his life on the island, the death of Jarvis, his arrival in Melbourne, and his intention of proceeding to the gold-fields. This letter, as we have seen, had been returned to Melbourne, where it lay in the dead-letter office, until some official fortunately took it into his head to forward it to Ronald Grant, at Forest Creek, when little Flora had been able to throw some light upon its contents which had proved so puzzling to the good settler.

But now, why did Ned never send to Melbourne to ask if any letters had arrived for him from Scotland? Simply because his disappointment at the gold-field, his ill-usage at the hands of the bushrangers, and his subsequent attack of fever, had so concentrated his attention upon his own misfortunes that he had no thought to spare even for his good friend at Queensferry. No sooner, however, was he comfortably settled at Sydney with his uncle, than a great longing came over him to hear something of his Scottish friends, and making his uncle acquainted with the whole story he asked his advice.

'Why, my boy, nothing can be easier,' he said. 'You have only to write to Melbourne, and ask them to forward any letters to my address here. You should have done it sooner, Ned; a letter may have come for you long ago.'

Ned's astonishment was extreme when he received the kind message left for him by Ronald Grant, and was made aware of all that had taken place at Queensferry. 'Why, uncle,' he said, 'poor Sandy is dead! and he has a brother at Forest Creek, who invites me to his place. Oh, I should like to go! I should like to hear all about Mrs. Grant and little Flora. I suppose they are still at Queensferry. Could you spare me, uncle, for a day or two; I should really like to go.'

'I'll do better than that for you, Ned,' replied the doctor, 'for I shall take a holiday and go with you myself; the distance is not so very great, and I should like to know these Grants; I have heard of them before. Ronald Grant has been a fruit and flower farmer for years, and has made a good thing of it too. I have often bought parcels of his lavender for distilling purposes. Yes, Ned, we'll go together, and we can ask them to pay us a return visit any time that suits them.'

'And this is Flora!' said the bewildered Ned, almost in a dream, as the little hand was laid in his by her Uncle Ronald, and he looked down from the height of his six-feet upon the shy little brown-eyed mouse of a maiden who stood before him. 'Do you remember me, Flora?' he gently asked; 'do you remember me at home in your dear father's house?'

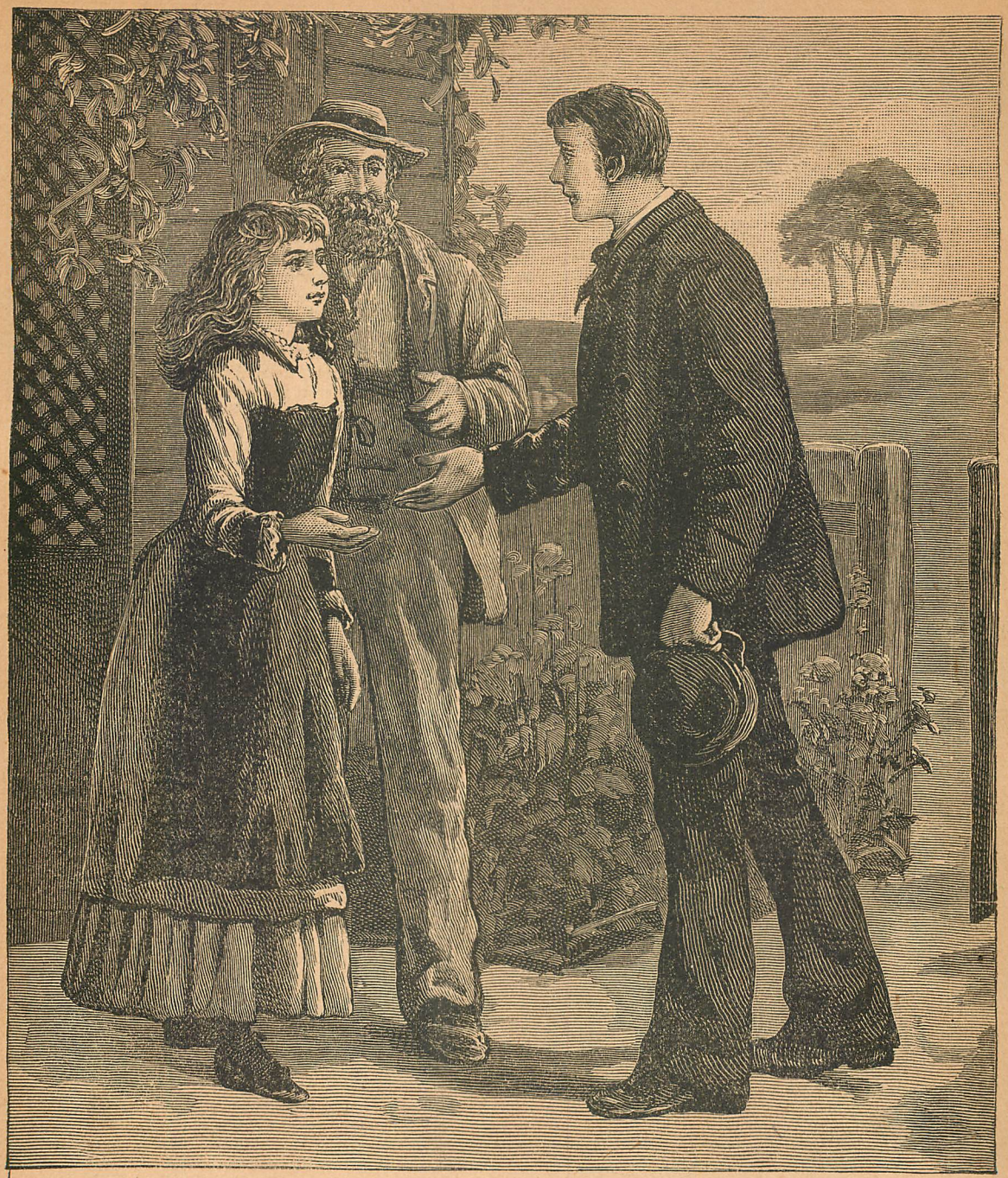
'Yes,' replied the little girl, 'I remember you quite well; some one had been unkind to you, and we all wanted you to stay with us, but you would not.'

These simple words of the little girl almost unmanned Ned, they recalled to him so vividly the time when he was a poor footsore, wandering boy, without a friend or a penny in his pocket, and how the sweet sympathy of this little girl and her good father had gone to his heart, and showed him for the first time in his life how dear and sweet a thing was family affection. But he must not fall into a reverie over the past. God had been very good to him, and to this little maiden too, for whom a happy home was provided when her parents were taken away.

'Flora,' he again said, 'were you much disappointed about the parrot?'

'A good deal just at first,' replied the child; then, fearing she might wound the feelings of her friend, she added kindly, 'but, of course, I never expected it after I heard that you had been drowned.'

This simple speech of little Flora's caused much merriment among her elders, which rather discomfited the little maiden. But Ned with a smile whispered in her ear, 'Never mind them laughing, Flora, I have such a lovely cockatoo in Sydney; you shall have it,



"And this is Flora!" said the bewildered Ned.

dear, instead of the poor parrot who died on board the *Ocean Queen*. You will come to Sydney, won't you, Flora, with your uncle and aunt to see me?'

And young readers will not be at all surprised to hear that Flora did go to Sydney, not once, nor twice, but half-a-dozen times during the next seven years, becoming so fond not only of the place but of the people, that at length she was persuaded to remain there altogether, and to send out cards to all her friends with these words inscribed on them:—

MR. AND MRS. EDWARD WILLIAMS
At Home
On Thursday, 14th instant.

D. B. M. K.

COUNTY CHATS.

No. XLI.

YORKSHIRE: NORTH RIDING.

WE begin our chat about this Riding at Allborough, which place is remarkable on account of three curious pillars, called by the people 'The Devil's Arrows.' They are rough blocks of coarse rag-stone, thirty feet out of the ground, and about six beneath. Allborough is now a far less important place than it used to be. It was once called Isurium, and evidently was a place of note from the remains of aqueducts, temples, and inlaid pavements which have been discovered. Many curious relics have been turned up also at Boroughbridge, close by, such as urns, lamps, signet stones, chains, and coins. They say the coins of twelve Roman Emperors have been found near this place.

The city of Ripon is a few miles higher up the river. The fine old church is now a cathedral, a bishop having been appointed first in 1836. Under the chapter-house is a charnel-place, containing an immense number of bones arranged in some kind of order, and a curious passage, called the 'Eye of St. Wilfrid's Needle,' leads into a dark chamber. Ripon used to be celebrated for its spurs, and when the Yorkshire people described an honest man they said he was as true steel as a Ripon rowel. A bugle horn and a spur are still the Ripon arms, as you may see on the pillar in the spacious market-place. A horn is blown to this very day in Ripon as a warning against thieves, and Ripon is still governed by an officer called a wakeman.

The ruins of Fountains' Abbey are about three miles off, and they stand amidst the most charming scenery. The first home which the old monks had in this beautiful dale was only an elm-tree, under the boughs of which they erected a roof of thatch. Bread was their food, their drink was the water of the Skell. Then they sheltered themselves beneath some yew-trees. They were often nearly starved out, but they bravely held their ground, and in the course of time good folk sent them food, and money, and other things; and so by degrees Fountains' Abbey became a splendid place, beautiful still in its decay.

At Norton Conyers lived the family of Norton. Richard, together with eight of his sons, died by the hand of the executioner in the religious rebellion in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Middleham Castle is a place of some historic importance. Here Edward IV. was imprisoned for some time, but he managed to escape while hunting in the park. When he was king he gave the castle to his brother Richard, who liked it very much, and intended to found a college here.

At Aysgath is a waterfall, which the traveller, Pococke thought superior to anything on the Nile. Another famous waterfall near here is at Hardraw. It is ninety-five feet high.

Wensley Dale is not far from Middleham. It contains Bolton Castle and Jerveaux Abbey. The Scroops used to live at Bolton. One of them was that archbishop whose head was cut off in the Wars of the Roses. The headsman was so frightened at having to cut off an archbishop's head that he could scarcely perform his office.

There are many other beautiful waterfalls and much fine scenery in Askrigg, which is now itself a very old and decayed market-town.

Bowes is not far from the north border of the shire, on the river Greta, near a natural arch called God's Bridge. The black Earl of Richmond used to have a gallows here, on which he hanged his enemies.

Richmond was given by William to his kinsman Alan. The castle he built is perched on an almost perpendicular rock, whose base is washed by the Swale. Henry, Earl of Richmond, became King Henry the Seventh. The present owners of the title are the Lennoxes. The appearance of the old place is wild and beautiful. Greathead, who invented the lifeboat, was born here. The Swale used to be a sort of sacred river once, owing to its having had 10,000 persons baptized in it by Paulinus.

At Gilling King Oswin was murdered by his partner, King Oswy. The two kings could not agree, and were about to have a battle, when Oswin, who seems to have been the more peaceable man, disbanded his soldiers, and retained but one named Tonhere, with whom he lay concealed in the house of Earl Hunwald. Hunwald, however, betrayed his royal guest, and Oswy had him and the soldier murdered, 20th August, 651.

Near this place is Rokeby. The old tower of the Rokebys is here, and it gave the name to Sir Walter Scott's last poem. Sir Walter found here—

> 'A stern and lone, yet lovely road,
> As e'er the foot of minstrel trode.'

By the Abbey Bridge we cross from Yorkshire into Durham over the Tees. The scenery here is very fine. Sir Walter speaks of the wrong done to the priory of Egglestone, how—

> 'Dark fanaticism rent
> Altar and screen and ornament,
> And vulgar hands the tombs o'erthrew
> Of Bowes, of Rokeby, and FitzHugh.'

The tower of Beadle church is a fortress, and many a time it has been used as such by the people. Many fine hunting horses are bred here.

Northallerton was entirely destroyed by the Scots, church and all, in 1381. Two hundred and fifty years before that date it was the scene of a tremendous battle, known as the Battle of the Standard. Though this battle happened 750 years ago, the holes are yet pointed out where the dead of the enemy were hurriedly buried, and they are still called the Scots' Pits, while the site of the battle is yet called Standard Hill. As King Stephen could not reach the field in time, the command of the hastily levied English army was given to Thurstan, the Archbishop of York. He exhorted the soldiers to fight to the last, telling them Paradise was the reward of all who fell in that battle, and then he gave them his blessing. A huge pole was set up in a waggon with four wheels. At the top of it a large crucifix was displayed, and beneath it floated the banners of three famous north-country saints, Cuthbert of Durham, John of Beverley, and

Wilfrid of Ripon. Around this sacred standard stood volunteer archers from Yorkshire, Notts, and Lincoln, as good as any in the world. When the sound of the approaching Scots was heard, the Bishop of Durham read the Absolution from the standard car, while every soldier knelt upon his knees. When they arose they shouted Amen with all their might. And then the battle began, and a great one it was, the Scots retreating and leaving 12,000 dead or wounded on the fatal field.

At Thirsk there used to be a venerable elm-tree, which, we are sorry to say, was burnt down by some naughty boys in 1818. Under its shadow the election of Members of Parliament took place, and here also the fourth Earl of Northumberland was killed during a popular tumult in the reign of Henry VII.

At Topcliff the Percy family had a seat, but they were not popular, for the fourth Earl was mobbed in 1489, and the seventh Earl in 1569. At this place Charles I. was *sold* by the Scots for 200,000*l*.

Stokesley is in the fertile district of Cleveland. Not far off are the beautiful Cleveland Hills, with Roseberry Topping, a giant 1102 feet high.

Yarm is on the Tees, noted for its salmon. Its old bridge was built by Bishop Skirlaw in 1400, but was taken down in 1805. It is often called Yarum, and is rather low and unhealthy.

Guisborough is beautifully situated. The priory here was once so large and important that the town, consisting of 500 householders, had no land, but lived all on the abbey. When it was destroyed the place was given to Sir T. Chaloner, who set up the first alum works in the country.

Whitby is a seaport of great antiquity. No doubt it owed most of its importance to its great abbey, whose ruins are still seen from far away out at sea. In 1830 the fine central tower fell with a crash, and did much damage, but enough remains to show what a glorious place it used to be. The original abbey, founded by King Oswy, was ruined by the Danes, and restored by a pious monk of Evesham, who had been one of the Conqueror's brave warriors. He used to travel on foot from abbey to abbey, with an ass trotting beside him carrying his baggage. A pretty story of forgiveness comes from Whitby. Some gentlemen were hunting a wild boar in October, 1159, when the animal took refuge in a hermit's cell in a dying state. The hermit shut the dogs outside, and went on calmly with his prayers, while the dogs bayed without. The hunters were very angry, beat down the door, and wounded the hermit with their boar-spears. Then, feeling they had committed a very grave offence, they hurried off to Scarborough, and sought a refuge there. But they were not allowed the privileges they desired, they were accused of the crime and condemned to die. The hermit, however, begged he might send for them, and when they came he said he freely forgave them, on condition they would do something to remind them of their offence. They were to go at sunrise on Ascension Day to the wood, cut some stakes, carry them to the sea by nine o'clock; and, if it were low water, they were to drive the stakes into the sand, and make them fast enough to resist the force of three tides. This was their punishment—no very hard one, but sufficient to remind them of their great crime in wounding to death a man who had done them no wrong. There is a flight of 191 steps between the beach and the church of St. Mary.

Near Lythe is Mulgrave Castle. It used to be called Mont Grace, but the enemies of the founder changed a letter, and called it Mont Grave.

At Kirby Moorside the bad son of James' favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, breathed his last. An old house in the market-place is still pointed out as the scene of his dying moments. His burial is entered in the parish register.

Helmsley has its name from the stately elms that once grew here. It is a very great parish, sixteen miles in length.

The Borobeck, after supplying the town with water, runs under ground, and is not seen for four miles. Here are the tower and gateway of an ancient castle, pounded into ruins by Oliver Cromwell, and not far off are two ruined abbeys, Riveaulx and Byland. Riveaulx means rival. It seems a pity that a place once so beautiful and so useful should have been granted to the worthless favourites of a weak-minded king! The Mowbrays, a very old family, founded Byland. The beautiful south transept, with its marigold and lancet windows, still remains.

At Kirkdale, in 1820, were found a quantity of bones, showing that England once had tigers, elephants, the hippopotamus, and the rhinoceros. The climate therefore of England in those days must have been something like that in India and Africa.

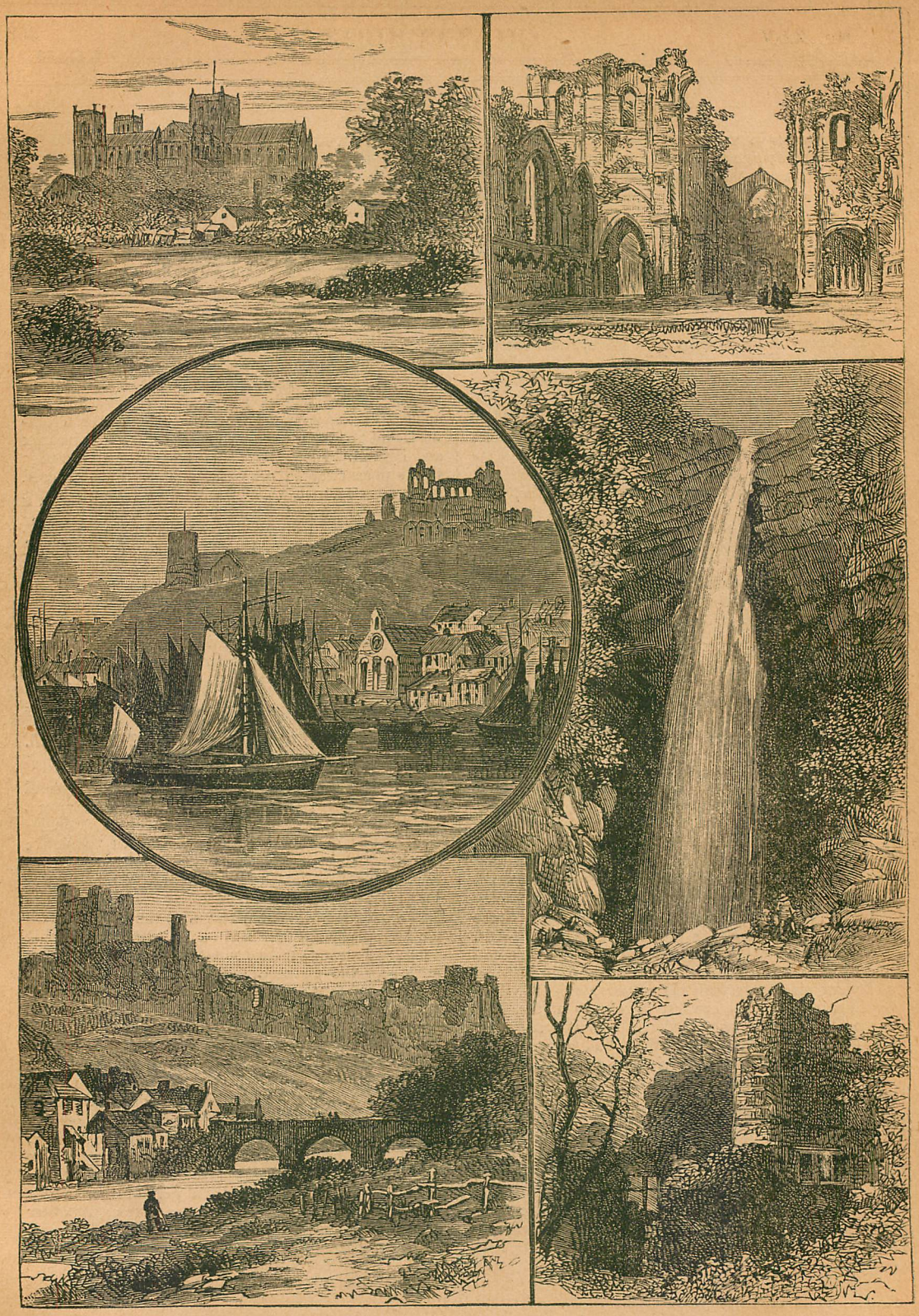
G. S. O.

READINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE GNU.

IMAGINE a quadruped about the size of a small horse, covered with brownish hair and having a tail nearly white; let a bushy mane flow from its neck, and let another hang down beneath the neck; two horns must spring from the forehead, pointing downwards for some distance and then curving sharply upwards; lastly, let the shape of legs and the light cloven feet resemble those of the stag. There you have a picture of the Gnu. A strange animal it seems, and strange indeed must they look, frisking in herds over the plains of South Africa. Their look certainly befits a savage animal; but the Gnu does not show fight, except in self-defence, when wounded or cut off from all chance of escape. As the flesh of the calf is much esteemed, and the skins of all are applied to many purposes, the Gnu's life is always being sought by hunters. Although they are swift enough to escape the chase of the lion, and take to flight at the first signal of alarm from one of the herd, they cannot escape the bullet of the hunter, who follows them on horseback, or creeps carefully to within range. A traveller, whilst once approaching a small herd, was surprised by a pair of lions and a lioness, who were also stalking the Gnus. Another writer records having seen a Gnu which had hooked one of its fore-legs over its horns, so that it could not run. It had not enough intelligence to lower the head and thus release the limb, but was found in this state by some Hottentots.

A. R. B.



VIEWS IN YORKSHIRE: NORTH RIDING. By W. H. J. Boot.

Ripon.
Fountain's Abbey.

Whitby.
Hardraw Force.

Richmond.
Mulgrave Castle.

"I'm going to take Johnny off to see a Doctor."

WHAT JESS CORTRELL DID.

(*Concluded from page* 347.)

'NO, I'm going to take Johnny off to see a doctor, and I don't want father and mother to know until noon. Will you take mother this letter, which I've written to tell her all about it? I wrote it last night, meaning to leave it with some one to give her, for I didn't want them at home to know till I was well started. I knew they would see so many lions in the way.'

'Is it right?' Jane Anderson asked, debating the point, as it appeared, with herself.

'Yes, of course it's right!' Jess cried, impatiently. 'Won't you say it's right if I bring Johnny back cured?'

Jane Anderson reached out her hand for the letter.

'I'll do it,' she said, quietly. 'Your mother shall have it at noon.'

'Why, it's time for Jess and Johnny!' John Cortrell said, as he sat down to dinner.

'Jess sent this letter,' a voice, not his own girl's, answered from the door, and Jane Anderson laid a paper on the table, and was gone before any one could ask her a question.

John took the letter and read it out loud to his wife—just a few lines, as like Jess as if she had spoken them:—

'DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I didn't ask you for fear you would say no, but Johnny and I are going to Boston to see Dr. Williamson. I heard all the reasons why you couldn't take him till fall, and I couldn't wait. It won't hurt us to walk, this spring weather; and I don't think any one will refuse to give a poor blind boy and his sister a place to sleep, or a bowl of bread and milk to eat. We shall ask our road, and we won't get lost. Our Father in Heaven will go with us all the way.'

John Cortrell rose from his untasted dinner, drawing his hand across his eyes.

'I must start after them, wife. Those children on the road to Boston all alone! Jess is crazy!'

His wife laid a detaining hand on his arm.

'What if God put it into her heart, John? What if Johnny will get help this way, long before he could in any other? I can't think any one would hurt those helpless lambs, and I do believe their Heavenly Father will go with them all the way, as Jess says.'

So, after long talking, the matter was finally settled. John Cortrell ate his dinner with what appetite he could summon, and went back to his work, and Jess was suffered to go on her hopeful yet anxious way.

Early on the third morning she led Johnny into Boston, for they had made—walking mostly, but sometimes getting a ride with some traveller—fifteen miles on each of the two first days. So they rose early, and accomplished the last five miles of their journey before city people were likely to be through breakfast. They came in over the Brighton road, and when they got among the tall, handsome West-End houses, they were not far from Blank Street. They had met so much kindness on their way, that their faith in God and in human nature had grown with every day. So now Jess spoke to a policeman, who was walking down the street with the air of slow dignity common to his order. She did not know what he might be, but he looked to her a very grand personage indeed—some great general, perhaps. However, he was the only person in sight, so she plucked up courage and told him she never was in Boston before, and would he tell her how to find No. 33 Blank Street?

'I'll take you there, I've time enough,' he said, good-naturedly, and by the time they reached the door he had found out their whole story, and the great, big human heart under his policeman's buttons was touched by it to the core.

'Here, now you go in,' he said, as he rung the bell, 'and see what Dr. Williamson will say to you, and I'll be back along in an hour, and stop and find out. Don't you go way from here, on any account, till you see me again. If the doctor won't take hold of this matter, I'll take you to a place down on Charles Street, where you will be sure of kind treatment, anyway.'

Dr. Williamson had just finished his steak, and rolls, and coffee, and kissed his four children all around, preparatory to going into his office to read for a few minutes before office hours began. In the hall he almost ran against Jess and Johnny, whom the servant had just admitted.

'What little folk are these?' he said, all the more pleasantly, perhaps, because his own children's kisses were so fresh on his lips.

Then Jess, speaking very fast indeed, that her courage might not fail her, told him how Johnny's sight had been getting dim all the winter and at last the very worst had come, and he was stone blind. And they had heard of Dr. Williamson, but father thought he must wait and earn a great deal of money before he could bring Johnny to him, and *she* couldn't wait, and so she had taken Johnny and come away, and left a letter to tell her mother where she was going, and on the way every one had been kind to her—so kind! and now would the doctor see if there was any hope? If there was none, she would take Johnny back again; but if there was, even just a little, and the doctor would try to cure him, he should have his pay some time, surely.

Dr. Williamson was not what is called a philanthropist. He was very busy all the time, healing people who came to him and paid him great prices, and somehow it never occurred to him to hunt up people who might need him just as much, and who couldn't pay him. But not to hunt up people who need you is one thing, and to turn away those who have hunted you up is quite another, and a certain reminiscence of the golden rule lingered in his heart, which no selfish prosperity had overgrown.

'Poor children!' he said to himself, as he led them into his office and made preparations carefully and thoroughly to examine Johnny's eyes. Jess felt her strength failing her, at last, as the examination went on. She thought she could not stand, but she steadied

herself somehow, and kept Johnny's hand in hers. At last Dr. Williamson turned round, with the air, which she interpreted quickly enough, of one who had made up his mind.

'Oh, sir!' Jess cried, and then the room seemed whirling round, and she felt herself put into a chair, and something stinging and pungent was held to her nose. Presently she opened her eyes, and saw that the doctor was smiling.

'Well,' he said, cheerfully, 'I think there are nine chances in ten that I can cure your brother.'

'And you'll try?'

'Yes, I'll try. He shall stay here until I have made the trial.'

'You shall be paid, sir, every dollar.'

'Yes, I'm sure of that. I'm going to lend a trifle to a good Paymaster. I wish I was as sure of all my debts.'

Jess did not understand him; but one thing she did comprehend—Johnny was to have his chance, *through her*. Must she go away and leave him?

'Three patients waiting,' a servant said at the door, and she knew the doctor expected her to go. But where?

'Oh, sir!' she said, and stopped.

'Well?' very kindly spoken.

'Am I to go home and leave Johnny? If I only *could* do something to earn my board! I can do a good many things; I am used to helping mother, and I would try very hard.'

'Well, so you shall.' The doctor wrote a few lines, rapidly, and handed them to the servant in waiting.

'Take that and these children to Mrs. Williamson,' he said, and then he turned to meet a patient, and his day's work began.

As Jess went through the hall she saw that an hour had passed, and her policeman friend was waiting.

'It's all right,' she told him, joyfully. 'We are to stay here, and Johnny is to be cured.'

That night, Dr. Williamson, who was a man in the habit of doing his work thoroughly, obtained from Jess her father's address, and wrote to him a letter assuring him that his children were in safe shelter, and that Johnny should have the benefit of his best skill—a letter which made the home hearts, which had been like to break with suspense, swell almost to bursting with a rapture of thanksgiving.

It was nearly the last of June when the bandages were removed from Johnny Cortrell's eyes, and the result of the doctor's operations was made known. Jess had not been present at this last crisis. She could not bear it, she thought, calmly enough, so she had waited in the housekeeper's room, and to the door of that room Dr. Williamson led Johnny at length, and opened it.

'Oh, Jess, Jess!' the boy cried, in a passion of joy and love, and in an instant he was across the room, and his arms were around the neck of the sister who had been his good angel.

'Can you see, Johnny?' she gasped; but her eyes were dim, and her words choked her.

'Yes, I can see—as well as ever, as well as you!'

'Thank God! thank God!' And Dr. Williamson, looking on, his own eyes wet with unwonted tears, was not hurt that, in this first rush of emotion, they seemed to forget him. It was not long, however, before Jess was almost at his feet, blessing him, thanking him, as no one ever had before. It was the best fee which had ever been paid him.

The next day he sent the children home. He put them on the cars, in care of a good-natured conductor, and when he left them he placed a sealed envelope in the hand of Jess.

'My bill, for your father; you will see there is no haste about it,' he said, kindly, and then he bade them good-bye.

The journey was a short one, and while the family at home sat at dinner, Jess led her brother into their midst.

'I have brought him back—cured!' she cried. And then there were embracings and thanksgivings, and tears of joy at which you and I may guess, but which words would fail me to describe.

It was not till quite late in the afternoon that Jess remembered to give Dr. Williamson's bill to her father.

'Whatever it is, I shall pay it cheerfully, my girl, and thank God for the chance!' he said, as he opened it; and then he read:—

'For services rendered Johnny and Jess Cortrell,
'Received payment in full.
'CHARLES WILLIAMSON.'

So Johnny got his eyes again, and the journey to Boston was made, and the doctor's bill was settled, and Jess did it all.

'SHALL I BE IDLE?'

'ROVING o'er the garden free,
Little honey-gathering bee,
For awhile your toil forego,
Come and play with me.'

'No, no!
Soon will pass the summer hours,
Soon will fade the gayest flowers,
And the winter will arrive
Ere I have filled my little hive,
If that idle I should be.
No, I cannot play with thee.'

'Little dog, how fast you run!
Stay, I want a bit of fun!
In the daisied fields I go,
Wilt thou follow?'

'Idler, No!
I've a master good and kind,
Pleasing him I pleasure find;
Now I haste his home to guard,
Wherefore then my steps retard?
If unfaithful I could be
Would he feed and care for me?'

'What, thou silly, tiny ant!
Canst thou with that burden want?
How you wander to and fro!
Come and play with me.'

"What little folk are these?" [*Page* 354.

'No, no!
Ere the sunny hours are o'er,
I my little barn must store;
And with industry and care
For my little ones prepare:
If I pleasure now pursue,
What in winter should I do?'

'Little bird, come hop this way,
Surely *you* can with me stay?
Toil and care are not for you.
Flutterer, tarry.'

'No, adieu!
If my weary pinions rest,
It must be within my nest!
There my little unfledged brood
Now are chirruping for food;
Faint and hungry will they be
If I tarry, child, with thee.'

What! all busy? none I find
Unto idleness inclined?
All the path of duty tread,
Labour for their daily bread.
While they thus their hours employ,
Shall I be an idle boy?
No! I yield to wisdom's rule,
Gaily hasten on to school,
Turn again, my books, to thee.
Trifler! no, I will not be.' J. B.

MRS. PARKER'S TOLL-BAR.

MANY years ago, when the approach of night found our city streets but dimly lighted with oil, and our country places left in total darkness, a young man named Parker entered upon the post of toll-keeper in a certain district in Scotland, which, though dull and lonely in itself, was yet a connecting link between two large towns, centres of commercial activity. The road upon which the toll-house stood

was rudely fenced off a bare moor, no other house being within sight; indeed, the nearest dwelling—that of a blacksmith—was distant fully half a mile; a state of matters very much regretted by young Mrs. Parker, who, having been used to city life, felt the dullness of her new home to be quite distressing.

She was a good young woman, however, and soon became more reconciled to her lot, finding much comfort in her friendship with the blacksmith's wife, who was a kind, motherly person, often visiting at the toll-bar and entertaining Mrs. Parker in return.

During five days of the week there was but little wheeled traffic across the moor, droves of sheep or cattle, travelling merchants on foot, or farmers on horseback, being the principal passers-by. On Wednesdays and Saturdays, however, things were very different. On these days a heavily-laden stage-coach rumbled along the moor, always announcing its approach to the toll-bar by the cheery sound of the guard's horn. Then all was cheerfulness and activity, Parker and his wife being ready with refreshments for those who wished them, while country gossip was exchanged amid much friendly mirth and chatter. Then away rolled the stage-coach amid a cloud of dust, and Parker and his wife were once more alone. But a great sorrow was at hand for poor Mrs. Parker; her husband died after only a few hours' illness, and she found herself utterly alone. What was to be done? It was manifestly impossible for a woman to remain on, without assistance, as keeper of a lonely toll-bar. Yet to give up the post before the expiry of the year would involve a loss of money, which the widow was unwilling to face. In these circumstances, therefore, after much anxious consultation with her friends the blacksmith and his wife, Mrs. Parker sent for an old aunt, who promised to remain with her as assistant and companion till the expiry of her term, when the two women were to return to city life, and leave the toll-bar to a more suitable keeper. But the poor old aunt did not prove a success; she was a nervous, ailing person, who screamed at sight of a mouse, and could not sleep at night for fear of ghosts. She was a worthy old creature, however, and devotedly attached to her niece, though she never ceased harping upon the loneliness of their position and the absolute necessity of securing what she called 'Some man body to look after them, especially at night. Could ye no ask your friend the blacksmith to come?' she suggested on one occasion. 'He is a strong man, and could grapple with anybody. What do you think, Nancy?'

But Mrs. Parker grew quite angry. 'Aunt, she said, 'I do wish you would try to be reasonable. How could I ask the man to leave his own wife, in a place quite as lonely as this? He would think I was out of my senses. Don't speak of such a thing again, aunt, it really worries me, and I have plenty of worries without it I do assure you.'

This was quite true, and Mrs. Parker's worries were very much the same as those of her aunt, though she would not have admitted so much to the old woman, who had so little nerve for any difficulty or danger. But the truth was, that Mrs. Parker herself was sorely agitated about many things just at this time, and was beginning to feel the terrible difficulties of her position. During her husband's lifetime the money gathered at the toll-bar had been regularly sent to the bank, but since her widowhood this necessary duty had not been attended to, and she had not only a large sum of money in the house but a disagreeable conviction that other people knew it as well as she did, and might, perhaps, be watching her proceedings. The idea was certainly not a pleasant one. How to get this money sent to a place of safety was her daily difficulty; but her aunt was too feeble to be left alone, and she did not dare to entrust the commission to others.

One cold winter's day things seemed to come to a climax. A great deal of snow had fallen the night before; the moor was one unbroken sheet of white, and when the sound of the horn was heard it was not as usual followed by the cheery sight of the stage-coach, but by the arrival of the guard, mounted on one of the horses, and bringing the doleful tidings that the coach had stuck fast in the snow, and men must be got at once to help to clear a path. Having told this news to Mrs. Parker, the guard next went on to Peter Robb's smithy to enlist him in the work, while Mrs. Parker went within doors to prepare such refreshments as were sure to be needed when a coach full of cold and belated travellers should at length arrive.

It was indeed a day full of worry and excitement. The men employed in snow-clearing came every now and then to the toll-bar, peeping and prying about and taking note of its weak points (at least, so the widow thought). Could they have any designs upon her bags of gold, or was it only her too lively imagination that suggested such a danger? Mrs. Parker was, on the whole, a sensible woman, and therefore she strove to surmount her fears, while inwardly resolving that as soon as the snow was off the ground she would manage somehow or other to get rid of the dangerous money. Alas! poor Mrs. Parker little knew what terrible experiences were to be hers, even within the next forty-eight hours.

The coach had come and gone, the labourers among the snow had departed to their various homes, and Mrs. Parker at length sat down by the fire to rest a little after the unwonted fatigues of the day. Her aunt, however, who was suffering from rheumatism and low spirits, would give her no rest, every few minutes suggesting some new danger, and lamenting over their unprotected condition. She even went the length of once more suggesting that Peter Robb should be asked to stay with them over the night, totally regardless of what Mrs. Robb's feelings might be if deserted by her lawful protector. But the old woman was to be pitied, too, nervous fears will sometimes attack even the young and strong; little wonder then that a frail old woman in such a lonely situation should be almost overwhelmed by them. Besides, it was a terrible night, the wind had risen, and rain was falling in torrents. Another burden, too, was lying heavy on Mrs. Parker's heart. On this particular night the fastenings of some of her doors and windows were not so strong and secure as they might have been. Peter Robb was to have seen to this matter two days ago, but as yet it had not been done. 'If I live till to-morrow,' said the poor woman to herself, 'these windows will be made secure, and that

hateful money will be sent away; aye, and I shall give up the lease of the toll-bar at once, for a life like this is becoming more than I can bear.' Here Mrs. Parker's musings were brought to a sudden end by a smart rap on the door, followed by a dismal scream from the old aunt, who had been half asleep on her chair. 'Mercy preserve us!' she cried; 'dinna open the door, Nancy, for pity's sake.'

(*Continued at page* 362.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES NOS. 282 TO 290.

282. Gained. 5*l.* 10*s.* 9¾*d.*

283.
(1.) Geraniums.
(2.) Heartsease.
(3.) Belladonna.
(4.) Marigold.
(5.) Belvidere.
(6.) Coriander.
(7.) Tamarind.
(8.) Oleander.
(9.) Nightshade.
(10.) Petunia.
(11.) Balsam.
(12.) Violet.
(13.) Carnation.
(14.) Hydrangea.
(15.) Dandelion.
(16.) Valerian.
(17.) Spiderwort.
(18.) Southernwood.
(19.) Spearmint.
(20.) Anemone.

284. Bird-lime.

285. 128; 96; 72; 54.

286. Lame. Male. Meal.

287. Arm-our.

288. 13 centres. 31 outers.

289. Shall. Hall. All.

290. One, Bone, Done, Gone, Hone, Lone, None, Pone, Tone, Zone.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

291. 'Ho! man the gunboat *Snake*,
And sharpen well her sting,
And do your best, Lieutenant Drake,
For time is on the wing!

Engage that foreign sloop,
So saucy and so free;
Go, make her flaunting banner droop,
And tow her back to me!'

The Commodore thus spake,
In his high-handed way;
Brief answer gave Lieutenant Drake—
'To hear is to obey!'

The *Snake* soon puts to sea—
Her crew is *fifteen* told,
One gunner, and *Lieutenant D.*,
All British sailors bold.

Straight for the sloop they steer,
Firm-hearted as a rock;
Straight for the sloop, the only fear
She won't abide the shock.

Monsieur is on the poop,
In blissful ignorance yet;
He sips his vermicelli soup,
And puffs his cigarette.

And, ever and anon,
He peeps his spy-glass through,
But when it rests the *Snake* upon
His lips say, 'Sacré bleu!'

Swift flies his earnest call
To each one, fore and aft,
'Prepare for action, sons of Gaul,
And sink that cheeky craft!'

Long time, with dreadful din,
The balls like hailstones rained,
But Monsieur found he must give in,
For so it was ordained.

The *Tours*, that saucy sloop,
He towed her home, did Drake;
What could we Britons do but whoop,
While Monsieur's heart did ache?

Monsieur, here's better luck
Next time you have a fight;
We're sure you never wanted pluck,
Nor showed the feather white.

Poised in the scales of war,
That sloop was deemed to be
Worth *sovereigns ten times forty, bar*
Shillings twice five and three.

Now, for the conquering *Snake*,
And all her valiant crew,
Her gunner, and Lieutenant Drake,
Say, what was each man's due?

Drake's share was portions *ten*,
The gunner netted *three*,
And *one* a-piece took all the men:
So what each had tell me? G. S. O.

AN ENIGMA.

292. (1.) THERE are thousands that fear me, I know it full well,
Yet in comfort without me they never can dwell.
(2.) They may loathe me and shun me, but still they must say,
Though they shun me, they kiss me most every day.
(3.) There is scarcely a garment that ever was made
Can deny that I've rendered particular aid.
(4.) Princes have trembled and monarchs have fled,
With fear of my power, and care for their head.
(5.) Yet though they have trembled, and fled from my sight,
I have been their companion by day and by night;
And, wondrous to tell, I have stuck to them fast,
And help'd to increase their speed to the last.
(6.) I'm the friend of the sailor, and next to his life
He loves me when the winds and the waves are at strife;
When his bark is dismasted and rudder is gone,
His God, and my help are his comforts alone.
(7.) Oh, many a heart I have laden with woe,
And many a youth in the grave I've laid low!
(8.) Yet I lie in the bosom of gentle and fair,
And soft is my rest while I'm slumbering there.

[*Answers at page* 291.]

THE SUNFLOWER.

THE great Sunflower is the largest and most brilliant of all the flowers that grow in the open air in Europe. It is generally supposed to be called 'the sunflower' from its always turning towards the sun; but this is only a pretty fancy, for you may sometimes see several flowers on the same plant all turned different ways. It was called the sunflower from its size and splendour, and from the great golden petals spreading out all round it like the sun's rays.

The great sunflower is a native of America, and was first seen there by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century. Before that time it was quite unknown in Europe, though now it is so common. There used to be sunflowers of immense size in the gardens of Hampton Court. The seeds of the sunflower have a great deal of oil in them, and the children often eat them, though they are not very nice. They are frequently used to feed fowls with.

The flower that was believed by the ancients to turn constantly to the sun was the Heliotrope, which means in Greek 'The Sun-turner.' It is a small, sweet-scented flower, frequently met with in gardens, and is commonly known as 'Cherry-pie;' it really does turn in some measure towards the sun.

Sponging the young Monkey with Treacle.

HOW TO SCARE MONKEYS.

THE manager of a silk manufactory in Bengal was once nearly driven to his wits' end by the mischief committed among his mulberry-trees by a flock of monkeys who lived in the neighbouring jungle. Just at daylight they would come trooping in, jumping from tree to tree, breaking off the upper branches, and scattering the young silk-worms that had been put out to feed on the mulberry leaves all about the ground. Unfortunately, all the men employed on the factory were Hindoos, who would not aid in killing any living beast, and would be horrified at the bare idea of shooting, or even witnessing the shooting, of a monkey, which they regard as a sacred animal. The manager tried dogs, but as they could only chase 'Jackoo' when on the ground, and the latter was too nimble to be caught there, they soon became accustomed to the barking, and would sit grinning and shaking the branches, taking delight in thus teasing their four-footed foes. Pellet-bows and catapults did almost as much damage among the young worms as the monkeys themselves, so their use had to be discontinued, and the damage went daily to such an extent that the loss became very serious.

At last a medical gentleman, travelling about the country, arrived at the factory, and on being informed of the state of affairs smilingly observed, that if they could but catch one, as young a one as possible, and he promised not to hurt him, he said that he was certain he could drive the rest away. When told that no harm was intended to the captive, the servants set to work eagerly; and as soon as the creatures came trooping in, as usual, in the morning, a regular, well-arranged hunt took place, ending in a fine little fellow, about a year old, being secured. Despite his struggles, scratchings, and attempts at biting, he was carried to the bungalow in triumph, and delivered up to the doctor.

This gentleman had ready a large bowl of treacle, and taking from his medicine-chest a small bottle of tartar emetic—a drug that makes one dreadfully sick—he well mixed a pretty strong dose with the treacle and sponged the youngster all over with the mixture from head to foot, till he glistened like a well-polished boot; then, holding him firmly by the back of the neck and tail, he carried him down the plantation and placed him on the ground beneath a large clump of trees, from the branches of which the flock had been watching proceedings. Having retreated to a safe distance he waited the result; the little chap, on first being released, scrambled up a tree, and was soon joined by his companions, who first began pulling him about, but, finding him sweet and sticky, at once proceeded to lick him clean; and as the treacle at the commencement was much to their taste, they jostled and fought with one another till nearly all were smeared and began licking themselves clean.

But a change soon took place; first one and then another dropped from the tree, rolling on the ground in such agonies of sickness that you might have caught fifty. Some groaned and shivered while lying on their backs; others leant against the trunks of trees in all those attitudes of misery like sea-sick people on board a ship in rough weather. All were fearfully sick, remaining so for a good hour; as they recovered themselves, they crawled slowly towards the jungle; but it was a long time before the last one was able to take himself off. The physic proved quite enough for them, as they never came back; so, cunning as the monkey is, you see even he can be outwitted and rendered incapable of mischief without cruelty.

O. W.

MRS. PARKER'S TOLL-BAR.

(*Continued from page* 359.)

'DO be quiet, aunt!' said Mrs. Parker, as she rose quickly from her seat; 'don't you know the voice? It is Peter Robb,' and joyfully she opened the door to admit her friend.

'A cruel night, mistress,' said the blacksmith, as he stepped out of the darkness into the ruddy glow of the warm kitchen. 'I declare I be almost drowned,' and taking off his hat he shook off the clinging raindrops, and then turned smilingly round upon the aunt and niece. No wonder they were glad to see him, for Peter Robb was well fitted by nature to inspire confidence in the hearts of timid women. He was a strongly-built man, with broad shoulders, a cheery voice, and a look about him of strength and courage. He was, besides, very pleasant and friendly, always willing to oblige in small matters, and as our daily lives are made up of little things we can easily imagine that Peter Robb was a neighbour worth knowing.

Since her husband's death Mrs. Parker had leant upon him for counsel and help more than she was aware of herself, and his opportune arrival on this particular evening was very pleasing to her. 'Come in! come in!' she eagerly cried. 'We are so glad to see you! Now you must stay and have a bit of supper with us. I want to speak with you about one or two matters before you go. Do sit down, Mr. Robb; take a seat by the fire.'

Few men could have resisted the request; the kitchen was so tidy and warm, the fragrant odour of coffee so reviving, and Mrs. Parker's welcome so evidently sincere. Mr. Robb sat down, and was soon busily engaged with his knife and fork, while the old aunt, forgetting her fears for the moment in the comfortable sense of security imparted by his presence, made a heartier meal than she had done for many a long day.

After the repast was over, Mrs. Parker rose from her seat, and, giving a private signal to the blacksmith, she left the kitchen, telling her aunt she was going to give the dog his supper; but as soon as the man had followed her she entered upon the story of her fears and troubles. 'I could not speak before aunt,' she said, 'for she is so unreasonably timid that she makes me lose heart altogether. But, indeed, Mr. Robb, I have many anxieties just now; the pantry

window is quite insecure, and, as I told you before, I have a large sum of money in the house, it makes me so uneasy.'

'Well now, Mrs. Parker,' said her friend in a penitent tone, 'I do take shame to myself about that window, for you have spoken about it before, but I have been so busy. Tell ye what, now, I'll come up to-morrow by ten o'clock, and bring my tools with me and make you all secure. Come now, will that do?'

'But what of to-night, Mr. Robb?' replied the widow, beseechingly. 'It is to-night I am afraid of; I can't help thinking that some of the men who were snow-cleaning to-day suspect something about the money. Oh! how I wish you could have stayed all night; but I suppose it would never do?'

'Oh, never in the world,' replied the blacksmith. 'Why, what would the goodwife say? She is as timid almost as your aunt, and is scared at her own shadow; but let me see the pantry window,' and the two friends proceeded, candle in hand, to inspect the premises.

'Well, I would not be so afraid if I were you,' said Mr. Robb; 'the window is so small, I would defy a man to get through. Besides, you can lock the door on the outside. Oh, keep easy, keep easy till to-morrow, and I shall put it all right.'

'But, Mr. Robb,' whispered the widow, in low tones, as though afraid of her own voice, 'my bedroom window is worse even than this; the hasp is off altogether. You know it opens inward, like a door, and I have to prop a flat-iron against it or it would blow right open.'

'But you sleep upstairs, don't you?' asked the man; 'you and the old woman too? Oh, you are quite safe upstairs. If a thief should come, depend upon it he will try the lower windows or doors, and Hector will be sure to warn you by barking. He is a good watch, is he not?'

But Mrs. Parker did not reply, her thoughts had taken a new turn. 'Suppose I take Hector up to my bedroom,' she said, 'just for to-night; I think I would not feel so timid. He is a dear, good dog, and so fond of me.'

Mr. Robb pondered a moment. 'Well, I advise you not to make any changes,' he said, 'the dog would be restless and keep your aunt from sleeping. Oh, keep easy, Mrs. Parker, as I said before, and expect me to-morrow about ten o'clock. Now I must be going; the rain has ceased; but what a slop the road is with melted snow! Good-night, and pleasant dreams to you.'

And with a kindly look at his timid neighbour the blacksmith turned out into the road, while Mrs. Parker, somewhat hurriedly, locked the door and put up the chain.

'Come away, aunt, to bed,' she said; 'I am sure you must be tired, poor old dear!' Here she kissed the aged woman, being conscious, with some compunction, that in her recent anxiety she had often been rather snappish to her frail old companion. 'Come, let us get settled as long as there is a morsel of fire in our room, it looks cheery.'

And the two women hurried up to bed, not without glancing fearfully round, more than once, as the candle produced long, ghost-like shadows on the bare whitewashed wall. Having reached their bedchamber Mrs. Parker put down her candle, drew the glowing peats together on the hearth, and then got her aunt to bed and covered her up. But she paused a minute before beginning to undress herself. 'Aunt,' she said, 'I was speaking to Peter Robb about bringing Hector up to our room just for to-night; he did not advise it, but somehow I think I will fetch him up, he is so good, and so fond of me.'

'Oh, yes, yes,' replied the old woman; 'how did we not think of it before?' (She was in that condition of mind which finds security in numbers, and would have hailed a canary-bird with satisfaction.) 'Run away, Nancy, and bring him; but, oh! must you open the back door?'

'Of course I must,' said Mrs. Parker; 'but don't be afraid, I won't be two minutes.'

Nevertheless, as she undid the bolt and stepped out into the darkness, her heart was in her mouth, as people say when they wish to express an extremity of nervous terror. Hector did not bark. He was, unfortunately, not a barking dog, and, therefore, not so useful as he might otherwise have been. If any stranger, however, came within reach of his chain during the dark hours Hector would have little mercy. He was a powerful animal, a cross between the mastiff and the collie, with the strength of the one added to the sagacity of the other. As his mistress stood over him, striving with trembling fingers to undo the chain, the delight of the poor dog was unbounded, thrusting his cold nose among her hair, and almost strangling himself in his endeavours to free himself from his bonds. He at length got free and rushed upstairs, while Mrs. Parker hastily followed, having first locked the door and thrust in a ponderous bolt to make all secure.

(*Concluded at page* 370.)

AN INQUISITIVE WOLVERINE.

THE Wolverine, common in the great North-west of America, is greatly disliked by the fur-trappers on account of the pertinacity with which it follows on their tracks, devouring the bait and destroying the traps which they have laid with so much patient labour. It is altogether a strange animal, being remarkably strong for its size, and so full of curiosity that nothing out of the common way can long escape its sharp eyes. On one occasion this intense curiosity was the cause of a strange accident.

An Indian had left his lodge without any one to look after it. A wolverine presently entered the deserted hut, devoured everything eatable, and then brought out one by one everything else that he could possibly carry and hid them here and there outside the lodge. At last the animal had seized a bag of gunpowder between his teeth, but while trailing it out of doors, it had come in contact with the half-extinguished fire. An explosion was the immediate result, of which the roguish wolverine was the first victim, for he was found dead among the ruins of the hut upon the return of the unfortunate owner to his pillaged home.

D. B. McKean.

THE MINA BIRD.

THOUGH there are three kinds of these birds in Eastern countries, the best known comes from the mountains of Eastern India, and is a beautiful black jay, with orange-coloured beak and golden wattles. He is about the same size as the English blackbird, and when caught young can be taught to talk, and does so much more clearly than any parrot.

The mina seems to enjoy the amusement caused by his own conversation as much as the bystanders, and by the manner of turning his head on one side, rolling his eyes, and dancing about on his perch, really appears sensible of what he says. He soon picks up words and other sounds, repeating them so suddenly as to startle people unaware of his presence. Native servants, whose names are much alike, are often called away from their duties by the mischievous fellow; while dogs and cats, belonging to the house, get very much annoyed at being repeatedly brought under his cage in expectation of its being dinner-time. If hung out in the yard he soon gathers all the fowls together, then quickly sends them scuttling off by rapidly imitating the scream of a hawk. Now and then he becomes objectionable by picking up the sound of coffee grinding, knife cleaning, and other similar noises.

There is one on board one of the Bengal river steamers, which when the vessel is going they are obliged to hang away from the captain's stand and engine-room, as he has become fully acquainted with the different orders, as also with the number of feet of water that the leadsman is constantly obliged to call out.

I must tell you that though these steamers are very long and wide, they are only two or three feet deep, so the difference of a foot in the depth of the river must be very correctly given or the vessel may, and very often does, bump. Well, one day, the leadsman, having given the water as getting less, the mina, quickly after, gave it as increasing, imitating the man's voice so well that before the mistake was found out, bump went the vessel, and sent every one staggering about. As for his calls down to the engine room, they soon caused such confusion that some serious accident might have resulted had the mina's cage not been hung where his incessant talking could cause no mischief. Sometimes rich native gentlemen will give as much as 20*l.* for a good talking mina, but from two to ten shillings is the usual price in Calcutta. Unfortunately the bird is delicate in confinement; but as some have lately been brought to England we may soon enjoy this fine fellow's fun amongst ourselves. O. W.

A SURPRISE.

THE following story is told of an Irish barrister who, after going once on circuit, quitted the bar. A man, who had previously borne a good character, was charged at one of the assizes with murder. Mr. Anster, feeling very much for him in this position, undertook the man's defence. Only circumstantial evidence could be brought against the accused, who was acquitted. The man overwhelmed his counsel with gratitude, but left the country soon afterwards.

Some time after this a knock came one night to Mr. Anster's door. He answered it himself, and, recognising his former client of the murder trial, confused his name with that of the victim, and said:

'What, is that you, Kelly?'

'No, your honour,' was the reply, '*I'm the boy that shot him!*' A. R. B.

ANECDOTES OF MAGPIES.

IT is somewhat remarkable that while in England the magpie is almost everywhere hunted down, so that it is one of the shyest of birds, in Sweden on the contrary, from being rarely molested, it is so tame that it does not take the trouble to get out of one's way.

The peasants seem to cherish and encourage the bird, even though it often runs off with their young poultry. This forbearance, however, would seem to proceed more from superstitious fear than from kindliness, the bird being considered somewhat 'uncanny,' as they say in Scotland.

In certain Scandinavian districts, however, the magpie is subjected to persecution. One method of destroying it deserves notice from its simplicity and ingenuity. A piece of paper is twisted up in the form of an extinguisher, a small piece of raw meat is dropped into it, and the interior smeared with bird-lime. This snare is then placed in some place frequented by the magpie. When the bird attempts to possess himself of the meat, the paper extinguisher at once fastens about its head in such a manner as effectually to blind it. When this happens, the unfortunate bird usually flies straight up into the air as high as it is able, but fright overpowers it, and presently it falls bewildered to the ground, and is captured by its tormentors.

Some curious anecdotes are related in Sweden of this bird, among which the following is amusing.

Several magpies had built their nests in some alder-trees on the banks of a river. A number of crows also frequented the neighbourhood, but did not interfere with the magpies. For a long time the birds were undisturbed; but at length an old house cat took it into her wicked head, not only to molest the parents, but to devour their young.

Very early one morning, a person resident in the neighbourhood was awakened by extraordinary cries and screams, apparently proceeding from the feathered colony. He hastily threw open his window, when an extraordinary sight presented itself. A number of magpies and crows had united their forces and were carrying away in their talons the poor old cat who was now high in the air, and shrieking in the most dismal manner.

The sudden opening of the window and the laughter of the amused onlookers was, unfortunately, the cause of spoiling sport, as the alarmed birds let go their hold of the struggling victim, who fell souse into the river.

But pussy as we all know has nine lives, and in a few minutes she appeared dripping wet, and thoroughly cowed; and without even a glance at her tormentors, she galloped home, while the birds wheeled through the air uttering continuous cries, as though rejoicing in their victory. D. B.

VIEWS IN YORKSHIRE: WEST RIDING. By W. H. J. Boot.

Sheffield Manor.
Knaresborough Castle.
Bolton Abbey.
Settle Market-place.
Bradford.
Kirkstall Abbey.

COUNTY CHATS.

No. XLII.—YORKSHIRE: WEST RIDING.

WE will begin our chat with Knaresborough. At the Castle gate Thomas à Becket's murderers drew bridle after a furious ride, and found a refuge for a year. The castle used to have eleven towers, but only one is left. Mother Shipton, the Yorkshire prophetess as she was called, was born near the famous 'Dropping Well.' Not far off is St. Robert's Cave, where Eugene Aram murdered Clarke.

The fashionable watering-place of Harrogate, which is in Knaresbrough forest, next claims our notice. The old spa was discovered in 1571. It is warm, highly charged with sulphur, and useful in skin complaints.

Pateley Bridge is a rapidly growing town on the Nidd, and from here to the town of Dent there is but little to remind us of man and his works. Dart is placed among the loftiest hills in the shire. Dentdale is a valley ten miles in length and about two broad.

Ingleborough and Whernside are each about 2000 feet in height.

Sedbergh has a famous Grammar School, which sends many a hard-reading man up to Cambridge.

Passing through the town of Ingletown, which nestles under the mighty shadow of Ingleborough, we come to Settle, where there is a very curious old-fashioned prison. You may get into it if you like by means of a trap-door and a flight of steps. There are some huge rocking-stones near Settle, which when made to sway backwards and forwards sound like distant thunder. The parish church is at Giggleswick, where there is a famous Grammar School, at which Archdeacon Paley was educated.

At Horton, in Ribblesdale, the Ribble and the Wharfe have their rise. On the east is a lofty mountain named Penygant, on the west is Ingleborough. At the base of the former are two frightful chasms, Hulpit and Huntpit holes.

Skipton Castle was once a place of great strength. It lies in a very stony region. It came into the hands of the Cliffords, and was held for King Charles for the space of three years. The Cliffords were always a warlike race. One of them, called the Blackface, slew the young Earl of Rutland, brother of Edward IV., at Wakefield. As the little prince was being led from the battle by his tutor to a place of safety, 'Blackface' spied him, and noticing how well he was dressed, asked whe he was. The boy fell upon his knees and asked mercy of one who had none. When the cruel baron knew who he was he plunged his dagger into the poor boy's heart. The Duke of York, his father, was already among the slain, and so he was spared the pain of knowing that his boy was murdered. York's head was cut off, and stuck on a spear, and crowned with a crown of paper. Three months after this murder, 'Blackface' was hit in the throat by an arrow one snowy Palm Sunday in the battle of Towton, and fell dead. One of his sons was carried away by his widow and brought up as a shepherd, and when Henry VII. mounted the throne the shepherd had become Lord of Skipton. He was a plain man, who lived a country life, and was known by all as the good Lord Clifford.

Bolton Abbey is in Skipton parish. It was built to the memory of a boy who was drowned in trying to cross the Stridd, a narrow channel through which the Wharfe races rapidly. The boy had a greyhound in a leash, and just as he jumped the dog held back and checked him in his leap, so that he did not clear the fearful chasm, but fell in and was drowned.

The historic names of Fawkes and Fairfax are on tombs in Hotley Church; and at Harewood is buried beneath an altar tomb of white marble that Judge Gascoign who committed Prince Henry to prison for doing wrong.

Tadcaster is like Madrid in having a fine bridge spanning a shrivelled-up stream. From its quarries York Minster was built.

Sherburn, meaning 'Clear Spring,' is famous for its plum called 'wine sours,' which King Athelstane may have eaten in his lifetime, for he often lived here.

The river Cock runs through Aberford, where they used to make many pins, and close by is Towton, where the bloody battle was fought between the Red and White Roses.

In Leland's time, Leeds was much smaller than Wakefield. In 1644 the grass grew in its streets. In 1808, Hutton says, 'Leeds is rising: good fortune stamps the place for its own.' Close to Leeds is the ruined abbey of Kirkstall in its beautiful valley. All the roof is gone, and the gateway is a farmhouse.

Leland had a high opinion of Bradford. He thought Leeds was not so quick as it. In 1812 this town was the scene of some dreadful events. Because the masters introduced machines the men thought themselves wronged, and they rose up and attacked the mills, and destroyed the machinery. But the Government put them down with a high hand. In one year, seventeen of the most turbulent were hanged. Every seven years the Bradfield people hold a festival in honour of Bishop Blaize, who invented wool-combing. Archbishop Sharpe, who was born here, used to say, 'The Bible and Shakespeare made me Archbishop of York.'

(*Concluded at page* 374.)

THE GROTTO DEL CANE.

NEAR Naples there is a famous cave called the Grotto del Cane, or Dogs' Grotto. Inside it is a chasm, or small cave, from which rises an unseen vapour. If a dog is put into this cave for a few moments he becomes insensible, and to all appearance dead. When taken out into the fresh air he revives.

This is a favourite sight among those who come to visit the Grotto, and a charge of one lira—a franc—for each person is made; but dogs kept for this purpose often run away, and hide themselves whenever they see a party of tourists approaching.

A. S. C.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

293. My brother Joe a bosun be
Upon the *Golden Grain;*
And I'm ship's carpenter, dy'e see,
Aboard the *Mary Blane.*
Both ships one day at Lisbon lay,
And, as we had a drink,
Says I to Joe, 'My ship can go
Much faster than you think!'

To me says Joe, 'It may be so,
For folks will blunders make,
But I calls her, if I don't err,
A tub, and no mistake;
In all her lines she shows them signs
As mark a wessel slow;
It's vastly plain your *Mary Blane*
Was never meant to go!'

I answered short—(I never thought
As how my brother Joe
Would talk so vain of *Mary Blane*
I've sweated over so);
And so, said I, in my reply,
'I'll wager half I gets,
The ship as how I works in now
Will beat your'n into fits!'

He larfed, did Joe, and cried, 'Not so:
But come, old chap, to dinner,
Some day we'll race from place to place
With ten pounds to the winner!'
I answered, 'Done!' and then with fun
Our cheerful meal we took;
But that there bet I don't forget,
For ain't it in my book?

* * * * * *

(*At Pico, some time after.*)

Well here we are, as I'm a tar,
Safe anchored at th'Azores;
It's pretty plain Joe's *Golden Grain*
Is resting on her oars;
Five days ago both me and Joe
Left Lisbon, that did we
(There's twixt them shores and these Azores
Twelve hundred miles of sea).

And you may find, if you've a mind,
And do it easy too,
Our good ship's pace in this 'ere race,
For Joe a reg'lar do.
My! how he'll stare, I do declare,
When he has come to know,
We've first got in, and won the tin—
A rum'un that, for Joe!

* * * * * *

'Well, Joe, how do? Now don't you rue
Words that were on your lip
When last we met (you don't forget),
About my bonny ship?
Ah, you was rash to lose your cash,
But, it is yours again,
If you'll confess you're in a mess
About the *Mary Blane!*'

And you, young chaps, will say, perhaps,
How fast Joe's vessel went;
For, take you note, these lines I've wrote,
Only with that intent.

Now, youngsters, come, work out the sum,
Smart, if you like, or slow;
Then say, 'Long reign the *Mary Blane,*'
And don't be down on Joe. G. S. O.

ENIGMAS.

294. My *first* conveys the Irish lass
To Ballyshannon fair;
My *second* oft contains a mass
Of gold and diamonds rare.
My *whole* is worn by those I wot
Who gold and diamonds wear.
The Irish lass, she needs it not
At Ballyshannon fair.

295. Sweet is my *first* when stormy night draws near,
But 'tis my *second* makes my first so dear.
My *whole* with decent care my first preserves,
And thus to be my second well deserves.

[*Answers at page* 391.]

A JUST REBUKE.

When King Ferdinand of Castille and Leon was besieging, in the year 1248, the city of Seville, then garrisoned by the Moors, Don Garcia Perez proved himself in many a fight one of the noblest Knights in the Christian camp. His right to the coat-of-arms he wore was, however, disputed by another noble in the camp. During one of the sallies made by the Moorish garrison this latter Knight made haste to escape from the encounter. Not so Don Garcia Perez; he stood to his post, and did not return to the camp until the last Moor had re-entered the city. With his shield all bruised and battered he advanced to the spot where the coward was standing. Then, pointing to the coat-of-arms, now almost effaced from the shield, he said,—

'I grant, sir, that you show more respect than I do to this coat-of-arms, for you keep yours bright and unsullied, whilst mine is sadly discoloured.'

After this rebuke his claim was not disputed.

A. R. B.

THE REDBREAST.

No bird is so well known, and so dear to the children of England, as the Robin Redbreast; and he deserves to be loved, for, though he feels the cold, yet he never deserts us for warmer latitudes, as so many of our feathered favourites do. On the contrary, with the first appearance of frosty weather, the confiding little creature immediately draws near to our homesteads, throwing himself upon our hospitality, with a mixture of shyness and trustfulness which is very endearing. Robin is by no means faultless, for he is a very combative fellow, fighting much with other birds; and he is unwilling that they should share the bounty of his human friends. He is rather greedy, and does not like to see any tasty morsel going past himself.

Robin is fond of bread and butter, especially if sprinkled with sugar or honey; sweet cake, too, he highly approves of, varied with small morsels of beef or suet; but when foraging for himself, flies and other insects are his food, also earthworms, to obtain which he will follow the ploughman or gardener, watching eagerly the upturned earth, and darting eagerly on his prey.

The Robin.

The nest of this bird is generally placed near the ground, in some bush or mossy bank; but no bird is so capricious in choosing a corner for his little home as the Robin. The writer has found a nest with five eggs in an old watering-pan, and has seen another in the pocket of a man's coat which had been left hanging in a stable. But certainly the very strangest place in which a Robin's nest could be found was the centre of a large cabbage growing in a garden.

Why this bird should be so eccentric in his nest-building it is hard to say, for other birds build in the same kind of bush or tree in which their parents built before them. But these funny little ways of Robin Redbreast only make him the dearer to us all. His song is very sweet and pleasing, and as he sings throughout the greater part of the year, continuing till very late in autumn, when all other birds are dull and mute, it must be admitted that he deserves the kind treatment which almost everywhere he receives.

M. K.

"Oh, Uncle, let go!"

THE LORD OF THE BLACK ROCK.

THE tiger used to be regarded in India with profound respect and superstitious dread. This was partly owing to its being sacred to one of the Hindoo deities, but still more to the helplessness of the natives in the presence of a creature endowed with such tremendous strength and such awful powers of destruction. When one of these animals was killed in a tiger hunt the attendants addressed him as '*sahib*,' or lord, and apologised to him for their masters having been under the necessity of taking his life.

Though all tigers are of a ferocious disposition, they do not all attack human beings from choice; the man-eating tiger is an exception. When once a tiger has acquired a taste for human flesh he seems to prefer it to every other kind of food, and becomes the terror of whole districts; but usually a tiger is content to prey on the cattle of the villagers.

Many years ago a tiger haunted the jungles of Morwun, who regularly levied tribute on the buffaloes of the natives. He was never molested or attacked with gun or spear, and it was believed that in return for this forbearance he would not injure any one who spoke to him respectfully, or addressed him by the endearing title of '*mamo*,' or uncle. He was called 'The Lord of the Black Rock.'

One evening two '*hircarras*,' or messengers, who had gone to some distance for the daily supply of milk for some British officers stationed in the neighbourhood, were returning through the jungle accompanied by a little boy, who carried the jar of milk on his head. The men outwalked the boy, and had nearly reached the camp when they were alarmed by the cries of the boy, who kept calling out, 'Oh, uncle, let go! let go! I am your child, uncle, let me go!' They thought the boy had gone mad, and bestowing some disparaging epithets on his uncle, urged him to make haste, as it was getting very dark; but the boy continuing his wild exclamations, they ran back, and found a huge tiger holding on to the victim's tattered doublet. They boldly attacked the animal with their javelin-headed sticks, and uniting their screams with his, soon brought the whole inhabitants of the village —men, women, and children—armed with all sorts of missiles, to the rescue. And the 'Lord of the Black Rock,' for it was he, retreated before the discordant yells of his subjects.

The little fellow never lost his hold on the jar of milk, but carried it safely on his head into camp, and was met, together with the *hircarras*, by the officers, who had turned out to ascertain what all the uproar was about. The *hircarras*, not being natives of the place, did not at first understand the meaning of the boy's exclamations; but, no doubt, he himself and all the villagers believed that his life had been saved by his calling the tiger 'uncle.' A. R.

MRS. PARKER'S TOLL-BAR.

(*Concluded from page* 363.)

NOW, aunt,' she said, 'sleep in peace. I feel more comfortable myself, already.'

And throwing down a thick rug in front of the fire for Hector's benefit, Mrs Parker hastily undressed and got into bed; but not to sleep, however. Anxious thoughts kept her for hours awake, and it was not until both her companions were peacefully snoring that the poor widow at last floated away upon a sea of dreams. Happy dreams, too, for the most part; for was she not a girl once more, with her own dear James beside her to make life almost too sweet and dear? From these pleasurable fancies she was suddenly aroused by ——

What? She could not tell. Had she heard a noise of any kind? She did not know, but her heart was beating fast and furiously, and beads of cold moisture stood on her brow. The demeanour of the dog, too, helped still further to alarm her. Though the fire was out and the moon was only in her first quarter she could dimly see the outline of Hector's figure. He still lay on the rug, perfectly still, all but his tail, which was slowly and without the slightest noise moving from side to side, while his eyes gleamed like glowing coal. By turning her head ever so slightly Mrs. Parker could see her window, which was built out upon the thatched roof and opened like a door. But the sight that met her horrified gaze was so fearful to the poor woman that had she not made a mighty effort she would have burst into a succession of screams. The window was open to its fullest extent, while a man was creeping cautiously in, his head and shoulders being already free, while with his right arm he was groping about, evidently desiring to catch hold of a chair or other piece of furniture which might support him as he descended to the floor.

Hector had neither barked nor moved all this time, but the waving and groping of that arm seemed to rouse him to fury. With a roar, more like that of some wild animal than a dog, he flew forward, seized the intruder savagely by the throat, and dragged him into the apartment. Then commenced a frightful grapple, which might have unhinged the nerves of stronger people than the two poor women who lay listening to it. Beyond one agonised cry when he was first seized the man had not uttered a sound, though the dog, still gripping him by the throat, shook him from side to side much as a terrier might do with a rat. But of this part of the proceedings neither Mrs. Parker nor her aunt were ever able to give an intelligent account, the probability being that both women had swooned away under the pressure of terror.

At last Mrs. Parker came to herself and slowly began to remember what had passed. Cautiously raising her head, she glanced fearfully round the room, and as she did so the kitchen clock struck three. It was, of course, perfectly dark, save for the faint glimmer of the young moon, yet she could distinctly see the body of the man as he lay face downward and with his back turned towards the bed, Hector meanwhile lying calmly on his rug busily licking his paws. All was silent save for the wind, which had again risen, and moaned drearily round the old toll-house.

Oh, might she but escape from this frightful place and carry her poor aunt with her! She must at least try, or die in the attempt. Turning round she became aware that the old woman was awake and fixedly looking at her. 'Come, aunt,' she whispered, 'we must go away from here. Follow me downstairs.' And snatching up a bundle of clothing the two women crept away to the kitchen, Hector taking no notice of their proceedings, except to utter a low growl as they passed by the fireplace where he lay.

'Oh, Nancy! what are we to do? where are we to go?' whined the poor old woman in an agony of terror.

'Hush, don't speak,' whispered Mrs. Parker in reply. 'We must go to the smithy and rouse up Peter. Come!' and with a dark lantern in her hand, she opened the door and passed out upon the moor.

It was only half a mile that had to be traversed, but at that hour, and through deep, half-melted snow, it was a terrible ordeal to the agitated women. They got through it, however, and were cheered on approaching the cottage by the sight of a lamp burning in the upper window. Either Peter or his wife must be moving about already, and the thought of their sympathy and assistance was sweet.

In reply to the hurried knock at the door, Mrs. Robb appeared, opening the shutter, and peering cautiously from the window. 'Mercy preserve us!' she cried on recognising her visitors; 'is it you, Mrs. Parker? And your aunt, too? But wait a moment and I will let you in.'

'Oh, Mrs. Robb, it is your husband we want!' said Mrs. Parker, hurriedly; 'there have been terrible doings up at the toll-bar. Rouse up your husband, will you? He must come with us at once.'

'But Peter has never come home!' cried the wife, 'and I am just miserable about him. He said he would be in by ten o'clock. Oh, what can have happened?'

'Never come home?' echoed Mrs. Parker; 'why, he was at the toll-bar at nine! But let us all run to Farmer Jones and get him or some of his men.'

When the good farmer and two of his servant-men reached the toll-bar there was some hesitation as to the proper course to pursue. Day had not yet dawned. There was no sign of the dog. If he was still upstairs he would probably attack the new-comers, which was not a pleasant thought. But Mrs. Parker stepped forward.

'If I go first,' she said, 'you are all quite safe.' And following her guidance the whole party entered the room. Hector slowly came forward to greet his mistress, while Farmer Jones and his men turned over the body and threw the light of the lantern upon the dead, cold face. But having done so they turned upon each other faces of horror and amazement, while Mrs. Robb, with a shriek of agony, fell insensible on the floor. It was the body of her husband, the blacksmith.

It has been said, and said truly, that no man becomes a villain all at once; that if the history of criminals could always be correctly traced there would be found a gradual descent into the abyss of crime. This was abundantly true in the case of Peter Robb, for after this tragical death it was discovered, without reasonable doubt, that he had been the perpetrator of many a petty theft and crime hitherto undetected and mysterious. He had never been even suspected (save by his unhappy wife), as his plausible manner and his profound hypocrisy were almost beyond belief. But the guilty man was punished at last, and, all unexpected by himself, he met with a sudden and violent death. D. B. McKean.

THE PARROT OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

AFTER the Franco-German war, Eugénie, the dethroned Empress of the French, was living peacefully at Chislehurst, in England, when one day the entire change of her position was again painfully brought back to her mind by nothing more or less than a word from the Empress's own parrot.

From their Mexican expedition the French had brought home a number of parrots. The most beautiful of them, of brilliant plumage, which answered to the name of Montezuma, the Count de Castelnau had taught to speak during the voyage, and when instead of military trophies he presented the bird to his Imperial mistress, Montezuma, the parrot, shouted with a loud voice, 'Vive l'Impératrice!'—Long live the Empress! This was sweet music to her Majesty's ears, and the parrot was most carefully tended. In a gilt cage it shared the Empress's own apartment, where, stroking its pretty plumage, she used often to give it biscuit, or fruit, or sugar. Thus Montezuma was the declared pet of the Empress Eugénie, and whenever she returned from a journey one of the first things she did would be to visit the parrot's cage, from which came the cheerful shout, 'Vive l'Impératrice!'

Then came the gloomy days of September, 1870. The Emperor Napoleon III. surrendered his sword into the hands of the King of Prussia. The ungrateful and fickle Parisians drove the Empress out of the land; only at the risk of her life did she escape the raging mob.

But in England she found a refuge, and soon she remembered her dear Montezuma, which had been her delight for six years and which she had forgotten in the hurry of her escape. What would she not have given to have him as a comforter with her! A servant was sent across to France to search for the bird. Alas, in vain! the Germans had blockaded Paris, and Montezuma is one of the besieged. At last, after almost five months, Paris is free, and the servant again on his way. He inquires, disguised as a workman, for the bird in the Tuileries.

But here everything is changed, and nothing left of the former splendour. Where is Montezuma? The servant strolls through a narrow lane, and finds in a broker's shop many a precious relic of the Imperial palace, amongst which there stands a gilt cage, and there, cracking nuts and climbing about, is Montezuma, the court favourite from Mexico.

Quickly the faithful servant purchases the bird and cage, hastens over the sea and arrives at Chislehurst, where with a beaming face he approaches the Empress: 'Your Majesty, here is Montezuma!'

Then a ray of joy lit up the countenance of the Empress, she caresses the pretty bird as usual, offers it biscuit and sugar as in the Tuileries. But the favourite pulled a wry face. Did he not care for the English climate, or did he feel that his mistress had passed from the throne into exile?

'Come, pet, say, "Vive l'Impératrice!" Montezuma, speak, my dear!' He remained mute and morose. And again the Empress flatters him, and now Montezuma raises his crest, opens his bill, moves the round little tongue, everybody standing by and listening. There, the shout is sent through the hall, 'Vive la République!'—Long live the Republic!

Every one, shocked, steps backward, but a tear is glittering in the eye of the Empress. 'Ungrateful one!' she sighs, and goes into the adjoining room.

Thus the parrot, like the French, was as ready to cry to-day, 'Long live the Republic!' as yesterday to shout 'Long live the Empress!' And such, no doubt, was the thought which passed through the mind of the illustrious exile. P. M.

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

He plodded on, through sleet and snow, with step awkward and shuffling, yet with a certain resolution in it. Other men might have turned aside, unwilling to breast the full force of such a storm. Not so Daniel Newton—'Shuffling Dan,' his fellow-workmen called him. He was no favourite among them—silent, brooding, sullen fellow, they thought him—but he lived a life of which they understood very little. He passed a tavern where some of his comrades were lounging, then the forge, with its door open, and the bright red light streaming out of it cheerily into the murky, gathering night. For a moment he was tempted just to go in and warm himself a little in that glow; but he shook his shaggy head, and turned away.

'*She'll* be waiting,' he said, as he drew up the collar of his coarse coat; 'little lamb! she'll be waiting.' And then, as if the thought had given him new life, he plodded on again bravely.

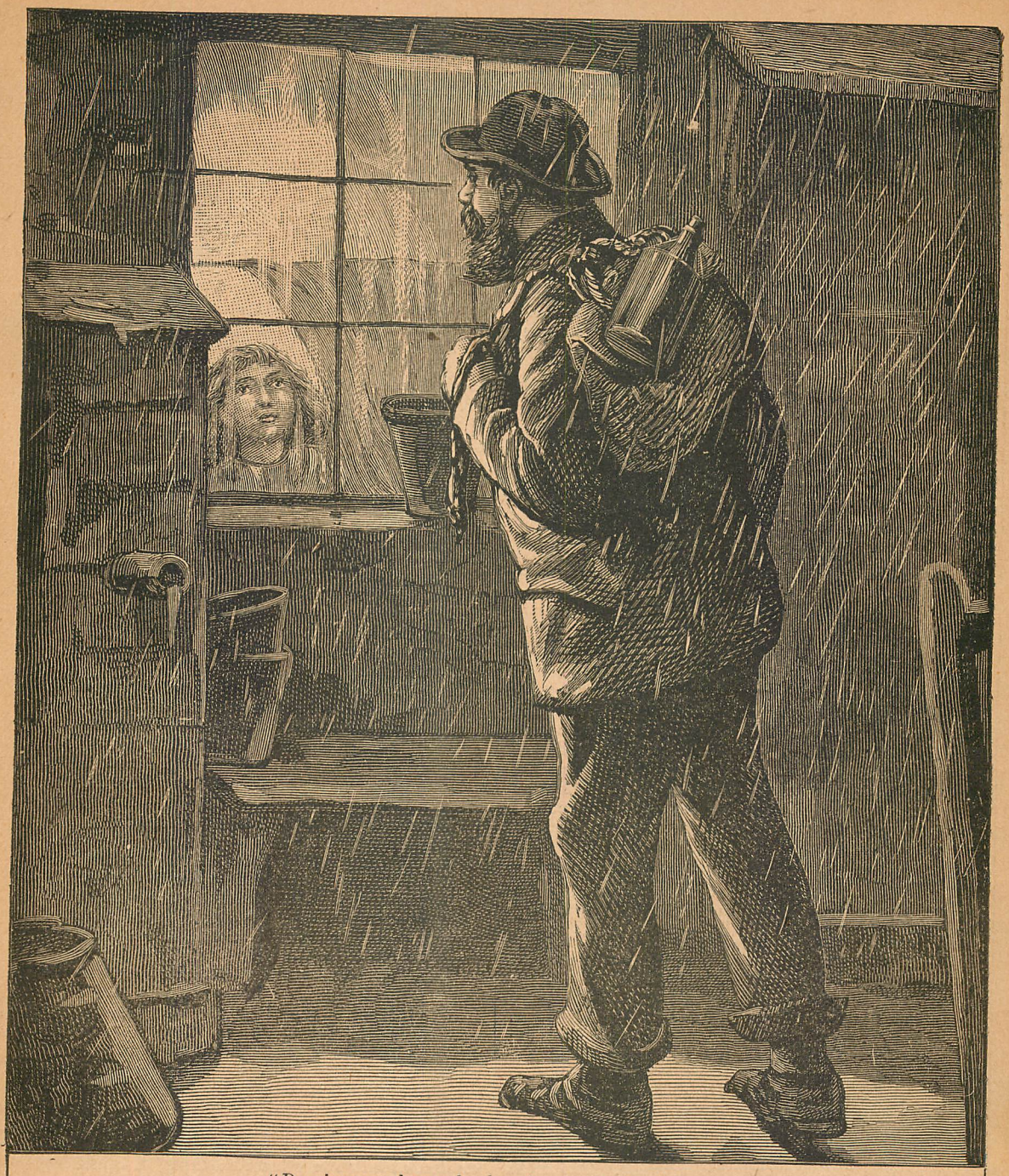
On through sleet and snow, till he came at last in front of a low cottage, standing in the midst of a little garden. A light streamed from its front window over the white pathway. It had shone there for him every winter night-fall for many a year, and he never saw that beacon-ray without blessing his 'little lamb' over and over again. How warm she had kept his heart! And yet, among the hard things in his life, people who took the trouble to speak of him at all always reckoned 'that crippled child.' When his wife died and left him her hour-old baby to bring up as best he could, they pitied him, and wondered what he was to do. And when it was found that the child would never be able to walk, they thought his burden was heavier than he could well bear. But *he* knew—only he could not have told them or reasoned about it—what had been his sweet compensation. At first, to be sure, it was a hard blow when he found that the little one he loved was never to be quite like other children, that she never would come toddling down the path to meet him, clinging to his hard hands with rosy little fingers; but this very grief about her made his love all the more tender.

She was the one idea of his life. The only absorbing feeling he had ever known was for her. He had liked her mother well enough, but it had been an ordinary, commonplace regard, until she died and left him this tender, blue-eyed blossom, which he was half afraid to touch. The child consecrated the mother's memory, and he cared for her dead more than he had ever cared for her living. But it was little Eunice who filled his heart full, and sat on its throne as a queen for evermore. He had her nursed carefully, and he cheerfully gave up every hour of his life to the task of being father and mother to her, both in one. When she was old and strong enough to sit in a little wheeled chair, in which she could trundle herself about the room, great was his delight. In summer she was always at the open door to meet him, and in winter her cheery lamp burned always at the cottage window. When she was twelve years old she herself proposed to keep house for him. There were three rooms in their little cottage, all on one floor, besides the unfinished garret overhead. From room to room of these three she could trundle herself round. She contrived to do a good many household tasks, and, with a neighbour hired to come and help each day, she managed well, and was the proudest of little housewives. Of late, however, she had been growing weaker, and her father had insisted that she should not be left alone at all. So the neighbour who helped her stayed all day, now, but went home at night when Dan came; for he was not ready to give up the pleasure of having his darling quite to himself in the long evenings.

Now, as he entered the yard, his step grew quicker. All that was shuffling and uncertain passed out of his manner, and he walked with the strong, firm tread of one sure of his welcome. Drawing near, he saw her beaming face at the window, which the light illumined. Round this wistful, loving, waiting face, floated a mass of soft, golden hair, like the halos you see sometimes in old pictures round the brows of saints. When she saw him the blue eyes kindled, then the face disappeared from the window, and when he opened the door there she was, in front of it, with her lips uplifted for his kiss. The neighbour stood by, her things on ready to go, and it struck Dan that there was a look of pity on her face.

'You had better not get too near the child with those wet things on,' she said kindly. 'She's but a weak little thing and she mustn't take cold.'

He started back remorsefully, and did not go up to the girl again until he had taken all his wet things off in his own room, and made himself quite dry and tidy. By this time the neighbour was gone, and he and Eunice sat down together to the supper which waited. He had the keen, hungry appetite of a



"Drawing near, he saw her beaming face in the window."

working man, but it did not keep him from noticing, presently, that the food on his child's plate remained untouched. He laid down his knife and fork, and looked at her anxiously.

'Won't you keep father company a little, deary? You're never hearty, I know, but I want to see you eat *something*.'

She smiled faintly.

'You know you don't let me work any more, father, and I can't get hungry, like you that are busy all day, working for me.'

'Yes, lamb, for you,' he repeated, as if the words gave him pleasure. 'God knows it's all for you, and He knows how thankful I am to have you to work for. Folk talk about my lot being hard, but that's all they know. I wouldn't change places with no man. So long as He leaves me you, I'll never doubt that God loves me.'

The girl sighed, and a look of pain quivered a moment about her lips.

'Take me up, father,' she said, half an hour after, as they sat before the bright fire together. No mother's touch could have been more tender than that rough man's as he lifted the little twisted form into his arms, and laid the sunny head carefully against his bosom. She rested there for a while silently, looking fondly up into his face, and now and then touching his cheeks gently with her thin fingers. At last she said, with an air earnest, yet slightly hesitating, 'You do believe God loves you, don't you, father?'

'Yes, lamb, yes, so long as He leaves me you.'

'But if He didn't leave me,' she persisted, 'wouldn't you believe that, too, was because He loved you?'

The man's face darkened with a sudden terror.

'Look here,' said he, in a voice of entreaty, 'don't talk about that—*don't!* It couldn't be love, no way, that wouldn't leave you. You're all I've got, child —*all.* God don't want to take all away, does He? That's not love.'

(*Concluded at page* 383.)

COUNTY CHATS.

No. XLII.

YORKSHIRE: WEST RIDING.

(*Concluded from page* 366.)

N enormous parish is Halifax. The good folk there use to guillotine any thief who stole up to the value of 13½*d.* A stone platform where the poor wretch died is yet to be seen on Gibbet Hill. The axe so often stained with blood may yet be seen in Halifax Gaol. The British navy is clothed chiefly from Halifax and the neighbourhood. They say that De Foe wrote *Robinson Crusoe* here, and that Herschel played the organ in the parish church.

Huddersfield is a handsome town, built of a light-coloured stone. Here the Luddites who destroyed machinery were very strong in 1812.

Dewsbury was the head-quarters of Christianity in Saxon times. It perhaps means Deus borough. Saxon relics are plentiful. In a township of this extensive parish Robin Hood's tomb is pointed out.

Of Wakefield, Leland speaks thus: 'It is a very quick market towne and meately large; well served of flesch and fisch, both from the se and by rivers, whereof divers be thereabout at hande, so that al vitale is very gode chepe there. A right honest man shall fare well for too pens a meale. The right goodly chapel of Our Ladye is built on the fair bridge of stone over the Calder.' Wakefield has not grown so fast as it neighbours, but it is very well placed on the finest line of inland navigation in the kingdom. Sea-going vessels of 100 tons burden can lade and unlade here.

The Duke of York who fell in the battle on Wakefield Green lived at Sandal Castle, close by. The Queen, who led the opposite party, drew him out of his castle by calling him a coward. He had far fewer men than she, and his great bravery could not make up for want of numbers.

Many old legends hang about the crumbling walls of Pontefract. For 600 years its castle was the terror of the district. It had horrible dungeons, massive walls, seven towers, a very deep moat. Here it is said Richard II. was hewn to death by battle-axes, but not before he had slain four of his assailants with his own hand; a deed worthy of the son of the Black Prince. Some deny the truth of this story, but there is no doubt that many nobles and commoners shed their blood here. It is now notable for its market-gardens, and from around the site of the grim old castle Leeds and other towns are fed. Much liquorice is grown here, and the well-known Pomfret cakes, as black as your hat, have the impress of a castle on them.

Doncaster is a fine and famous town. The old church of St. George was burnt down in 1853, but it has been replaced by one nearly as handsome.

The remains of Conisbrough Castle are worthy of notice. There is a magnificent keep supported by six buttresses. It has three stories above ground and one dreary dungeon below.

Barnsley owes much of its good fortune to the old monks, who got it the privilege of a market. The road from Barnsley to Wakefield is one of the prettiest in the kingdom, and this town is one of the oldest seats of industry, producing in other days the best wire in England.

Near Cawthorne is Cannon Hall, where they show you Little John's bow. The front of Wentworth House is no less than 600 feet long. Here is Vandyke's famous picture of the great Earl of Strafford dictating a letter to his secretary. Two lofty columns mark Wentworth; one commemorates the suppression of the rising of 1745, the other is in honour of Admiral Keppel and the British fleet. The famous Earl of Strafford was tried in Westminster Hall. The trial lasted eighteen days. On the 12th of May, 1641, he was taken from the Tower to the scaffold and died with wonderful composure. His enemies could not deny his greatness and courage, but one of them, named Pym, branded him with the name of 'The Wicked Earl.'

Penistone is a very cold place, seated on the outskirts of dreary moors. A famous blind man was born in this parish, named Saunderson. When in the garden of Christ College some students were taking the sun's height, he could tell when the lightest cloud passed over the bright disk. When he entered a room he could tell its size by the sound of his footsteps.

Silver-plating was invented at Sheffield, and Britannia metal, and steel-grinding wheels. A fatal disease, called 'The grinder's asthma,' is caused by breathing the minute particles of steel and stone thrown off by the rapid motion of the grindstone. Very few grinders survive the age of forty-five. The Master Cutler is the head of the town, and a bundle of arrows is in the arms. The country hereabout is charming, but its beauty is marred by the Sheffield smoke. At Colliery Mount 389 people were buried in 1832. Near the town are the famous Wharncliffe woods, where the deer run wild. From the lodge a grand view is obtained: old oaks—low

grey rocks—ferns of unusual size—shining holly-trees —and, below, the Don rolling darkly—'a woody, rocky, stony, vast wilderness.'

A family in Rotherham still has a coin of Richard I., given to an ancestor by Charles I., when he spent a night in the town. Leland says: 'there be veri good pittes of coal, and there be veri good smiths here.' Many of the cannon used by our Jack Tars in the great wars of Nelson were cast here.

At Kiveton the Dukes of Leeds used to live. Their ancestor, Edward Osborne, was apprentice to a merchant named Hewit. Hewit's shop was on old London Bridge. One day Osborne heard screams, and rushing to the spot found that the nurse had dropped Hewit's infant daughter into the Thames. Osborne leaped into the river and rescued the child. Years went by, and the child became Osborne's wife. One of the Osbornes afterwards was saved by a cat. He was on his way from one room to join his elder brother in another room, when he met a favourite cat and crept under the table to play with it. Meanwhile a great storm of wind blew down the stack of chimneys on his brother and killed him. This child became Earl of Danby and Duke of Leeds.

When kings and queens of old visited Yorkshire, they were met in the wide streets of Bawtry by the sheriff of the county and a train of attendants.

G. S. O.

THE SANDPIPER.

ACROSS the lonely beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud, black and swift, across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Nor flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong,
He scans me with a fearless eye;
Staunch friends are we, well-tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

CELIA THAXTER.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

296. IN three famous seaport towns,
Call them X, Y, Z,
Sailors spend their hard-won crowns
Far too fast, 'tis said;
Mid the battle and the breeze,
Hearty to the core,
Grudge not Jack his merry sprees
When he comes ashore.

Hark! the ship *Bellerophon*
Must be ready got;
Every sailor, every gun,
In the ordered spot.
She must have, when all are told,
Seven times seventy men,
Each one ready to uphold
England's proud R.N.

Four, with ten times forty, lie
In the town of Z;
Twelve times sixty-three in Y
Find their board and bed;
Eighty tens, all choice A.B.'s,
X has in her streets.
Fitted for the worst of seas,
Or the best of fleets.

When the telegraphic wire
Swiftly passes down
What the powers above require
From each seaport town,
Tell me how must X, Z, Y,
Meet the stern demand?
What must each in men supply
To the good ship's band?

G. S. O.

ENIGMAS.

297. I'VE no wings to fly with nor legs to run,
Yet I travel everywhere under the sun.
I travel by land, I travel by sea,
By day and by night no matter to me.
My owner sends me off with a licking,
And where I'm placed, there I remain sticking,
For I never move from the place I'm put,
Not even an inch, a yard, or a foot.
After a while they disfigure my face,
As much as to say, 'Now start on your race,
And carry your burden, whate'er that may be,
To rich and to poor, o'er land and o'er sea.'

298. PRAY place my *second* in my *first*
Which is beside the sea,
And when with luxuries 'tis crown'd
And smiling faces all around
My *whole* your lot will be.

299. MY *first* consider—You will find it then
The mighty instrument of skilful men;
My *second*, reader, you will find
A proper study for mankind;
Without my *third* would never o'er the seas
Old England's fame been borne upon the breeze.
My *whole* to shine in, you must care impart;
I am a simple but a useful art.

300. MY *first* is a pronoun possessive,
The form of my *second* is round,
And my *whole* is the name of a fish
Which on shoals is most frequently found.

[*Answers at page* 391.]

A WISE DOG.

ONE day two Skye terriers were walking with their owner by the side of the River Lune, and while indulging in their usual frolics the younger dog fell into the river. Fan gave a piteous whine and ran to the foot of the embankment. There she found Guess trying with her fore-feet to scramble up a low wall which protects the banks at the water's edge. Fan seized her companion's ear, but, finding that she was losing her footing, and likely to be pulled into the water, she let go her sister's ear, and poor Guess had to undergo a second ducking. However, Fan managed to plant her feet more securely, with her breast resting on the bank, and again seized her friend by the ear, and with a strong and determined pull she managed to save the younger dog from being drowned.

An Unaccountable Knock.

AN UNACCOUNTABLE KNOCK.

SOME years ago a gentleman removed into a new house with his family. Shortly after, he was aroused in the middle of the night by a distinct knocking at his bedroom door. He called out, 'Who is there?' but there was no reply. After a few minutes the knocking was repeated as distinctly as before. Again the question was asked, 'Who is there?' and again no reply. The third knocking was very loud, and the irritated gentleman sprang out of bed and rushed to the door, determined to catch the knocker. But there was no one outside! and no one could have escaped down the staircase, which was a well staircase, and, moreover, was brilliantly lighted by the moon.

It did seem rather mysterious, and the bewildered man returned to bed with a beating heart and ears painfully awake. Again came the knocking, clear and distinct as before! Although feeling rather uneasy, the gentleman crept silently to the door, and lay down, with his head on the boards, a few feet from the door, to find out if possible from what part of the door the knocking proceeded. When it came again he could distinctly refer it to the lowest panel. Suddenly he opened the door, but again with no result. He discovered, however, the knuckle bone of a leg of lamb, and fixing his eyes on this, he saw that it was jerked repeatedly against the skirting of the boards.

The mystery was now revealed. A mouse had dragged this bone to the entrance of its hole, but could not pull it through. It was holding on by the tough bit of sinew attached to the end of the bone, and was jerking it back and forward, thus producing the knocking sound which had seemed so mysterious.

This story shows that many sights and sounds which seem mysterious may be explained by a little perseverance and common sense. M. K.

TENACITY OF LIFE IN THE WOLF.

THREE large wolves having made havoc among the train-dogs of a party of fur-hunters, a price was set upon their heads. An old experienced wolf is not easy to catch; indeed, his cunning in avoiding all traps is quite wonderful. But an old Canadian, hoping to gain the reward, set some spring-traps, which he fastened by a chain to a very large piece of wood. A terrible storm kept the old trapper at home for three days, but at length he visited his traps, and found one wolf caught and dead. The second trap had been set off without catching its prey, while the third trap had disappeared. After long and vain searching the old Canadian gave up hope of discovering his lost trap, and solaced himself by having gained one prize for the one wolf he had snared.

A month afterwards the people of Green Lake (about ninety miles distant from the spot where the traps had been set) saw a wolf walking on one of their lakes apparently with much difficulty. It was pursued and killed, and then discovered to be the very wolf which had stolen the trap, for the cumbrous steel was still attached to his leg. The wretched animal must have suffered much as he wandered through the forest for a whole month, dragging the heavy trap in the midst of the most intense cold. It was reduced to a mere skeleton from hunger, and this strange occurrence proves a tenacity of life in the wolf difficult to understand. D. B. McKean.

COALS OF FIRE.

GUY MORGAN came in with rapid step and an impetuous manner. His mother looked up from her work. There was a round red spot in each cheek and an ominous glitter in his eyes. She knew the signs. That naturally fierce temper of his had been stirred in some way to a heat which had kindled his whole nature. He threw down his cap, threw himself at her feet, and then he said, 'Never say, after this, that I don't love you, mother.'

'I think I never *did* say so,' she answered, gently, 'But what have you done to prove your love for me just now?'

'Taken a blow without returning it.'

She bent over and kissed him where he sat. He was fifteen years old, a great tall fellow, with muscles like steel, but he had not grown above liking his mother's kisses. Then she said softly, 'Tell me all about it, Guy.'

'Oh, it was Dick Osgood! You know what a mean, bullying fellow he is, anyhow. He had been tormenting some of the younger boys—nagging them till I couldn't stand it. They are every one afraid for their lives where he is. I told him he ought to be ashamed of himself, and tried to make him leave off, till, after a while, he got stirred up, and he turned from them, and coming to me he struck me in the face. I believe the mark of his claws is there now,' and he turned toward her the other cheek, which he had kept carefully away from her up to this time. She saw the marks clearly, and she trembled herself with sympathy and secret indignation.

'Well,' she said, 'and you—what did you do?'

'I remembered what I had promised you for this year, and I took it—think of it, mother—*took* it, and never touched him! I just looked into his eyes and said, "If I should strike you back I should lower myself to your level." He laughed a great scornful horse-laugh, and, said he, "You hear, boys, Morgan's turned preacher! You had better wait before you lecture me on my behaviour to the little ones till you have pluck enough to defend them. I've heard about the last impudence I shall take from a coward like you." The boys laughed, and some of them said,

"Good for you, Osgood!" and I came home. I had done it for the sake of my promise to you, for I'm stronger than he is any day; and *you* know, mother, whether there's a drop of coward blood in my veins. I thought you were the one to comfort me, though it isn't comfort I want so much, either. I just want you to release me from that promise, and let me go back and thrash him.'

Mrs. Morgan's heart thrilled with silent thanksgiving. Her boy's temper had been her greatest grief. His father was dead, and she had brought him up alone, and sometimes she was afraid her too great tenderness had spoiled him. She had tried in vain to curb his passionate nature. It was a power which no bands could bind. She had concluded, at last, that the only hope was in enlisting his own powerful will, and making him resolve to conquer himself. Now, she thought, he had shown himself capable of self-control. In the midst of his rage he had remembered his pledge to her, and kept it. He would yet be his own master—this brave boy of hers.

'Better heap coals of fire on his head! she said quietly.

'Yes, he deserves a good scorching'—pretending to misunderstand her—'but I should not have thought *you* would have been so vindictive.'

'You know well enough what kind of coals I meant, and Who it was that said, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." I cannot release you from your promise until the year for which you made it is over. I think the Master who told us to render good for evil understood all the wants and passions of humanity better than any other teacher has ever understood them. I am sure that what He said must be wise, and right, and best. I want you to try His way first. If that fails, there will be time enough after this year to make a different experiment.'

'Well, I promised you,' he said, 'and I'll show you that, at least, I'm strong enough to keep my word until you release me from it. I think, though, you don't quite know how tough it is.'

Mrs. Morgan thought she did know just about how 'tough' it was to boy-nature to be called a coward; but she knew, also, that the truest bravery on earth is the bravery of endurance.

'Look out for the coals of fire!' she said smilingly, as her boy started off for school the next morning. 'Keep a good watch, and I'm pretty sure you'll find them before the summer is over.'

But he came home that night depressed and a little gloomy. There had always been a sort of rivalry between him and Dick Osgood, and now the boys seemed to have gone over to the stronger side, and he had that feeling of humiliation and disgrace which is as bitter to a boy as the sense of defeat ever is to a man.

The weeks went on, and the feeling wore away a little. Still that blow, unavenged and unatoned, rankled in Guy's mind, and made him unsocial and ill at ease. His mother watched him with some anxiety, but she did not interfere. She had the true wisdom to leave him to learn some of the lessons of life alone.

At length came the last day of school, succeeded next day by a picnic, in which all the scholars were to join, superintended by their teachers. Guy Morgan hesitated a little, then he settled to go. The place selected was a lovely spot, known in all the neighbourhood as 'The Old Mill.' It was on the banks of the Quassit River, where the stream ran fast, and the grass on its brink was green, and great trees with drooping boughs shut away the garish July sunlight.

Among the rest were Dick Osgood and his little sister Hetty—the one human being whom he seemed really to love. The teacher's eyes were on him for this one day, and he neither ventured to insult the older scholars or bully the little ones. He and Guy kept apart as much as they conveniently could, and Guy entered into the spirit of the day, and really enjoyed it more than he had enjoyed anything for the past two months.

Dinner was spread on the grass, and nothing taken at home on civilised black walnut, and from regulation dishes, was ever tasted with half the zest which went to the enjoyment of these viands, eaten with pewter spoons out of crockery of every hue and kind.

They made dinner last as long as they could, and then they scattered here and there, some swinging in hammocks, some lounging on the grass, and a group standing on the bridge a few hundred yards above the falls and playing at fishing. Among these latter were Dick Osgood and his sister. Guy Morgan was at a little distance with one of the teachers, pulling to pieces a curious flower, and talking botany. Suddenly a wild cry rose above the sultry stillness of the summer afternoon and the hum of quiet voices round—Dick Osgood's cry, 'She's in, boys! Hetty's in the river, and *I* can't swim! Oh, save her! save her! Will *no* one try?'

Before the words were out of his lips, they all saw Guy Morgan coming on with flying feet—a race for life. He unbuttoned coat and vest as he ran, and cast them off as he neared the bridge. He kicked off his summer shoes, and threw himself over. They heard him strike the water. He went under, rose again, and then struck out toward the golden head, which rose just then for the second time. Every one who stood there lived moments which seemed like hours.

The boys and Mr. Sharp, the teacher with whom Guy had been talking, got a strong rope, and, running down the stream, threw it out on the water just above the falls, where Guy could reach it if he could get so near the shore—*if!* The water was very deep where Hetty had fallen in, and the river ran fast. It was sweeping the poor child on, and Dick Osgood threw himself upon the bridge, and sobbed and screamed like one gone mad. When she rose the third time she was near the falls. A moment more and she would go over, down on the jagged, cruel rocks beneath. But that third time Guy Morgan caught her—caught her by her long, glistening, golden hair. Mr. Sharp shouted to him. He saw the rope and swam towards it, his strong right arm beating the water back with hammer strokes; his left motionless, holding his white burden.

'O God!' Mr. Sharp prayed, fervently; 'keep

Guy Morgan "unbuttoned his coat and vest as he ran."

him up, spare his strength a little longer—a little longer!'

A moment more and he reached the rope, clung to it desperately, and boys and teacher drew the two in over the slippery edge, out of the horrible seething waters, and took them in their arms, both silent, both motionless. Mr. Sharp spoke Guy's name, but he did not answer. Would either of them ever answer again?

Teachers and scholars went to work alike for their restoration. It was well there was intelligent guidance, or their best endeavours might have failed. Guy, being the stronger, was the first to revive.

'Is Hetty safe?' was his anxious question.

'Only God knows!' Mr. Sharp answered, solemnly. 'We are doing our best.'

It was almost half an hour more before pretty Hetty opened her blue eyes. Meantime, Dick had

Dick Osgood asking Guy to forgive him.

been utterly frantic and helpless. He had sobbed, and groaned, and cried, and prayed, even, in a wild fashion of his own, which perhaps the pitying Father understood and answered. When he heard his sister's voice he was like one beside himself with joy, until Mr. Sharp quieted him by a few low, firm words, which were audible to no one else.

Some of the elder girls arranged one of the waggons, and, getting into it, received Hetty in their arms.

Mr. Sharp drove Guy Morgan home. When they reached his mother's gate Guy insisted on going in alone. He thought it might alarm her to see some one helping him; besides, he wanted her a few moments quite to himself. So Mr. Sharp drove away, and Guy went in. His mother saw him coming and opened the door.

'Where have you been?' she cried, seeing his wet, disordered plight.

'In Quassit River, mother, fishing out Hetty Osgood.'

Then, while she was busying herself in preparations for his comfort, he quietly told his story. His mother's eyes were dim, and her heart throbbed chokingly.

'Oh, if *you* had been drowned, my boy, my darling!' she cried, hugging him close, wet as he was, as if she would hold him back from all dangers for ever. 'If I had been there, Guy, I couldn't have let you do it.'

'I went in after the coals of fire, mother.'

Mrs. Morgan knew how to laugh with her boy, as well as how to cry over him. 'I've heard of people smart enough to set the river on fire,' she said, 'but you are the first one I ever knew who went in there after the coals.'

The next morning came a number of the boys, with Dick Osgood at their head. Every one was there who had seen the blow which Dick struck, and heard his taunts afterwards. They came into the sitting-room, and said their say to Guy before his mother. Dick was spokesman.

'I have come,' he said, 'to ask you to forgive me. I struck you a mean blow, Guy. You received it with noble contempt. To provoke you into fighting I called you a coward, meaning to bring you down to my own level. You bore that, too, with a greatness I was not great enough to understand. I do understand it now. I have seen you—all we boys have seen you—face to face with Death, and seen that you weren't afraid of him. You fought with him and came off ahead; and we all are come to do honour to the bravest boy in town, and I to thank you for a life a great deal dearer and better worth saving than my own.'

Dick broke down just there, for the tears choked him.

Guy was as grand in his forgiveness as he had been in his forbearance.

Hetty and her father and mother came afterwards, and Guy found himself made a hero of before he knew it. But none of it all moved him as did his mother's few fond words and the pride in her joyful eyes. He had kept, with honour and with patience, his pledge to her, and he had his reward. The Master's way of peace had not misled him.

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

WE were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep,—
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, 'Cut away the mast!

So we shuddered there in silence,—
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

And as thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy with his prayers,
'We are lost!' the Captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
'Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?'

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbour
When the morn was smiling clear.

J. T. FIELDS.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

301. MANY are the metal pieces
Circulating o'er the earth;
Stamped with words and heads of Cæsars,
Each one much or little worth;
Money makes the mare to trot,
Be it cowrie, crown, or cent,
Guinea, pistole, pice or plott,
Or whatever may be spent.

In the sunny south one meets
Coins we seldom handle here;
Lire and grain buy our sweets,
Golden scudi better cheer;
In the pocket, or the bag,
Chink the dollar and pistole,
Till one wants to hire a nag,
Heap the plate, or fill the bowl.

Seventy-two carlini are
Worth an English crown and pound;
Shillings four are on a par
With five francs, as we have found
If we offer scudi eight,
Francs just forty-five they show;
What carlini then, my mate,
To a hundred scudi go? G. S. O.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

302. (1.) EECRKALM—a beautiful fish, best when caught in May or June.

(2.) EEOALTPN—a graceful animal, which takes bounding leaps.

(3.) EGHSRHNFK—a bird of inelegant shape but beautiful plumage.

(4.) AASSRBLTO—a large bird, whose wings sometimes measure fifteen feet. It is found in the Southern Ocean.

(5.) LAAGRITLO—a ferocious creature with a very large mouth. It will often even attack and conquer a tiger.

(6.) EOARHNPDPS—a curious insect inhabiting running streams of fresh or salt water and seen hopping about by the seaside.

(7.) AAANCDON—a serpent of enormous size and strength. It has been known to conquer a tiger.

(8.) EEAATTNR—an animal which feeds on small insects, for which purpose it has a long

tongue, covered with glutinous saliva, by which it catches its prey.

(9.) Ladmriola—an animal with a complete coat of armour. Can roll itself up as a ball.

(10.) Faithssr—a curious fish, which appears to have no head, tail, fins, nor gills. It has hundreds of little suckers which seem like minute legs; by these it moves and seizes its food.

(11.) Yoeadmrdr—an animal much used by man. It is very docile and in some parts of the world is indispensable.

(12.) Eamnholce—may be called a complete 'turn-coat.' It can move its eyes independently of each other. It feeds on insects, and can abstain a long time from food.

LONDON NEWSPAPERS.

303. (1.) Taxes press me in D.
(2.) Dad rants.
(3.) Lady swine.
(4.) I must say Ned.
(5.) No, Denis, we'll trust no lad.
(6.) We peck this lady.

[*Answers at page* 391.]

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

(*Concluded from page* 374.)

THE girl stretched her arm up and drew it round his neck, and laid her face on his shoulder to hide the tears she could not keep back. But she made no answer. After a while he asked a sudden question, breathlessly, as if a suspicion had pierced him with a pang too sharp to be borne: 'Has Dr. Peters been here to-day, Eunice?'

She trembled a little, but she answered quietly, 'Yes, father.'

'And he says you're going, does he, the way your mother went? Child, don't you believe him! You *shan't* go. My love will keep you alive. Hasn't it kept you now fourteen year? Why, the doctor said you wouldn't live the first time he laid you in my arms! But you *have* lived, and here you are, and here I'll hold you. Hasn't my love kept you so long?'

'Your love, and God's love, father. But what if He thinks now that it's time for me to go home?'

'Then I'll not say it's love. I'll say He's a hard master. Don't talk, lammie; let me think.'

And then they sat on silently for a long, still hour, and the wood fire burned brightly, and now and then a brand dropped on the hearth, and that and the storm outside were the only sounds which broke the stillness, save when, once or twice, a great gasping sob tore up from Shuffling Dan's deep chest. At last he bent over, and turned his girl's face toward him, and looked into it with eager, hungry eyes.

'It'll be a sorry world, lamb,' he said, 'when you're not in it, when there's nobody waiting at the door, and no light burning in the winder.'

She looked up, her blue eyes full of tears.

'Father,' she said, gently, 'don't you know you've told me, sometimes, how the thought that I was waiting made it easy for you to get home, when the storms drove ever so hard, and kept you from wanting to turn into the tavern?'

'Yes, lamb, yes; but what will keep me on my way when you're *gone?*' he answered, bitterly.

'I thought of the times you had said that, father, after Dr. Peters went away to-day, and I wondered if it wasn't God's love that was going to take me to the heavenly home, so as to make it easier for you to come. I'll wait for you there, father, and I won't be lame any more, and I'll come to meet you when you get on that threshold—as I never could here—strong and free, father, strong and free. Won't it make it easy for you to come on in spite of storms, and not turn aside by the way, when you know I'm waiting there, just as sure as ever I waited here?'

But the father said nothing. He only held her against his aching heart, held her till bedtime came, and then carried her to her room, and left her there with a long, sad, silent kiss.

After that night he never returned again to the subject. He saw that she failed every day, but he could not talk about it, and she understood him too well to urge him. Every day he went to his work; now was not the time to fail, when she needed unwonted luxuries, and might need them no one knew how long. Every night he came home to her, his face pallid with apprehension. At last she grew too weak to sit up any more, and lay patiently all day on her little bed, bearing without a moan her torturing pain, and never forgetting at night to have the lamp put in the window—the beacon light for the father coming home.

Just at the last there was a time when all knew that the end was near. That week her father did not go to his work. There was money enough for all she would ever need in this life, and more. So, motionless, except when he could do something for her comfort, he sat all day long by her pillow, and watched her, save when sometimes his agony grew too mighty to be borne, and he had to rush away from her, out under the desolate grey sky, where the winter winds were blowing, and pour out the bitterness of his woe to the silent night.

Eunice watched him, too, in her turn, with loving, anxious, searching gaze, but she saw no hope in his face. She knew that he was hardening his heart. There came a night, at length, when he was with her alone. A woman who had come to watch had fallen asleep in the other room. Dan would not waken her—he was greedy of every moment in which he could have his girl all to himself. So he sat as usual, looking at her silently, and she as silently gazed back into his face with her great, far-seeing blue eyes. At last she said, 'Then I must not wait for you there, father? You *won't* come?'

He looked at her with startled gaze. He had never thought of the matter in that light before. She waited a moment, and then went on, 'I thought you would *want* to come, father. I thought you

"They sat silently for a long, still hour."

would see how God meant to draw you to Him by taking me first. And I thought I could die easy, feeling sure of your coming, and then wait for you there a little while. But you won't *see* God's love, and you won't *feel* that I'm waiting.'

Something touched his heart at last—her look, perhaps, or her words, or her tone of piteous pleading, or all these combined. He sank sobbing on his knees beside her.

'God pity me!' he gasped. 'God forgive me! Wait for me there, lamb—I'll come, surely. I'll walk in His way.'

Does not my story fitly end here, where Eunice's work ended? Her life went out, after that, painlessly and quietly. Her hand was in her father's to the very last, and he murmured, in answer to the appeal in her dying eyes, 'I'll come, lamb, *surely!*'

He buried his girl beside her mother; but to him she is not dead. He believes, simple, honest soul! that God's love has given him one of the many mansions, and that she waits for him there, at its window, her face illumined by a light which will never grow dim or fade away.

Peter.

PETER.

MY dog Peter was well known in the Indian station where I resided for a number of years. He was a pure-bred English bull-terrier. He had been brought out to India when quite a puppy by a married friend of mine, but from his boisterous disposition and mischievous habits the lady insisted upon his being given away—so that is how he came to me. Peter differed from most dogs in being very fond of cats, though his attentions to pussy were not always well received. Full of life and spirits, he was rather rough in his playful moods. In the midst of a romp, he would suddenly seize the cat by the tail and tear down the veranda with her, for which behaviour he would receive some pretty severe scratches. With kittens he was extremely gentle, frequently stealing them to play with when their mother's back was turned.

Peter never bit any one, but he had his dislikes, and among other things that he strongly objected to was the pith hats which Europeans wear in India to protect the head from the fierce rays of the sun; he would sit under the hat-stand for an hour at a time, watching a chance to get at the obnoxious hats. Many a time a strange visitor to my bungalow lost his hat by putting it upon a chair or table. Peter was always on the look-out, and though following the new arrival into the room with every demonstration of welcome, he had only one object in view all the time, and that was the hat. If chance favoured him it was instantly seized, and neither shouts or chasing, sticks or stones, threats or endearments, were of any avail, for Peter never parted with his prize till the soft substance was torn to shreds; he would then come galloping home in high glee with triumphant barks.

A missionary called one morning, and, as it was intensely hot, we sat in the veranda sipping our tea. We got into such an interesting conversation that I forgot all about Peter, and omitted to warn the visitor to take care of his hat, which he kept on his head. In the midst of our consultation Master Peter crept slily up behind the gentleman's chair, then bounded on to his head, crushing his hat down over his face, tearing away the upper part, leaving the battered rim hanging round the victim's neck; the poor man sprang to his feet in great consternation, thinking, no doubt, that the dog was mad, and it was not for some time I could explain matters. However, as I always kept a stock of hats—well locked up—I was able to give him a new one. Peter's mischievous tricks were many. In trotting behind my pony into the station he would plunge into any of the numerous tanks and scatter the ducks and geese in fine style, or run off with a chicken, giving the old hen a fine chase before he would put it gently on the ground. Sometimes he would rush in among the bare legs of a crowd of natives, all damp as he was after having a swim, and send them tumbling up against one another; or he would jump suddenly into a basket of rice and frighten the man carrying it out of his wits. But he was known to be harmless, so the natives soon came to laugh at his tricks, calling him, good-naturedly, the *pagla kooter* (mad dog). O. W.

THE LITTLE MOTHER.

SOLOMON GILL had grown old and grey in the Eyrie Lighthouse—not so old as he was grey, however, for grey hairs come fast when one has nothing to do but to watch the sea and the sky.

He was, after all, only thirty-five years old, though he looked much more than that when he married, and carried his wife home to the Light.

She was a cheery, sweet-faced, sweet-voiced little woman, who loved him quite well enough to be willing to go away with him from the rest of the world, and live in his sea-girt solitude. He was dearly fond of her also, and after she came there his life with her was so serene and happy that he seemed to cease to grow old, life seemed to stand still with him at its noon. In the first year of their marriage a little girl came to them. The lighthouse-keeper was a kind rather than a fond father, for all the warmth and tenderness of his nature had so centred in his wife that he seemed to have little left to give even to her child. Still he cared for the little Maggie in his own way, and for eleven happy years the three lived on there together—those three and no more.

Then came a day which brought another baby to fill the long-empty lighthouse cradle, but whose setting sun shone above the keeper's wife still and dead. Her death had been so sudden that she had had time for no last words, no last charges—only just before she passed away she had opened her eyes and seen her husband watching beside her. 'I love you, dear; I love you!' the lips, almost cold, even then, had faltered, and after that they never spoke more.

In spite of his children, Solomon Gill felt that Heaven had bereaved him utterly. He did not even wish to see the baby; he could not bear to, he said. One day Maggie went to him with the helpless, motherless little morsel in her arms.

'Look at her, father!' she said, pleadingly. 'She has come to comfort you in mother's stead.'

Solomon Gill was not a cruel or unfeeling man by nature, if he had been his Mary could not have loved him; but there are few things more cruel than even the kindest soul becomes when absorbed in a personal sorrow, which it receives as a token of God's wrath instead of His love. Solomon Gill was desolate in the world, because he felt that a God punished him, and he forgot that a Father loved him. Out of the bitterness of his heart he answered his child.

'As if that atom could be anything to me in your mother's stead! As if *any one* could! Why, child, your mother was all I had in the world. I had waited for her long, lonesome years before I found her, and after she came I was never sad or lonesome again until she left me.'

Maggie was too self-forgetful to feel the bitterness toward herself of his words; but she grieved sorely for the poor baby, who had no welcome, whom nobody seemed to want. It was two months, then, after her mother's funeral. The nurse, who had tended the little one at first, had gone away, and a rough, coarse woman, whose services could be cheaply hired,

had come in her stead, to whose clumsy handling Maggie could not trust the frail little baby without a shudder. She hugged the wee thing closer to her heart as she turned away after her father had done speaking.

'No one wants thee, my darling, but me,' she said, crooning over it like a mother; 'but *I* want thee, and I'll be thy little mother.'

And from that moment she took the baby into her care, into her own heart and life. She gave up everything to the little creature, and tended her by night and by day. Her father never seemed to notice or care; but people who came and went were touched to see the quiet, womanly little girl of eleven devoting herself with such grave, sweet care, to the helpless baby, and she was soon known as 'the little mother' wherever the lighthouse people were known at all.

She named the child 'Mary,' after her own mother; but her father never asked what its name was, never called it by any name at all, never lifted it up in fatherly arms, or in any way, even the slightest, showed any love or care for it.

Now, indeed, he grew old fast. Before his wife had been dead a year every hair on his head was white, and while yet under fifty he looked and seemed like a very old man. Still there was a hard, unbroken strength about him, and in spite of his appearance of old age no one thought of him as unequal to his work. He discharged all its duties with grim fidelity, but beyond them he shunned all association with living interests. He never talked even to Maggie; but when he was all alone his voice was often heard—now tender, now imploring, full sometimes of hope, sometimes of despair—till Maggie feared that he was getting crazy, for some instinct told her that it was to her dead mother that he was calling, calling always, and always in vain. In spite of his cold silence toward her, she loved him dearly and watched him anxiously, for God had implanted in this girl's heart so strongly the Divine principle of tenderness that no coldness could chill, no neglect could extinguish it.

From her little sister her reward for her self-devotion came to her from the first. Baby Mary's first smile was for her, her first words were 'Mammy Maggie,' and her first tiny steps ran eagerly after her little mother. Maggie used to wonder how it was possible that her father never noticed all those childish charms of voice and gesture, and pretty clinging ways.

For the first five years of her life Baby Mary was a singularly healthy child. She had had none of those childish diseases which cost watching mothers so many anxious nights. Even her little white teeth had pricked through almost painlessly, and the little mother used to say, in a grave, matron-like way, which would have been very amusing had there been any one except old Peggy to be amused at it, that she did not see what made other people's children ail so much, hers was never sick.

She was all the more alarmed, therefore, when she was wakened one night by the restless moaning of her little girl, and found the arms, and limbs, and the whole little body burning with fever.

'Me feel so bad! me feel so bad!' the little creature cried, as she tossed restlessly about. 'What *makes* Mammy Maggie let Mamy feel so bad, and not do nothing at all?'

Maggie's heart sank within her. Could it be that she was going to lose her child, her darling? How could she ever bear it? She bathed the hot head and burning body, but she could not cool them. Of illness she had had no experience, though she was now sixteen years old. One thing was certain—the child must have wiser aid than hers. She dared not wait till morning. She slipped on her clothes hurriedly; then she waked up old Peggy.

'Mamy is sick,' she said. 'You must sit by her while I go to father.'

Then she climbed the steep, winding stairs to the tower-room, where all night her father tended the lamp whose extinction would be so fatal.

'Father,' she said, 'Mary is very sick.'

For one instant the man started forward with a strange gleam of hope in his dull eyes. Then he dropped back again into his old listless attitude, for he remembered that 'Mary' meant something quite other to his child than to him.

'Don't you hear, father?' the girl cried; 'Mary is very sick, and must have a doctor.'

'Well, I'll row over to shore in the morning and get one,' he answered, stolidly.

'Morning won't do. I dare not wait. You have never cared for her all her life, but surely you will not let her die, as you wouldn't dare to let a stranger?'

'There's not many hours between now and morning, and I can't leave the light.'

'Then *I* will go,' colour rising in her cheeks, courage looking from her eyes.

'You!' There was a little scorn in his tone. 'Why, the sea's like yeast.'

But she was gone.

'Peggy,' she said, fastening her waterproof cloak at the throat, 'I am going for a doctor. I shall be back in an hour and a half, if fortune favours me. Father won't go, and I dare not let Mary wait without help till morning.'

'The holy saints help ye! Have ye gone daft entirely?'

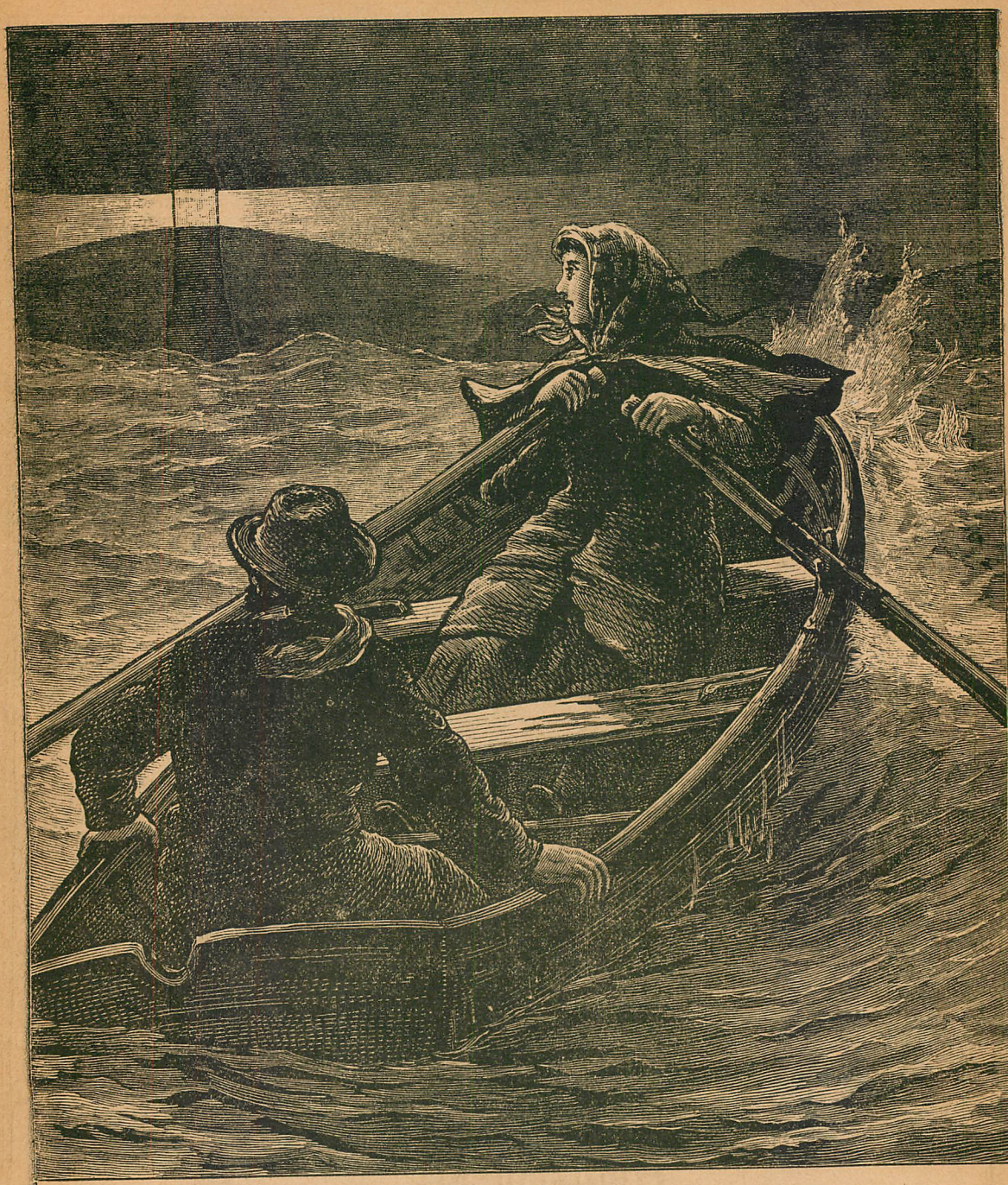
'No, I am strong, and not afraid. I go in a good cause, and the *Lord* will help me.'

So in five minutes she was off, in her rocking boat, on the surging, yeasty sea. It was an expedition of no little peril; but He Who helped His disciples long ago to walk over the treacherous waves, cared, I think, not less for this little girl who loved Him. Every billow which broke against her boat seemed to urge it on—the wind was charmed from harming her—the waves were her servants. She moored her boat at last on the safe shore of the mainland, and hurried away after a physician, drenched through herself; but that she did not mind, if, indeed, she knew it.

'To go out to the Light?' the physician asked, curiously, when she had roused him and told her errand. 'But how am I to get there?'

'As I came, sir. I'll row you back in my boat. Oh, do not wait! What if my poor little sister should die?'

'And you came alone, at midnight, over this unquiet sea?'



Maggie rowing Dr. Green to the Lighthouse.

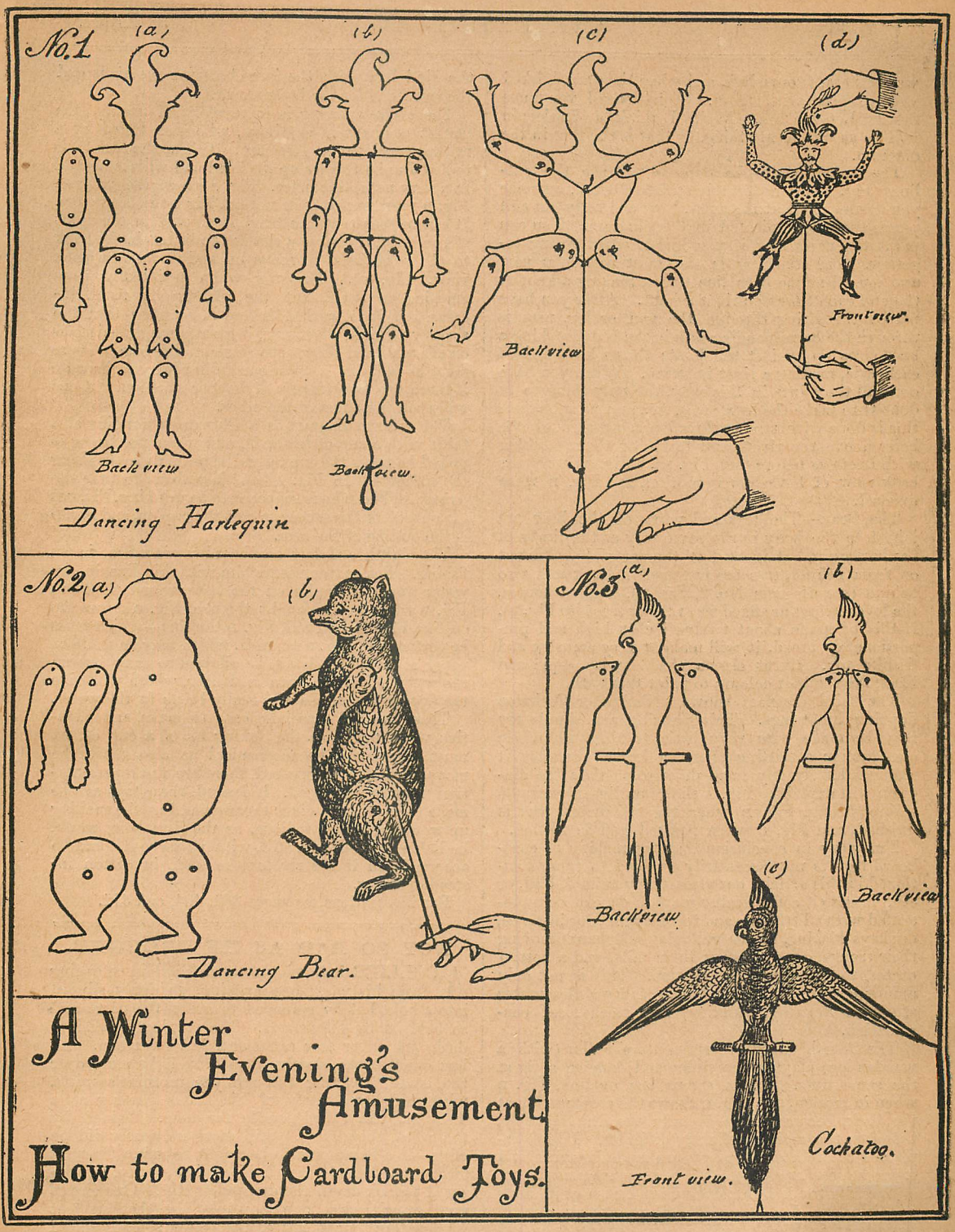
'Yes, sir,' and she blushed painfully. 'Father could not leave the light, and she was so sick I dared not wait.'

'I'll go. Yes, I'll go at once. I believe your boat must be a safe one to take passage in; yes, yes'—muttering on to himself, as every one knew Dr. Green's fashion was—'a very safe boat, with One higher than we are at the helm.'

(*Concluded at page* 395.)

CARDBOARD TOYS.

HERE are the long winter evenings again. What shall we do with them? Many active brains and still more active fingers are eager for employment. Shall we play cards? No; tired of that. Get out the toys? Oh, no; they are all the same old things. Shall we make some toys ourselves? Oh, yes, that's something new; while we are doing them



A Winter Evening's Amusement.

How to make Cardboard Toys.

we shall amuse ourselves, and when they are finished we can play with them. What shall we make first? Let me see. Well, I think a Harlequin will be as well as anything, as that is the first in the diagram.

The first thing to be done is to trace the outlines (Fig. A) on moderately stiff cardboard, any size you desire, then cut the arms, legs, and body out and pierce the holes indicated in the diagram. You can paint the parts now if you like or when strung together. The stringing is the most particular part and must be done with fine twine, making a knot at the end each time you rivet a joint. After you have passed the string through the arm or leg, pass it through the corresponding hole in the body, making a knot close up against the joint; thus a knot will be each side, making a rivet in string. When you have done all the joints in this way, the only thing to be done is to make the legs, arms, &c., appear animated; this is done with strong thread passing through the holes above the rivets and fastening them together with knots as before (see Fig. B). Fig. C shows the back view of harlequin in motion, and Fig. D when finished.

The Bear.—The legs and paws of the bear are joined to the body in the same way as the limbs of the harlequin, but instead of the parts all being put on from behind, two are fastened in front and two behind (see diagram No. 2, Fig. B), and, of course, the lever strings are fixed accordingly (see also Fig. B). If this be made about twelve inches high and proportionately broad, it will make a very amusing and lifelike toy. Burnt sienna shaded with sepia and black are the best colours to paint this with.

The third diagram shows a Parrot or Cockatoo flapping his wings. This pleasing and simple toy may be made with very little trouble, the whole construction consisting of seven knots, therefore it requires hardly any more description than the diagram will explain. Fig. A shows outline of cockatoo before strung, Fig. B when the mechanical part is finished, and Fig. C when painted and in motion.

I may say in conclusion that the making of cardboard toys is not necessarily confined to those mentioned in this article, but almost any animal, bird, or even insect (if considerably magnified), can be represented with a little care and forethought: for instance, donkeys kicking, horses galloping, elephants moving their trunks, dogs wagging their tails, and a host of others too numerous to mention. This is not only amusement for little folk, but in reality a pleasurable study of drawing, painting, and mechanical construction.

The fourth diagram represents a Sailor (with a wooden leg) playing the violin and dancing a jig at the same time. Fig. A shows the outline, Fig. B when in motion, and Fig. C shows the construction at the back, because there is only one arm movable, therefore the action is slightly different. I have explained before how the rivets are made in string, and it can be seen at a glance where they are placed.

The fifth toy is a Donkey, which kicks out its heels and knocks a dog over. The plan of this can be easily seen in Fig. A, which is in outline only, and shows the beast preparing for action, while Fig. B proves him to be in right good earnest. Fig. C shows the hind legs, with the large hole for the rivet and the small one for the lever string.

The sixth drawing is in memory of Jumbo, the largest elephant in captivity, who was killed by a railway accident in America. When the string is pulled Jumbo throws up his head and whisks his tail in a very natural manner. Fig. A shows the outlines, Fig. B represents him in motion, Fig C the back view. It can be seen that the head is riveted in the front of the body, therefore a slot has to be cut in the neck to allow the head to move up and down (see back view, Fig. C). This toy when finished is very amusing in itself, but the pleasure is much increased if it is worked before a lamp so that the shadow (which, of course, is greatly magnified) falls on the wall and shows the elephant life-size. There must be only one lamp or candle in the room, because if there are two there will be two shadows and one will spoil the effect of the other.

The seventh diagram is a Chinaman standing at a table with a cup of tea on it, and when the string is pulled he takes the cup up and appears to be drinking the contents. In Fig. A he is just about to take the cup up, in Fig. B he is supposed to be drinking, Fig. C is the outline of the saucer to rest the cup on, and Fig. D is the outline of the arm.

The eighth and last cardboard toy is a Scotchman fishing. Fig. A represents him with his line in the water and the ripples on the water round the float, Fig. B when he has caught the fish, Fig. C shows the outline of arm and rod, Fig. D the line—which must be cotton, and Fig. E the fish, which may be made of paper or card, and should be allowed to hang behind the water when the man is fishing, which will give the appearance of the line really being *in* the water.

These last are especially easy to make, and effective when made, as the taking up of a cup of tea must necessarily be mechanical as also must the movement of a fishing-rod, therefore the representation must be very good. If desired, these toys can be made from the drawings themselves, but the making up would be rather tedious, as the rivet holes would be liable to break out, still, with patience it could be accomplished if the rivets were made in cotton instead of string.

For illustrations see pages 389, 404, and 412.

NOT SO BAD AS HE THOUGHT.

A COLLIER lad, going across a heath in returning from his work one evening, suddenly slipped into a hole, but he managed to grasp the edge, and so held on by his fingers. The evening passed into dusk, star after star came out, but no moon. At last dawn broke slowly, then grey light stole over the heath, breaking through the morning's mists, when he saw a party of his mates passing at a distance. He called loudly for help. Guided by the voice, they came. Still more nervously did he cling—in a few moments he might be safe. Then, as two strong hands grasped his wrists firmly, he ventured to look down the dreaded depths. One glance was enough; that one look told him that his feet were within four inches of the bottom. It is stated that the collier lad was not as thankful as he should have been.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES NOS. 291 TO 303.

291. The Lieutenant's share of prize money was 142*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; the gunner's, 42*l.* 15*s.* 9*d.*; each seaman's, 14*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.*

292. STEEL. (1.) The sword.
(2.) Knife and fork.
(3.) Needle.
(4.) Guillotine.
(5.) Spurs.
(6.) Compass.
(7.) Sword.
(8.) Steel in a lady's corset.

293. Joe's vessel, the *Golden Grain*, went $7\frac{9}{13}$ miles an hour. Exactly a day and a half later.

294. Car-mine.

295. House-wife.

296. X must supply 200
Y ,, ,, 189
Z ,, ,, 101
Total required, 490 men.

297. A postage stamp.

298. Cove-table.

299. Pen-man-ship.

300. Her-ring

301. 1296 carlini are worth 100 scudi.

302. (1.) Mackarel.
(2.) Antelope.
(3.) Kingfisher.
(4.) Albatross.
(5.) Alligator.
(6.) Sandhopper.
(7.) Anaconda.
(8.) Ant-eater.
(9.) Armadillo.
(10.) Star-fish.
(11.) Dromedary.
(12.) Chameleon.

303. (1.) Times and Express.
(2.) Standard.
(3.) Daily News.
(4.) Sunday Times.
(5.) Illustrated London News.
(6.) Weekly Dispatch.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

304. I RENT a little villa
Beside a weeping willow;
I do not weep because of that,
For care once killed a cat.

Yet I have my vexations—
I live between two stations;
On either side me babies cry;
My dogs all poisoned die.

And other ills offend me,
Some day I'm sure they'll end me;
With *rent*, and *poor rate*, *gas*, and *paving*,
Life scarce is worth the living.

My landlord is a tartar;
I pay him *every quarter*
Nine pounds in gold—he'll never chuck
Me sixpence back for luck!

Then, poor rates! How I hate 'em!
Were I the Queen I'd rate 'em!
They're *three and fourpence in the pound!*
I wish the rates were drown'd!

Then comes a man, called Peter,
To fiddle at my meter;
Two-thirds the poor rate that old ass
Takes out of me for gas!

Then, I must pay for 'paving,'
Enough to drive one raving;
Three-fifths the gas rate go for that:
But I'll play tit for tat.

I'll coax my thirteen nieces
To wear those flags to pieces,
I won't pay paving-rates for nought:
But, stay, I think a thought:

I fear it is a true bill,
I'd have to pay their shoe bill;
As leather ain't as hard as stone,
We'll leave the flags alone.

With rates, gas, poor, and paving,
And rent, who can be saving?
Then, take a cheaper house, you say,
And you'll have less to pay.

And, so I will next quarter,
And stop this wholesale slaughter;
I hate such bleeding at the purse—
There's nothing I hate worse.

Say *what I pay* those bleeders,
For my small house, dear readers,
In rent, and rates, and such-like bother,
Before I hire another! G. S. O.

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305. WHAT signs of winter in the sky!
How thick and fast the snowflakes fly!
Those who have plenty and to spare
May dance and romp without a care;
But little love the ill-fed poor,
The Arctic traveller at their door.

The rich, how little he divines
The how his needy neighbour dines!
Or how his olive-branches sup
When wages fall and bread goes up!
When with sad hearts they bedward creep,
And soothe their hungry pangs by sleep!

One of my poor but prudent friends
A certain sum on bread expends;
Three shillings; pennies three times three,
With *half a penny* more, spends he,
Week in, week out, all through the year,
Whether the loaf be cheap or dear.

Now if his bread supply's a short one,
At *sixpence halfpenny* the quartern,
How much will it be shorter, when
The baker and his dusty men
Say, what you cannot disallow,
Bread's *seven pence a quartern* now?

G. S. O.

CONUNDRUMS.

306. NAME the instrument by which every tooth in your head may be drawn without pain or perception, provided you keep your eyes shut and your mouth open.

307. IF there are three peas in a pepper-box, how many are there in a pint?

308. How many circles are there in a moon?

[*Answers at page* 411.]

THE IBEX.

THE Ibex, or Wild Goat, is larger than the common tame goat. It has wonderful horns which arch completely over to the back of the neck, and weigh as much as fifteen or sixteen pounds.

The word Ibex is derived from the Hebrew, and means 'to ascend,' 'to mount up,' which description truly describes the habits of the animal. It can reach the top of a rock in bounds of five feet each. Its fore legs are shorter than its hind ones, which makes it easier for the animal to ascend than to descend the mountains. Very few dare hunt the ibex. It requires not only a steady foot and great climbing power, but also much endurance of fatigue, cold, and hunger.

The ibex is beautiful and agile, and the female is remarkable for fondness for her young, which she defends against the attacks of beasts and birds of prey.

The Irish Wolf-Dog.

THE IRISH WOLF-DOG.

IN ancient times the islands of Great Britain were infested with wolves. The Romans tried to destroy them in such parts as they colonised, but the ferocious animals still existed in such numbers during the period known as the Saxon times, that in the ninth century King Edgar tried to extirpate them by commuting the punishment of criminals to the delivery of a certain number of wolves' tongues; and he remitted the tax on the Welsh in gold and silver for an annual tribute of three hundred wolves' heads.

Under succeeding kings rewards were given for killing wolves, and in some places lands were held on condition of destroying the wolves that infested that part of the country in which they were situated. The dense forests that covered a great portion of England long continued to be strongholds for the wolves, and in the year 1281 they are spoken of as committing depredations in some parts of the kingdom; but as the English records make no further mention of them, they were probably exterminated in this country shortly after that date. The last wolf known in Scotland was killed in 1680; but in Ireland these terrible animals continued to haunt the woods and the recesses of the mountains down to a much later period, a wolf having been killed in that country in 1701; and, if we may credit tradition, they were occasionally met with only a hundred and fifty years ago.

The wolf was hunted with large dogs of the greyhound species, called wolf-dogs. They originally came from Ireland, and it was in that island that the breed was preserved in the greatest perfection. The Irish wolf-dog was something like the Highland greyhound; but its hair was shorter, and it was a much larger and stronger animal, some of them being four feet high. Holinshed, in his *Description of Ireland and the Irish*, which was written in 1586, speaks of the wolves in that country and the huge greyhounds that were used in hunting them; and the French naturalist, Buffon, in remarking on the great size of the Irish greyhounds, and the antiquity of their race, says that their number was much diminished in his time. Oliver Goldsmith, writing in the last century, declares that he had seen a wolf-dog as large as a yearling calf!

Wolf-dogs are mentioned in the Irish annals at the earliest period of history. The hero Finn MacCoul had a famous hound called Bran; and Cu-culain, a warrior who lived at the beginning of the Christian era, got his name from having killed one of these animals during his boyhood. He was the nephew of the King of Ireland, and was brought up in a military school that was attached to the palace, where boys of good family were trained in athletic sports, and taught to fight with little wooden shields and small spears, and after a certain time were made knights. The lad, who was afterwards known as Cu-culain, was much younger than his companions, but he was tall and strong for his age, and easily overcame them in their games.

Now it happened that one day, a smith, whose name was Culain, and who was famous for making armour and all sorts of weapons, came to the palace and asked the King to come to a feast at his house; and the King gave his assent. In the afternoon he set out for the smith's house, accompanied by a few followers. As he crossed the ground where the boys were playing, he saw how much stronger and more skilful at the games his nephew was than the other boys; and turning to one of his warriors he said, 'It would be well for Ireland if this lad were as good a soldier as he is at boys' games.'

'I think, sir,' replied the warrior, 'that he will not be found wanting when he comes to be tried.'

Then the King called the boy to him, and asked him to go with him to the feast.

'I cannot go, sir,' replied the lad, 'till the games are finished; then I will come after you.'

'Very well,' said the King, and went on to the smith's house.

When the games were over the boy took his hurl, which was a curved stick for playing at ball with, and his little silver ball, and ran off to the smith's house. But when he got there he saw a big fierce dog at the gate of the yard; and it barked so loudly that the smith heard, and asked the King if he had told any one to follow him.

'No,' replied the King; but he suddenly remembered that he had told his nephew to follow him; and he at once bade his men to run to the gate, and save the lad before he was torn to pieces. So they ran out in haste, and saw the boy standing in the yard with the great dog lying dead at his feet. And one of them caught the lad up, and, setting him on his shoulder, carried him in triumph into the smith's house, to the King as he sat at table.

The King was right glad to see his young nephew safe; but the smith, while he welcomed him, exclaimed, 'Though I am glad to see you, I have to pay for it! for this dog of mine was so brave that he not only guarded my house, but neither wolves nor robbers dared to come near any of my neighbours' sheepfolds for fear of him. And what shall I do without him?'

'Never mind the dog's death,' said the boy, 'for if there is a puppy of the same breed in Ireland, I will get him for you; and until the puppy is big enough to serve you I will be your watch-dog.'

And a wise man who was present said that the lad ought to be called Cu-culain, which is Irish for Culain's hound; and he prophesied that the lad would be famous as long as the Irish language was spoken. And Cu-culain became a great hero; and his valiant deeds were celebrated by the Irish bards, some of whose poems exist to the present day.

When there were no longer wolves in Ireland to hunt, the breed of wolf-dogs was still kept up by the Irish nobility and gentry, on account of their majestic and imposing appearance; for they were useless for ordinary sport, and would follow neither deer nor fox. But their number grew less and less, till at the beginning of the present century there were very few left of the genuine breed, and they may now be said to be extinct.

A. R.

SUSPICION OF WILD ANIMALS.

THE African lion, however hungry he may be, is always very suspicious of anything like a trap or ambush. A curious instance of this is on record. A horse, having escaped from its owner, galloped madly into the bush until he was brought to a halt by his bridle being entangled in the stump of a tree. For two days and nights the poor animal remained a prisoner, and when at last found by his owner the ground all about him was marked by the foot-prints of lions. They had evidently suspected the halter, and were afraid to attack him, lest he might be in some way connected with a pitfall or snare. Wolves also exhibit the same fear of a trap, so that persons travelling, who have reason to fear that wolves are following them, can sometimes contrive to keep themselves free from attack by allowing a rope to dangle from the back of the sledge or carriage. No wolf will approach the mysterious thing unless sharply pressed by hunger, when it is to be feared that even the rope would not suffice to keep them at bay.

M. K.

THE LITTLE MOTHER.

(*Concluded from page* 388.)

IT still lacked twenty minutes of Maggie's 'hour and a half' when she led Dr. Green to her little sister's bedside. There was no change in the child, who still lay tossing and moaning with fever. Dr. Green held a lamp close to her and examined her carefully. When he set it down again he solemnly shook his head.

'It is scarlet fever, and a very high fever, too. You say she seemed well last night. It must have come on very rapidly. You did not call me a minute too soon—not a minute too soon.'

'Will she die? Oh, doctor, she mustn't!'

'God knows! nobody else. If there were no hope at all I should tell you so; but it's a hard case. I'll come out twice a-day, and we'll save her if we can.'

I will not tell you of the long watch over that bed of pain, the terrible long days, the yet more terrible long nights, when no sound was heard but the restless, moaning sea outside, and the moaning, restless child within.

She had been ill a week, when one night a slow step came down the stairs from the tower-room, and went into the chamber where Maggie was keeping her lonely watch, waiting for life or death. She looked up, startled, to see her father, who had not been in there at all before. His face was ghastly in the lamplight, and his melancholy, despairing voice, came hoarsely to her ear in the still midnight.

'Will she die, Maggie?'

'I don't know, father. We shall know better in two days more, Dr. Green says. She is very sick.'

'*I* think she will die. She will go up to Heaven and tell your mother that I've never loved her. Why, child, I've never once taken her in my arms in all her life; and yet she was Mary's baby, don't you see—Mary's baby. I never thought how Mary would feel about it till now.'

'Don't, father!' Maggie said, pitifully. 'You mustn't blame yourself. You were so sorry about mother, that you hadn't heart left for anything else in life.'

'No, I had no heart. I wouldn't even go for a doctor for her, at midnight, to save her life; and yet she was Mary's baby, and I loved Mary.'

His tone, the continual repetition of those lamentable words, moved the little mother's heart to a passion of pity. She went to him and drew his white head against her breast—poor old man, who had never known before how sweet a daughter's love might be!

'She may get better, father dear,' she said, soothingly. 'Let us pray to God that she may, and *then* you can love her.'

'Love her! So I can! so I will!' And some new light of hope seemed to kindle his old, worn face.

From that time he, too, shared Maggie's watching. He went up every now and then to tend his light, but all the rest of the time he sat patiently at the bed's foot, waiting for hope or despair.

And, thank God, it was hope which came. After the long sleep of the ninth night, Dr. Green said that little Mary would recover, and she grew well almost as rapidly as she had fallen sick. But it was her father's arms that first lifted her from the bed, her father who carried her outside the house to breathe the strong, salt breath of the sea, and see the light break on the crested waves. That he should love her and tend her seemed perfectly natural to little Mary. She never spoke of the long, cold silence of his past life toward her, but she just accepted his care and his tenderness as simply and freely as the fresh air and the sunshine which belong to us all.

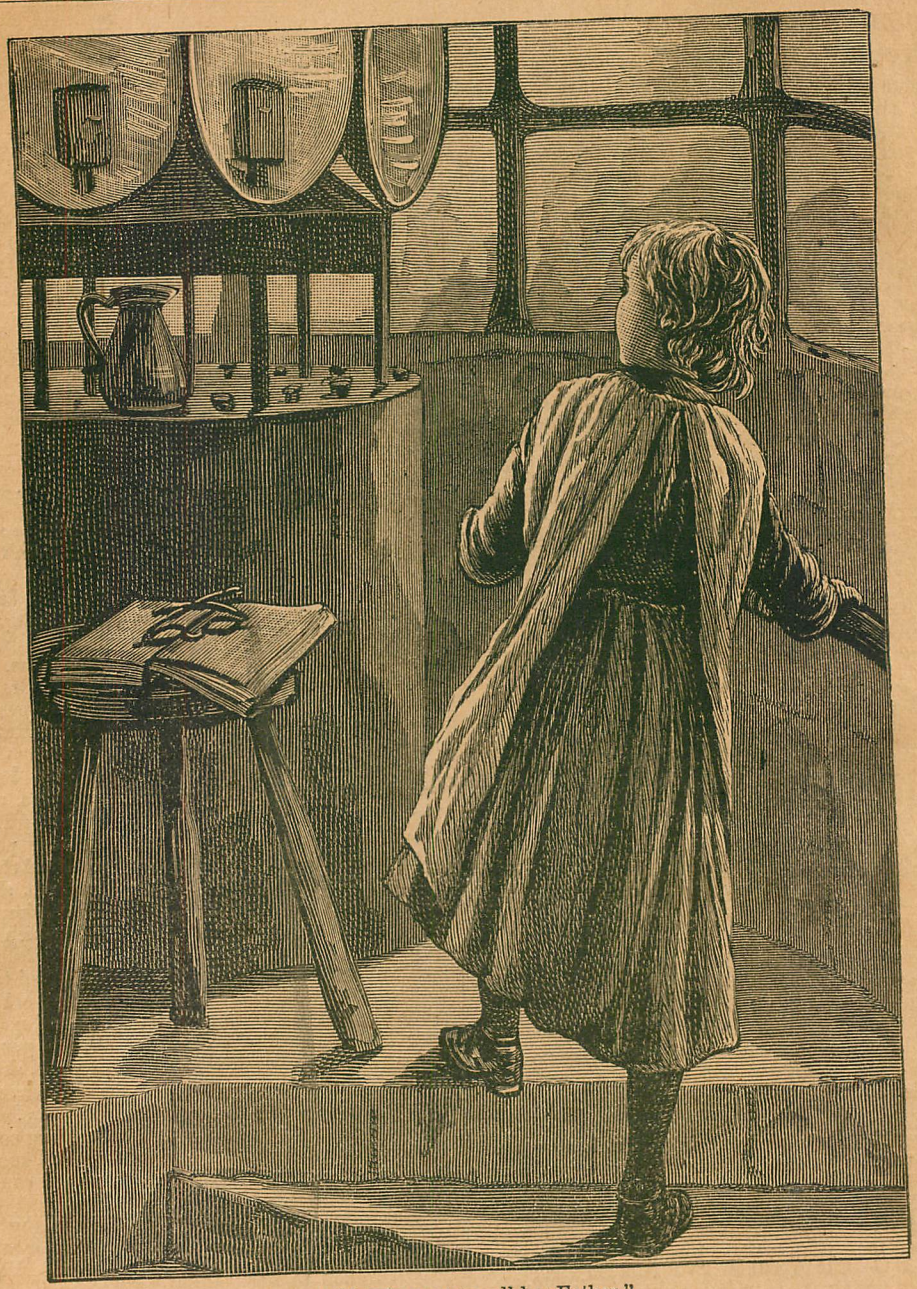
And now, indeed, a curious youth seemed to come to the worn old man—a youth of the soul which made him not less worn or grey, which had no power over his shattered old frame at all, but yet which looked out at his eyes, thrilled in his voice, shone in his smile. One day he said to Maggie, 'I have saved money, little mother, during these long years. There will be enough to make you and baby Mary comfortable among your mother's friends when I am gone, and you are such a wise little woman I can trust you to manage it.'

'But you are not going for these many years, father. You are not very old, not so old by twenty years as grandfather was when he died. You are not sick, are you?'

'No, child; but it does no harm to make all things clear. Are you sure that you have forgiven me for all the cruel years? and can I tell Mary when I go home that her children love me?'

'You know *I* do, father; and if I didn't love you so much, I should be jealous of baby Mary, who cares for you almost more than she does for me.'

The old man picked up the child, who was playing with some curious shells at his feet, and held her a



"Maggie went to call her Father."

moment in his arms, his white hair falling over her golden curls. Then he set her down, and drew the little mother close to him, and kissed her with a solemn sweetness she could never forget.

Soon after that he went up into the tower-room, and the little mother put her golden-haired child to bed.

The next morning, when breakfast was all ready, Maggie went to call her father, wondering that he should be so late. She found the lamp, which he had tended so faithfully for almost thirty years, burning still; but another lamp had gone out in the quiet night—the lamp of the old man's life. Yet never, since the glad days when his wife walked or sat beside him, had his face been so glad, so full of peace and calm. Surely, the little mother thought, in some land of God, beyond our ken, he has found his own again.

KING EDWARD IV. AND THE TANNER OF TAMWORTH.

From an old English ballad.

ONE day in summer time, when leaves grow green,
and blossoms bedeck the trees, King Edward rode
a-hunting, with hawk and hound, and horn and bow:

To Drayton Basset he took his way,
With all his lords a-row.

And he had ridden o'er dale and down,
By eight of clock in the day,

When he was ware of a bold tannèr,
Come riding along the way.

A fair russet coat the tanner had on,
Fast buttoned under his chin,
And under him a good cow-hide,
And a mare of four shilling.*

* Think of that, boys; a real live horse for four shillings; less than you pay for a good-sized wooden one now-a-days. But four hundred years ago a gentleman could buy a good horse for 13*s.* 4*d.* So four shillings was a very fair price for a tanner's horse.

Now when the King saw this jolly tanner coming along, he told his lords to stand in the wood whilst he went forward to see what he would say, and have some sport with him. So the King rode up, and saluting him, he asked him the readiest way to Drayton Basset.

'Go on till you come to a gibbet,' said the tanner, 'and then turn in on thy right hand.'

'That's an unready way,' said our King,
'Thou doest but jest I see.
Now show me out the nearest way,
And I pray thee go with me.'

'Away with a vengeance!' quoth the tanner,
'I hold thee out of thy wit;
All day have I ridden on Brock, my mare,
And I am fasting yet.'

'Go with me down to Drayton Basset,
No dainties will we spare;
All day shalt thou eat and drink of the best,
And I will pay thy fare.'

'Thankye for nothing,' the tanner replied,
'Thou payest no fare of mine;
I trow I've more nobles in my purse
Than thou hast pence in thine.'

When the tanner saw how richly the King was dressed, he began to think he was a thief, or some good-for-nothing fellow who carried all his wealth on his back, and wished he were well away, though the King assured him he had not stolen his clothes.

'What tidings hear you,' said our King,
'As you ride far and near?'
'I hear no tidings, sir, by my faith,
But that cow-hides are dear.'

'Cow-hides! cow-hides! what things are they?
I marvel what they be!'
'What, art thou a fool?' the tanner replied;
'I carry one under me.'

Then the King asked him what craftsman he was; and the tanner replying that he was a barker, or tanner, asked the King in turn what he was? The King told him that he was a poor courtier worn out of service, and that he would fain be the tanner's 'prentice.

'Now Heaven forbid!' cried the tanner. 'Thou wouldst spend more gold by forty shillings than I could win in a year.'

'Yet one thing would I,' said the King; 'though my horse is better than thy mare, yet I would fain change with thee.'

'Now if thou wilt change,' replied the tanner, 'I will have some boot of thee, thou proud fellow!'

'That is against reason,' said the King, 'for thou mayest see that my horse is better than thy mare.'

'Yes, sir, but Brock is gentle and mild,
And softly she will fare;
Thy horse is unruly and wild, I wiss,
Aye skipping here and there.'

'Now what boot wilt thou have?' said the King.

'No pence nor half-pence, by my faith,' replied the tanner, 'but a noble* in gold so round.'

So the King gave twenty groats in silver to the tanner; who exclaimed that he could have sworn he had not a penny about him. 'But,' added he, 'since we have made a change, though thou gettest Brock, thou shalt not get my cow-hide.'

'I would not take thy foul cow-hide if thou wouldst give it to me,' replied the King.

Then the tanner, taking the cow-hide off his mare, and throwing it over the King's finely gilt saddle, asked him to help him up on his horse; and the King, taking him by the leg, hoisted him into his seat; and as the tanner stuck his foot in the stirrup he wondered whether it was made of gold or brass.

But when his steed saw the cow's tail wag,
And eke the black cow-horn,
He stamped, and stared, and away he ran,
As a demon had him borne.

The tanner he pulled, the tanner he tugged,
And held by the pommel fast;
At length the tanner came tumbling down;
His neck he had well-nigh brast.†

'Take thy horse again,' the tanner he said,
'With me he shall not bide.'
'My horse would have borne thee well enough
But he knew not thy cow-hide.'

But the tanner had had enough of the King's horse, and wanted to change back again; so the King agreed, but said, 'By my faith then, thou jolly tanner, I will have some boot of thee.'

'What boot wilt thou have?' said the tanner.

'No pence, nor half-pence, sir,' replied the King. 'I will have twenty pounds.' So the tanner pulled out twenty groats from his purse, and also the twenty the King had given him, saying he had but one groat left, which they would spend together in wine.

The King set a bugle horn to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill;
And soon came lords, and soon came knights,
Fast riding over the hill.

'Now out, alas!' the tanner he cried,
'That ever I saw this day!
Thou art a strong thief, here come thy fellows
Will bear my cow-hide away!'

'They are no thieves,' the King replied,
'As you right well may see;
But they are the lords of the north countrè,
Here come to hunt with me.'

And soon before our King they came,
And knelt down on the ground.
The tanner would rather have been away
Than to have had twenty pound.

Then the King called for a collar,‡ to invest the

* A noble was a gold coin of the value of 6s. 8d. So the tanner wanted more than the price of his own horse as boot.

† His neck was nearly broken.

‡ It was customary at that time to create esquires by investing them with a collar.

tanner with, but the poor fellow was only the more frightened, for he thought that after a collar would come a halter, and he would be hanged on the morrow.

'Be not afraid, tanner,' said the King; 'for here I make thee the best esquire that is in the north country.'

'For Plumpton Park I give to thee,
With tenements fair beside;
It is worth three hundred marks a-year
To maintain thy good cow-hide.'

'I thank ye, my liege,' the tanner replied,
'For the favour thou hast me shown;
If ever thou comest to merry Tamworth,
Neat's leather shall clout thy shoen.'

So the tanner was pretty well rewarded for having given his Majesty some half hour's amusement. The ballad was probably founded on fact, for the incident in it is referred to by several old writers as having actually taken place. A. R.

AS CUNNING AS A FOX.

EVERY hunt has its standing joke of the fox, who takes in the county papers, and studies the meets, and its legends of the tricks played by the wily animals during various runs.

Sir Watkin Wynn's pack will this season have a new and extraordinary trick to tell of, which was played it by a cunning old fox, and witnessed by a large field. No sooner had the old fellow broken cover than he made for a large tree, and scrambling up the ivy with which its trunk was covered, hid in its branches and left the hounds quite at fault. Nothing could be done till a man was found, who would climb the tree and shake the clever animal down. After legitimate law had been given, a brisk run of thirty minutes followed, when the scent was again lost, and the fox got off, a finale which many thought he well deserved from his cleverness.

Many other stories are told of how foxes will lie on the top of a wall, swim a river, run along a railway in front of an approaching train, to throw the pursuing hounds off the scent, which seem to show that the animals have something more than mere instinct.

The grandfather of the late Earl of Guilford, in his later years, being averse to the sport of fox-hunting, the East Kent hounds were whipped off whenever they approached the gates of Walderslease Park. An old fox somehow became aware of this fact, as he always made for a large cedar-tree, well within the protected ground, and taking refuge in its branches, remained there till the hounds were out of the way. This policy he pursued for several seasons, thereby prolonging his life.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

309. Old Mrs. Brown beside my wall
Sets up her humble apple stall;
And there, whatever be the sky,
Sells apples to the passers by.

A sharp old apple-dealer she,
As little tradesfolk need to be,
Making her twenty-five per cent
Or more of each unwary gent;
But selling us, and that's so nice,
Apples and goodies at cost price.

But even thus (though nourished well
By Jones, our arithmetic swell),
She, in her kind stupidity,
Lost money so, as I'll show thee.

One day she went, and bought a lot—
At *two a penny half* she got;
And then *the other half*, you see,
At *three a penny* purchased she.
Then, Mrs. Brown, above advice,
Though offered to her without price,
Re-sold the apples she had bought,
At *five for twopence;* and was *caught!*

In vain Jones showed his calculations,
Worthy of one who knows Equations;
In vain he pointed out, that day,
How one might kingdoms fling away,
If he did buy and sell, in gold,
As she those apples bought and sold.

'It is,' cried he, 'a losing game.'
'Not it!' replied the steadfast dame;
'I thank you much for your advice,
But mean to charge you boys cost price:
Buy, if you like, or else refuse;
For I can neither gain nor lose.'

Jones lost his temper, anyhow,
And called the dame 'a stupid cow;'
We must admit 'twas not polite,
But she was wrong, and Jones was right.
She lost indeed; but can you say
How much per cent? Advise me, pray!

G. S. O.

CONUNDRUMS.

310. Why would an owl be offended if you called him a pheasant?

311. Why would Lavater have made a good soldier?

312. To understand my *second* it is necessary that you should diligently and patiently do my *first;* my *whole* is possessed by each of us, and

By some is very much respected,
By others grievously neglected.

ENIGMA.

313. My *first* in perfection does often adorn
The cheek of the fair who in Britain is born;
My *second* in autumn displays a rich scene,
In spring it is dressed in the loveliest green:
Join my *whole* and your eyes will a poet's name meet,
Whose songs of the seasons are pleasantly sweet.

A LIPOGRAM.

A PROVERB, WITH VOWELS OMITTED.

314. w h n t h c t s w t h m c w l l p l.

[*Answers at page* 411.]

THE LOST DOG.

A FEW years ago a gentleman living in North Wales went out shooting, taking with him a valuable bull-terrier. At the first shot the dog became 'gun shy' and ran away, and notwithstanding that search and offers of reward were made, no trace of the dog could be found. At last, after ten weeks had elapsed, a shepherd was making his rounds, when he noticed on a projecting rock at the foot of a precipice fully one hundred feet high, what he thought to be the long-lost dog. Procuring a boat he rowed to the spot, and he found the poor animal still living, but so exhausted and worn that he could not move, and the shepherd had to carry him to the boat. The poor dog was quite deaf, caused probably by the constant rolling of the waves against the rocks; but the wonder is what supported him during the ten weeks that he was on the rock surrounded by the sea. The supposition is that the dog lived on seaweed cast up by the waves. What agony the poor animal must have suffered during the ten weeks' solitude, with the rain and sea constantly drenching him! By great care and kindness the dog recovered.

Black Tom.

BLACK TOM.

IN the early part of the present century, whilst the slave-trade still flourished, there reigned over a portion of the coast of Guinea a black potentate, whom the sailors in the English vessels frequenting the coast had from his appearance named 'King Cock-eye.' This sable monarch was a man of great sagacity; for, seeing how superior in intelligence the strangers were to his negro subjects, he resolved to send his eldest son to Britain, to be educated. He therefore bargained with Captain Swanstone, a native of Hawick, in Scotland, to take the boy to his own country, and when he was fully educated to bring him back; and for this service the Captain was to receive a certain quantity of ivory and gold dust. So one day King Cock-eye came down to the coast, surrounded by his black courtiers and accompanied by the little prince and his mother, who, parting from her son with many tears, resigned him to the Scotch Captain, who took him on board his ship, where he received the name of Thomas Jenkins.

Captain Swanstone brought the boy to Hawick, and put up at the 'Tower Inn' there; but, unfortunately, he was taken ill, and died before he could make any arrangements for his charge; and the poor little black prince, who had faithfully attended the Captain during his illness, was left utterly alone, destitute, and shivering in the midst of a Scottish winter. But Mrs. Brown, the landlady of the inn, was a kind-hearted creature, and taking pity on the poor negro boy she brought him down to her kitchen, where the huge fire revived him, and the warmth of which almost reminded him of his native tropics. After a time, a farmer in Teviot-head, who was the nearest relative to Captain Swanstone, agreed to take charge of him, and brought him home to his house, where he made himself generally useful. This son of an African king looking after the pigs and poultry, and rocking the baby's cradle! Though on his arrival he scarce knew a word of English, he soon acquired the Scottish dialect of his hosts, whom he lived with till he grew a stout boy; when a gentleman of Falnash, having taken a fancy to him, prevailed on his guardians to confide him to his care.

At Falnash, where he was known as 'Black Tom,' he was a farm-servant and stable-boy; but though from his natural aptitude he could turn his hand to anything, the original purpose for which he was sent to Britain was wholly lost sight of, and the poor black prince seemed destined to end his life tending horses and cattle. Whether it was that he remembered his father's wishes, or from an innate love of knowledge, the boy resolved to educate himself.

For some time past Mrs. Laidlaw had noticed that Black Tom had developed an extraordinary fondness for candle ends, and every scrap of candle that he could lay his hands on was carried off to his loft above the stable. Dire suspicions were afloat! Could it be that in his native country candle ends were a delicacy, and that Tom made his supper off them? The farm people resolved to penetrate the mystery; and stealthily ascending to his loft after he had retired for the night, they saw Black Tom, busily engaged with a slate, laboriously copying the letters of the alphabet from an old book, aided by the light from one of his candle ends! As soon as Mr. Laidlaw was made aware of the boy's thirst for knowledge, he sent him to an evening school, where he soon excited astonishment by his rapid progress; but this was a mere rustic school, and as the nearest classical school was at a great distance the poor negro had actually began to teach himself Greek, Latin, and Mathematics, with the aid of some books he borrowed from a boy friend, and at last he achieved the great object of his desire—the possession of a Greek Lexicon.

Tom had saved up twelve shillings out of his wages; and hearing that there was to be a sale of books at Hawick, he resolved to go there, and see if he could find what he wanted. He communicated his idea to his boy friend, who declared that he would go with him and aid him as far as eighteenpence would go, for that was all the money he had. So the dark-skinned young African, clad in a soldier's cast-off coat, and the fair young Scotch boy trudged eight miles to Hawick; but full of hope as they were, the distance was nothing. To Tom's joy, a Lexicon was amongst the books put up at the sale, and he at once began to bid for it. Every one stared with astonishment when they saw a negro, wearing a soldier's old grey coat, with the regimental number in glaring white letters on the back, bidding for a book that could only be useful to an advanced scholar. A gentleman present, named Moncrieff, who knew Tom's companion, beckoned him over, and asked him about the black boy; and on learning the state of the case he told him to go on bidding, as he would be answerable for any deficiency. Tom had now bidden as far as he could go, and was turning away in despair, when his young friend came up and continued the competition. 'What! What do you mean?' exclaimed the poor negro, in agitation; 'you know we cannot pay that price, and the duty.' His friend, however, paid no attention to his remonstrances, and for a shilling or two more obtained the Lexicon and placed it in the hands of the delighted Tom, who bore it home in triumph.

Tom soon became one of the most popular characters in all Teviotdale. He was mild and unassuming; full of kindliness, and deeply religious, and, except for his black skin and negro features, he only differed from those about him in his superior knowledge and more abstracted ways.

When Tom had grown to be a young man of twenty years of age a vacancy occurred in the local school, and a committee of the presbytery of Jedburgh was appointed to sit on a certain day, and examine the candidates for the post of teacher. Amongst them appeared the black farm-servant of Falnash, with a number of books under his arm, and clad in the old soldier's coat with the white letters on the back. The astonished committee read his testimonials and put him through his examination, and, finding that he was the best qualified of all the candidates, they reported him as being fittest for the place. But a majority of the presbytery were alarmed at the prospect of placing a negro, and a born Pagan, in so responsible a position as that of instructor of youth; so he was voted out, as being ineligible. For the first time poor Tom found his colour a bar to preferment, and he felt it keenly; but

his hopes soon revived, for many influential people, chief amongst whom was the Duke of Buccleuch, indignant at the treatment he had received, set Tom up in opposition to the nominee of the presbytery. There was no schoolroom ready, so an old smithy was hastily fitted up, and he was duly installed in it, with the result that he was soon surrounded by pupils, and the regular school completely deserted; and as his patrons paid him the same amount of salary that the regular teacher received, he had sufficient for his humble wants, and was able to save a little money: and, whilst instructing others, he constantly laboured to carry his own studies still further. Five days in the week he spent in his school, and on Saturdays he walked over to Hawick, to make an 'exhibition' of his progress during the week to the master of the Academy there. He himself proved an admirable teacher, imparting his knowledge without any exercise of severity, and was beloved by his pupils. He was no longer 'Black Tom,' but was now called 'Mr. Jenkins.'

In a year or two he had saved up twenty pounds, and formed the project of going to Edinburgh, and spending a winter at College. Mr. Moncrieff, the gentleman who had assisted him to get the Greek Lexicon, and who had remained his friend ever since, was astonished when he heard of this new project of Tom's, and asked him how much money he had. On learning that he had only twenty pounds, and that his purpose was to attend the Greek, Latin, and Mathematical classes, Mr. Moncrieff told him that twenty pounds would hardly pay the necessary fees; and he kindly gave him an order on a merchant in Edinburgh to supply him with whatever might be required to support him during the winter at college. So a substitute having been procured to fill his post at the school during his absence, Tom set out for the northern capital with a light heart.

When he arrived in Edinburgh he went straight to the College, and applied to the Professor of Humanity (Latin) for a ticket to his class. The Professor gazed at the young negro in silent wonder, and then asked him if he had any knowledge of the language. Tom modestly replied that he had studied Latin for some time, and was anxious to continue his studies. On questioning him further, the Professor found that he spoke the truth, and presented him with a ticket for his class, refusing to take the usual fee. Of the two other professors that Tom applied to, only one accepted his fee; and thus he was enabled to continue his studies through the winter without trenching much on Mr. Moncrieff's generosity; and in the following spring he returned to his school-duties.

A young man of such extraordinary talents as Thomas Jenkins ought to have had a brilliant career before him. He had, through his own abilities, carried out his father's intentions as regarded his education; and when that was completed he should have been sent back to his kingdom on the coast of Guinea, there to civilise his subjects. But a gentleman in Teviotdale having recommended him to the Christian Knowledge Society as a person peculiarly fitted to be a missionary amongst the slaves in the Colonies, he was induced to go out to the Mauritius, where he attained eminence as a teacher, and passed a useful but obscure life. A. R.

GUESSING STORY.

HERE are six of us in family—four brothers and two sisters. Perhaps I had better make a few general remarks about ourselves first, and give the character of each individual separately afterwards. In our particular line we are certainly useful; for though we may be sometimes overlooked when present, we are sadly missed when absent. The services we render are devoted to authors and speakers, and without us books and speeches would be turned into pure nonsense. The feminine sex is accused of neglecting us, and children often cut us altogether. But in spite of these slights, you will recognise our real importance when I tell you that treatises have been written on our habits and characters, and a long and high-sounding name has been given to the study of them. Now I will tell you about myself and each of my brothers and sisters.

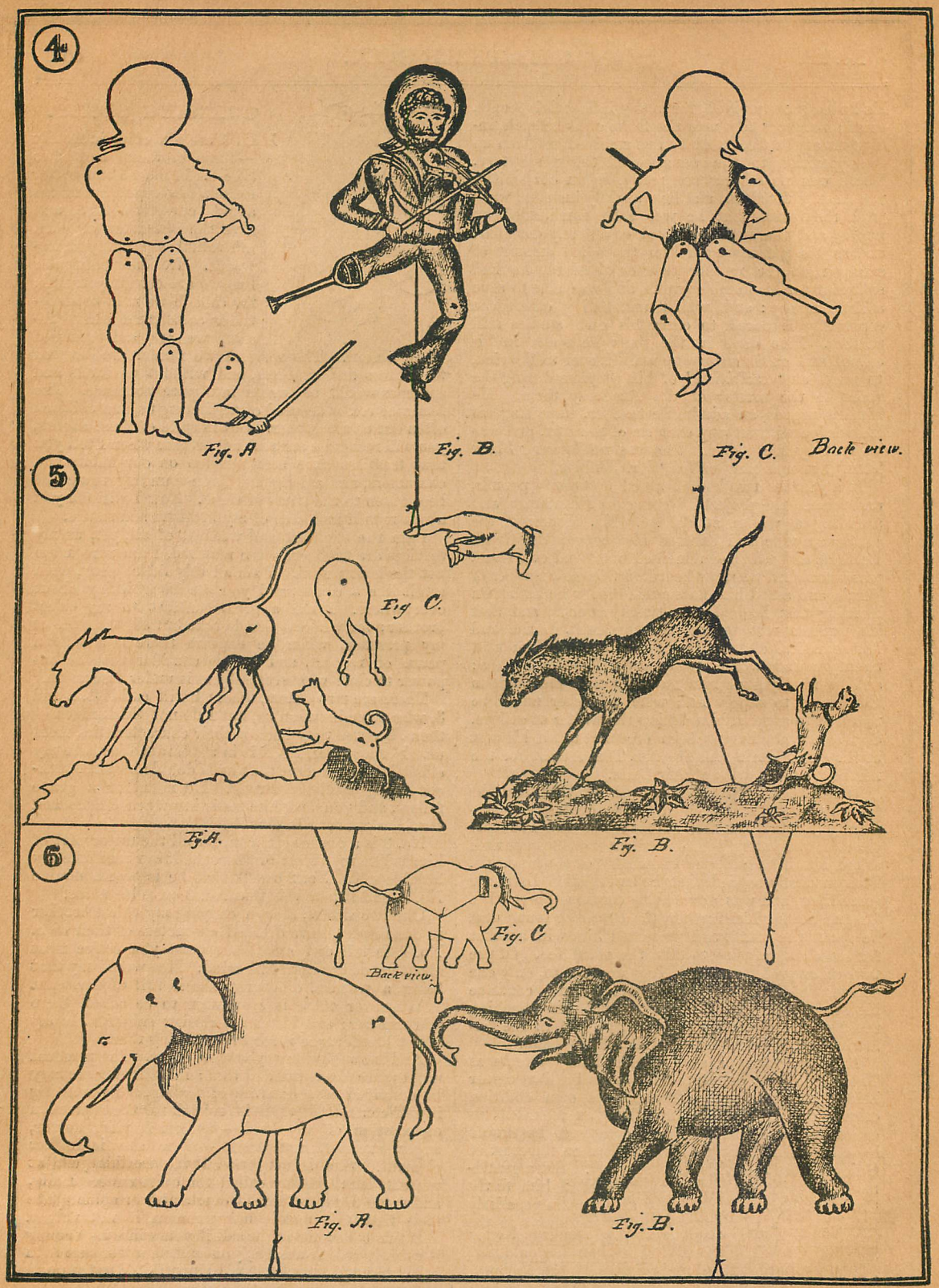
I am the slightest and weakest of all, yet, as my services are the most often required, I am sure I am not the least useful. I am a lively little being, with a tail like a comet, and you see me whisking about everywhere. I am a great contrast to my eldest brother; for whereas people take but slight notice of my presence, when he appears there is a solemn pause of respect, and people consider that he has power to close whatever subject is under discussion.

There are two others, whom I will call Nos. 2 and 3, who come between us, but I do not think much of them, because they borrow their characteristics from us. For instance, No. 2 is in appearance just like my eldest brother, except that he is double his size, without being really so strong. He is rather a grave fellow, and you find him assisting when chants and canticles are sung in church.

No. 3 is a queer specimen, for all the upper part of him is like my eldest brother, the lower part like my humble self. No. 2 boasts that he is worth double No. 3, and it is to this that No. 3 owes his name.

Our two sisters, though copying my eldest brother in one respect, have decided characters of their own. No. 5 is tall and stout, but what you notice most about her is her inquiring mind. Men would say that being a woman, of course, she is full of curiosity. Wherever there is a question to be asked, there you find her; and instead of closing subjects like my eldest brother, she is for ever opening them.

And now for my younger sister. In personal appearance she is tall and thin; in character she may be described as a creature of feeling, sadly wanting in self-control. If there is any call for the expression of emotion of any kind,—joy, grief, pain, horror, anger, surprise, amusement,—there she is in her element. She is very much the fashion just at present, is frequently called for quite unnecessarily, and made to repeat herself over and over again. She feels that this makes her common, if not vulgar. But this is not her fault, and if you will only employ her when she is needed, you will find her useful in her own way. EDITH C. RICKARDS.



CARDBOARD TOYS.

[See page 388.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

NOW, isn't that just like Bob?' said Sam Norris to his friend Ned; 'sweeping away the snow like a beggar-boy. I'd starve before I'd do mean work like that! Wouldn't you, Ned?'

'I don't know about starving,' replied Ned; 'starving I don't like. But I reckon I would be desperately hard up before I'd take to the broom; and I dare say he won't get more than threepence for the job!'

'Right you are, Ned,' cried Bob, cheerfully, while he swept away with vigour; 'right you are. I am just to get threepence for the job, and precious glad to get it, too, I can tell you.'

'Why, how is that?' cried Ned, curiously; 'your father's a steady hand; he's not out of work, sure?'

'No, he's not out of work,' replied Bob, 'but I am; and seeing as father has seven of us to feed, and a sick kid besides, don't you see I'm bound to help all I can?'

Ned reflected for a minute, he was not a quick reasoner.

'Did he send you out with the broom?' was his next question.

'Not likely,' replied Bob; 'he don't know what I am up to, nor mother either.'

'Come, then,' said Sam, 'tell us what you will do with the threepence; you don't mean to give it to your father, I should say!'

Bob hesitated before replying; no boy likes to be laughed at, and he was afraid that this might be his fate when he explained his plans, but he was plucky, too, and would not tell a lie.

'No,' he said, 'I'm not going to give it to father; but I told you we had a sick little 'un at home—only five she is, and got herself horribly scalded last week; she cries night and day with thirst, and so I mean to buy three oranges for her. She is a real good 'un, she is, and desperate fond of me. So now ye know all about it, Ned; and here I am at the end of the job, and ready for my money, too. I say, boys, don't you wish you had it?'

Sam and Ned turned away and walked slowly down the street.

'What an ass he is, to be sure!' said Sam, scornfully, 'to spend his money upon a sick child. I declare I can hardly believe it of him!'

'Well, I don't know,' replied Ned, slowly; 'I think Bob is not half a bad fellow, after all; and see how good-tempered he is, he never quarrels with any one.'

And as the two friends parted, Ned turned into a baker's shop and bought a bun, which he bestowed upon a lame little boy who lived next door, feeling wonderfully rewarded for his self-denial when he saw the flush of surprise and joy that lighted up the wan features of the cripple child. M. K.

PERILS OF SURVEYING.

NOT long since, two companions and myself started from our camp to roughly survey a block of land in the jungles of Northern India. We left with light hearts, and soon reached the spot where we were to begin operations; and, for some time, all went well. The paths through the forest gave no trouble, but on one side of the estate the line of survey had been cut, or was supposed to have been cut, for some three miles, through a large plain of thick reeds twenty feet in height, and on either side of the path this grass grew so thick and strong that even an elephant would have been unable to crush his way through it.

The men who had been employed to cut the path right through, assured us that this had been done, and neither of us took the precaution of walking through to see if such was the case.

I must tell you that the people of that part of the country have no good-will to European settlers, as they looked upon us as intruders; and though there was ample land for all, their selfishness was such that they resorted to all manner of underhand tricks to keep us from getting possession.

The four men who accompanied us through the forest, upon coming to the path in question, represented that, having left their shoes behind them, the sharp reed stumps would cut their feet, and begged on that account that they might be excused from going over the ground. As this seemed reasonable, we dismissed them, and, little dreaming of treachery, we proceeded with chain and compass to complete our work.

After going about two miles, we came upon a small open spot not more than twenty feet square, and, believing that only another mile had to be surveyed, we sat down under the shade of a tree that stood in one corner, and opening our baskets of provisions were soon discussing a comfortable lunch. When we had finished, my companions, who had been doing the hard work while I did the figures, stretched themselves under the shade for a well-earned nap, I, meantime, going on with my calculations. I suppose an hour passed, and I had nearly finished, when a distant crackling sound caught my ear, and, raising my eyes, I noticed a cloud of smoke passing overhead, coming from the direction by which we had entered the path.

My shout of terror roused my companions, whose first idea, as they sprang to their feet and grasped their guns,—without which no one ever enters the Indian jungle—was, that we were attacked by some animal, but one glance upward, and the advancing sound growing louder and louder, showed them in an instant the fearful peril of our position. Hastily pocketing my papers, we fled along the cut path which ought to have terminated in a river, but had hardly run half a mile when we found it ended in an utterly impenetrable wall of thick, matted reeds. In the first impulse of our maddened fright we attempted to scramble through, but in vain; we might as well have tried to force our way through close iron railings. We glanced at one another as men look at men when their last hour appears at hand, but there was no time for hesitation.

Running back to the small, open space, and hoping, but against hope, I scrambled up the tree. My companions merely watched me, for they seemed to know that my face would tell if any chance of escape from a fearful death presented itself. One look was enough. A fierce wall of rapidly advancing fire stretched right across the plain, while dense volumes of smoke rose behind it; and on every other side retreat was cut off by the nature of the jungle. I dropped to the ground without a word. A sudden impulse seized us, and we sped along the path in the direction of the fire until its hot glow stopped us, but the heat and smoke was too great to admit of our dashing through, and even had we succeeded in passing the fiery belt, the suffocating smoke from the half-consumed embers would most probably have rendered us insensible, or, at any rate, incapable of pursuing our flight over the heated ground.

Turning our backs we ran once more for the open, and then, for the first time since becoming alive to our peril, we found our tongues. The eldest of our party pointed out that we had most likely a good half hour before the fire could reach us, and reminded us of

what the American Indians did in similar catastrophes as that with which we were now threatened.

Fortunately, the open space where we stood had no grass upon it that would burn, and the question was, whether we could so increase the size of it ere the flames reached us, as to give us a chance of life, by lying down at the opposite edge, till the fire and smoke had sufficiently abated upon the side they were approaching to let air and light enough through to save us from suffocation.

Depositing the guns and instruments in the centre of the clearing, we took off our coats, and with the sharp jungle billhooks, with which we were fortunately provided, we began manfully cutting away the reeds in the direction of the coming fire. Ere the flames approached, we had increased the clear space by ten feet, two of us hacking down the jungle, while the third carried it away from the advancing flames. By this time the crackling and heat in front of us was frightful, but from the absence of wind the dense smoke rose straight upward, so that, if we could stand the terrible heat until the fire had burnt itself out around us, there was some chance of escape.

Folding our arms, we gazed at the advancing fire with our backs close against the opposite side of the clearing. Suddenly a thought struck me, and, hastily explaining my intention to my companions, I dashed towards the roaring wall of fire and set light to the intervening screen of reeds that separated it from us, then joining my companions, we lay flat on our faces, wrapping our coats round our heads, and with our feet to the fire thus awaited the ordeal which, I never expected that we could survive.

Nearer and nearer came the flames, but perhaps it was as well that the terrible heat compelled us to bury our faces as deeply as we could in the short grass on which we had flung ourselves; for, awful as was the terrific roaring of the fire, we were spared the appalling sight of it. Our clothes seemed to be scorching, and for some moments I felt that our case was hopeless. At length we could tell by the sound that the flames had reached the edge near which we lay; and now it became necessary to move, and to do so, obliged us to uncover our heads. The sight that met our eyes was indeed frightful; to stand upright was impossible, so we were fain to roll over and over until we got as near the consumed reeds as their still-smouldering embers would allow, but the air was stifling, and on every other side we were girt by leaping tongues of flame. Another quarter of an hour passed, which to us—choked, parched, our hair singed, and the skin on our hands and faces cracked and scorched—seemed ages, then we once more stood upon our feet, thankful indeed for our escape, but truly in a most pitiable plight. Oh, for a draught of cold water! what would we not have given for it?

Upwards of two hours we had to remain where we were, and then with cautious steps that sank deep into the hot ashes, we slowly took our way homeward.

Weeks elapsed ere any of us could leave the house, and as there was no proof that our treacherous path-cutters had really fired the jungle, although no doubt of their guilt existed, they went unpunished.

O. W.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

315. THERE is a street, as I've heard tell,
A mile in length, and nobly wide—
A street, they say, that beats Pall Mall,
With its proud clubs on either side.

Straight as a dart this stately way
Runs through a city big and bright;
'Tis never empty all the day,
And never dark the darkest night.

And there are shapely trees to throw
A grateful shade in summer heat,
There silver fountains flash and flow
With music ever soft and sweet.

But more of such things by-and-by,
To puzzle you is my intent;
I've got a riddle in my eye,
And want to throw you off the scent.

Stay, Robert, by this marble arch,—
At either end one spans the street,—
And let us watch these soldiers march,
With laurelled brows and dusty feet.

This fine long line of troops, my cousin,
In length is (as was told to me),
Feet, fifty-seven times five dozen,
A sight we do not often see!

Each stride they took upon the road
Was *thirty inches*, true and straight;
And every man, we noticed, strode
Each minute paces fifty-eight.

As now you know the city street,
Its length that is, from end to end,—
How every soldier moved his feet,
How far the column did extend,

You'll say *what time*, I do not fear,
When you have coupled that and this,
The column took the street to clear,
A mark you surely cannot miss.

G. S. O.

ENIGMAS.

316. My *whole's* a little quadruped,
But which, if you with care behead,
'Twill give you then what painters use,
And deck with rich and varied hues:
Cut off its *tail* and you will find
What all do seek in heart and mind.
May you through life this boon enjoy,
And nought its blessings e'er destroy.

---

317. Seek for my *first* on the battle-field,
Where the war-steed prances bold,
Or in the chieftain's festive hall,
Where tales of blood are told.
My *second* dwells on mountain sides
Where sweet streams gently run,
And in the valley where the lake
Shines to the setting sun.
Your thoughts must wander, for my *whole*
To ocean turn their wing:
I dwell where dashing billows roar,
A swift and hostile thing.

[*Answers at page* 411.]

THE COWHERDS' DOGS.

EARLY one morning in the mountains in the neighbourhood of Soleure, while a furious snowstorm was raging, the herdsmen were surprised by the dogs leaving the hut and afterwards howling and whining in a most unusual manner. One of the cowherds proceeded to the spot whence the sounds came, and there found a half-frozen woman in the snow, whom the dogs had restored to consciousness by licking her face and hands. She could not speak, but she pointed to a spot a short distance off, where her husband lay frozen to death.

The poor woman was carried to the herdsmen's hut, where she soon recovered. She and her husband having been overtaken by night and the snowstorm had lost their way during their journey across the mountains.

Fight for the Deerhound.

THE HIGHLAND DEERHOUND.

THE genuine race of the Irish wolf-dog is extinct, as there are no longer any wolves in Ireland to hunt; and the English greyhound has lost much of its ancient character, for, having been bred for several centuries for swiftness alone, it has become a more slender, graceful dog, and it appears to have entirely lost the courage it formerly possessed. But the Highland deerhound is probably exactly the same sort of dog at the present day that it was in the earliest historic times, and has all the character of a primitive hunting-dog. Its shaggy coat protects it from the inclement weather of the north, and as it is still employed in the pursuit of the wild deer over the difficult Highland country, it has lost nothing of its ancient strength and swiftness.

The Highland deerhound is a much larger, stronger, and fiercer animal than the Scotch greyhound, and its appearance is somewhat different. Its ears are more pendulous, and are usually dark, and its face is almost entirely covered with long hair. Its scent is very acute, and it has been known to follow a wounded deer for two successive days. Its limbs are very muscular, and it is about two inches taller than the Scotch greyhound.

It is recorded in Holinshed's *Chronicle*, that in the reign of Craithlint, a monarch who is said to have ruled over the Scots in the third century of the Christian era, a battle took place between the Picts and Scots about a deerhound. It happened in this wise.

A number of the young Pictish nobles repaired to Craithlint, king of the Scots, to hunt and make merry with him. And seeing that the Scottish dogs were much finer than theirs, and greatly excelled them in swiftness and hardiness, and in long holding out, they got the Scottish lords to give them a number of these dogs. Yet not content with this, at their departure they stole from his keeper one that belonged to the King, and which was more esteemed by him than all the others he had about him. The master of the leash being informed of it, pursued after those who had stolen the dog, thinking to have taken him from them. But they, refusing to part with him, fell into an altercation, and in the end chanced to strike the master of the leash through with their horse spears, so that he died. Whereupon his servants raising a great noise and cry through the country, some Scots who were going home from hunting, returned, and falling on the Picts to revenge the death of their fellow, a fierce struggle ensued, in which about threescore of the gentlemen of the Scots were killed, beside many of the commons, not one of them understanding what the matter was about! Of the Picts there were about one hundred slain. And so ended the fight for the deerhound; but we are not told on which side the survivors managed to retain the animal that had been the cause of so much slaughter. Most likely he escaped in the confusion, and ran off home.

A. R.

A SCENE AT THE GOLD DIGGINGS.

IN every Australian gold field there is a camp, consisting of an enclosure at some distance from the miners, inside of which are tents for the use of policemen, troopers, and others in authority. A Commissioner rules over the whole camp and the gold field, whose duty is to regulate fines and settle all disputes; every miner being supposed to have a license, in default of which he is liable to be taken to the lock-up, or to be heavily fined.

It chanced one day that a trooper rode up to a claim of which a stranger had taken possession the day before, and asked to see his license. The man gave some impertinent answer, upon which the trooper, immediately dismounting, leaped into the pit in order to enforce his authority.

Unfortunately, however, the trigger of his carbine caught in the earth as he descended, and the piece went off, shooting the unfortunate digger through the head.

The scene that followed almost baffles description. The diggers, furious at the murder as they considered it, rose in thousands, and seizing the trooper, carried him away to a rising ground to hang him. The poor wretch was white and shivering with fear, being hurried forward by that awful host of furious, cursing men.

All order and authority seemed about to be swept away. Meanwhile both mounted and foot policemen, being, of course, highly unpopular, were making their escape as quickly as possible, being as they were but as one to a hundred, and standing no chance for their lives if it came to shooting.

The rope was actually round the prisoner's neck, and he was upon the point of being strung up, when the grey-haired Commissioner himself rode into the very centre of the infuriated multitude. 'Don't commit murder, my men,' he cried; 'don't let it be said that my diggers here are a set of murderers.'

Now the Commissioner was both loved and respected; he was known to be a just and a humane man, though he always did his duty unflinchingly. There was silence, therefore, for a few minutes, during which all the men looked gloomily at each other. Then a voice cried, 'He is a murderer himself, and we will hang him.'

'Nay, but if he is a murderer,' said the Commissioner, 'I give you my word, boys, that he shall hang for it, only it may be that his gun went off by accident.'

Here a digger, who had seen the whole affair, told how the thing had really occurred, and how the trooper had never so much as pointed his carbine at the other at all.

Finally, more dead than alive, the prisoner was given up to the Commissioner, who took care to send him out of the diggings that very night.

If the Commissioner had not been a man of wondrous pluck and also of real worth of character, nothing could have saved the life of the luckless trooper.

D. B.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE EDITOR'S GREETING TO ALL HIS LITTLE FRIENDS.

318. (1.) An island.
(2.) High land.
(3.) To extend.
(4.) To extend.
(5.) A country of Asia.
(6.) An island of Asia.
(7.) To go slowly.
(8.) To go quickly.
(9.) To stop.
(10.) To urge on.
(11.) A child's game.
(12.) A child's plaything.
(13.) A child's wish.
(14.) A child's name.
(15.) A child's relative.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES NOS. 304 TO 318.

304. 48*l.* 8*s.* 0*d.*
305. He will have half a quartern less.
306. A lead pencil.
307. One P.
308. Two OO's.
309. She loses 4 per cent.
310. Because it would be making *game* of him.
311. Because he was good to right (write) about-face.
312. Con-science.
313. Bloom-field.
314. When the cat is away
The mice will play.
315. One hour.
316. W-ease-l.
317. Sword-fish.
318. A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

AustraliA
MountaiN
E x p a n D
R e a c H
R u s s i A
Y a P
C r e e P
H u r r Y
R e m a i N
I n c i t E
S e e - s a W
T o Y
M o r E
A d A
S i s t e R

*** *The Answer to No.* 81 *is Nep-tune.*

HOW HE OBTAINED HIS HONOURS.

A GENERAL received one day a visit from an old companion-in-arms, who, admiring with rather an envious eye his splendid establishment, carriages, and servants, said to him, 'Ah, my dear fellow, you must confess you are well off, and that fortune has been very kind to you.'

'Would you like to be in my shoes?' asked the general.

'I rather think I should!'

'It can be managed in the simplest way in the world. You go down into the courtyard of my hotel, and I will place two soldiers at each window with orders to fire at you. If you escape, I'll give you all that you covet. That's how I came by it.'

CHRISTMAS CHARADES.

THIS amusement is well suited to Christmas-time, and affords scope for exercising ingenuity, wit, and humour.

A word is chosen, the *separate* syllables of which may be made into a lively performance; and the *whole* word must be capable of being represented. When the plan of action has been agreed upon, old hats, coats, gowns, &c., are easily procured and converted into the various costumes required for the characters to appear in.

Thus.—The word Penitent has been agreed on.

Penny is adopted as the first division of the word, and in order to express this the characters supporting the charade enter. 'Matches a *penny* a box: another, apples a *penny* a lot: another cries out one hundred songs for a penny. In this way a variety of street characters imitate the cries which are so frequently heard in large towns and cities. A policeman appears on the scene and desires the hawkers to 'move on,' and hustles them out of sight.

Tent is the concluding syllable of the word, and may be represented by a large table-cloth or sheet being thrown over a couple of chairs resembling a gipsy-tent, outside of which groups of gipsies should be seen. Coloured shawls and such-like make excellent head-dresses, and soon give the performers a gipsy-like appearance. A lady and gentleman may appear upon the scene, to be solicited to have their 'fortune told.' A song or two may be sung, such as 'In the days that we went gipsying,' which would give animation and amusement to the scene.

Penitent now remains to be represented in numerous ways. But the word should be spoken as seldom as possible during the performance. It rests now with the company to discover the word which has been depicted so agreeably.

Many a pleasant hour full of harmless mirth has been passed in festive times in the cheerful family circle by such amusements.

Our young folk will find help in the following words suggested for a charade:—

Answer—Ann—Sir.
Antic—Ann—Tick.
Artful—Art—Full.

Back-bite.
Band-age.
Brace-let.
Bride-well.
Hand-some.
Portrait—Port-rate.

A BISHOP'S REPARTEE.

BISHOP SELWYN, the heroic Missionary Bishop of New Zealand, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield, had a remarkable power of repartee. It is said that once, as he was on his way to London by railroad, a blustering fellow in the same car, who did not know him by sight, broke out as follows:—

'I speak my mind to anybody, I do. I'd just like to see the man that could put *me* down. There's that Bishop of Lichfield, now, that they make such a fuss about; I only wish I could come across him, and I'd ask him a question that he'd be puzzled to answer, smart as he is.'

'Well, sir,' said a quiet voice from the opposite corner, 'now's your time, for I'm the Bishop.'

'Oh, you're the Bishop, are you?' the swaggerer replied. 'Well, then, my lord, which is the road to Heaven?'

'Nothing simpler,' answered the Bishop, with a smile; 'just turn to the *right* and then keep straight on.'

7
Fig A.
Fig B.
Fig C.
Fig D.
8
Fig A.
Fig B.
Fig C.
Fig D.
Fig E